

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

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ARTHUR MEE

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THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD

By Sir John Millais

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

CHOSEN BY
ARTHUR MEE

EDITOR OF
The Children's Encyclopedia

*Illustrated with 78
Masterpieces of Art*

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TO
ERNEST BRYANT
MY EVERLASTING FRIEND

NOTE

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ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS
ARTHUR MEE'S CHILDREN'S BIBLE
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Everlasting Things

A GREAT and solemn word it is, this *Everlasting*. From *Everlasting* to *Everlasting* is God ; all else throughout His wondrous realm is change. The visible world about us is changing every hour.

Nothing that we see will last for ever. There is not a thing we can touch that will not pass away. The rose blooms for an hour and is gone ; it is so with the hills, though their hour is longer. The Alps are crumbling into dust, and will be blown by the wind and trampled by the feet of men.

It is hard to believe it, sitting on a Kent hilltop on a lovely summer's day, high above the church steeple, looking down on walls that have seen the centuries go by, on a hundred green fields of England reaching out to the horizon, on the river that has run a hundred thousand years, on miles and miles of Nature's quiet places creeping up the hills and down the hills and across the wide valley.

And yet a little while ago this paradise in which we sit was not here to be seen. It seems but yesterday that it was just a ploughed field. Civilisation had passed by down below, but these green lawns, these terraces, these winding ways through flowers and trees, this marvellous yew hedge, this rose-crowned pergola, this Roman path among the shining marigolds, these shrubs more beautiful than anything that Michael Angelo could make, this little pond where you can hear the world go round, this foxglove walk that no cathedral aisle can match, this garden of roses, this border of fire and gold—where were they all a few short years ago ?

They were not here ; they are a dream come true. And where will they be in a little while, in a hundred years or two ? Perhaps someone may stand in the ruins of a house and pick up a message of peace to the future buried in these walls in the year before the Shadow fell across the world ; but all this glory round about us, this beauty fit for Heaven's gate, will be gone, and no man knows what will be here, in this place made with love and tears and hopes and prayers. It came into our lives and we shall pass away ; and it will follow us. All things come and all things go.

Shakespeare knew it long ago. The thought came rushing to his mind as he sat down one day and looked back through the years, knowing that his work was done. He thought of all the pomp and pageantry and glory of the world we see, and he took up his pen and wrote :

*Our pageant now is ended.
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.*

Tennyson knew it ; he felt it in that deep sorrow that came to him on the death of his friend, when the foundations of life seemed for him to be slipping away, and he wrote, in that confession of his faith that will surely last as long as the hills :

*There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O Earth, what changes hast thou seen !
There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.*

*The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands ;
They melt like mist—the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.*

If we could live through an eternity, looking upon a thousand years as but a day, we should see it all—the hills flowing into shadows, the garden melting like mist, the landscape shaping like a cloud. So passes the visible world.

But it is the supreme and solemn wonder of a human life that, though all things visible perish about it, something endures. The things that are seen are temporal ; the things that are unseen are eternal. The generations pass like waves moving to the shore, but something mysterious in the heart of life goes on. From Everlasting to Everlasting is the Spirit of God.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the Earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are as a sleep.

It is the spirit of God in the life of man that does not pass away. Working in the mind of man, it has made man's work immortal. It has made it impossible that the memory of man should perish, whatever happens to the hills. The hills may change their shape, the flowers may fade, the river may wind another way to sea, but the mind of man builds its eternal monuments.

They have come down to us through the corridors of Time. They have lived from one age to another and renewed their youth. The poet lives and dies, his home may crumble into dust, his very race may pass away ; but the poem he wrote is on the lips of men in a thousand years, in five thousand years, and will make men laugh and weep and lift up their hearts as long as Time shall last. Greece is where it is, its ancient greatness gone ; but the words of Socrates are where they were. Caesar is a name, but Mark Antony still sways a crowd the way he will. The Euphrates and the Tigris may run dry in their desert sands, but if these rivers should disappear for ever men would still remember the exiles from Jerusalem who by these waters of Babylon sat down and wept.

It must be so, for mind is more than matter. A child dies in a far land before England has come into history, and the land is no more ; but the grief that wrung a father's heart still brings a tear to the eyes of men. Old Homer blind sings in the streets of ancient Greece the tale of Ulysses, old Milton blind sees through the gates of Paradise ; and whatever the world forgets it will remember the vision of these blind men. Sometimes it is the simple thing that lives on in the memory of the world, the thought of a poor man of Assisi talking to birds and fishes, Sir Bedivere throwing away King Arthur's sword, a fable by a slave, or the words of Brother Lawrence when age was creeping over him and he could do no more : " My hope is that when I have done what I can He will do with me what He pleases." Sometimes it is the pride that strikes the very depths of the human heart :

*Go, tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.*

But two lines, said somebody, and all Greece for centuries knew them by heart ; she forgot them, and Greece was living Greece no more.

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THE MADONNA WITH THE INFANT JESUS—BY RAPHAEL



THE MADONNA OF THE BURGOMASTER MEYER—BY HOLBEIN

Ye Live in God yet Know Him Not

This little parable has lived a thousand years in Persian literature

ONCE upon a time the fishes of a certain river took counsel together and said : “ They tell us that our life and being is from the water, but we have never seen water, and know not what it is.”

Then some among them wiser than the rest said : “ We have heard that there dwelleth in the sea a very learned fish who knoweth all things ; let us ask him to explain to us what is water.

So several of their number set out, and came to where this sage fish resided. On hearing their request he answered them thus :

*O ye who seek to solve the knot !
Ye live in God, yet know him not.
Ye sit upon the river's brink,
Yet crave in vain a drop to drink.
Ye dwell beside a countless store,
Yet perish hungry at the door.*

Time Long Past

LIKE the ghost of a dear friend dead
Is Time long past.
A tone which is now forever fled,
A hope which is now forever past,
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was Time long past.

There were sweet dreams in the night
Of Time long past :
And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast
Which made us wish it yet might last—
That Time long past.

There is regret, almost remorse,
For Time long past.
Tis like a child's beloved corse
A fathers watches, till at last
Beauty is like remembrance, cast
From Time long past.

Shelley

He's Gone

HE's gane ! he's gane ! he's frae us torn,
 The ae best fellow e'er was born !
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's self shall mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns !
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years,
 Where Echo slumbers,
 Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
 My wailing numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !
 Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens !
 Ye burnies, whimplin' down your glens,
 Wi' todlin' din,
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae lin to lin !

Mourn, little harebells owre the lea ;
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see ;
 Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
 In scented bowers ;
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flowers.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
 Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;
 Ye curlews calling through a clud ;
 Ye whistling plover ;
 And mourn, ye whirring pairtrick brood !
 He's gane forever !

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' State ;
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth !
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.

*The Lament of Robert Burns for the death of Captain
 Matthew Henderson, a retired soldier he greatly loved*

Starns is stars ; *years*, eagles ; *stens*, leaps ; *pairtrick*, partridge.

The Fame of the City

O CITY, where are those walls of thine,
 And thy temples rich with slaughtered kine ?
 And where are the perfumes, the vest of gold,
 That the Paphian queen adorn ?
 And where the image, thou hadst of old,
 Of thy native Triton-born ?
 The toils of War, and the ruins of Time,
 And the might of Destiny,
 Have seized on all, and brought in their stead
 Far different hap to thee.
 Thus far bitter Envy hath conquered thee.
 But alone survives thy name ;
 And Envy itself shall conquered be ;
 For it cannot hide thy fame. *From ancient Greece*

Slave and King

M ANES when living was a slave : dead now,
 Great King Darius, he's as great as thou.
By the Greek poet Anytè

O Beautiful My Country

O BEAUTIFUL my country !
 Be thine a nobler care
 Than all thy wealth of commerce,
 Thy harvests waving fair :
 Be it thy pride to cherish
 The manhood of the poor ;
 Be thou to the oppressèd
 Fair freedom's open door.
 For thee our fathers suffered,
 For thee they toiled and prayed ;
 Upon thy holy altar
 Their willing lives they laid.
 Thou hast no common birthright,
 Grand memories on thee shine ;
 The blood of pilgrim nations
 Commingled flows in thine.
 O beautiful my country !
 Round thee in love we draw ;
 Thine is the grace of freedom,
 The majesty of law.
 Be righteousness thy sceptre,
 Justice thy diadem,
 And on thy shining forehead
 Be peace the crowning gem.

F. L. Hosmer

*When I have Fears that I may
Cease To Be*

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
 Before high-piled books, in charactery,
 Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain ;
 When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ;
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
 Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love : then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone and think,
 Till love and fame to nothingness do sink. Keats

The Child's Vision of the World

CERTAINLY Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I when I was a child.

The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold : the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported me ; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things.

The Men ? O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem ! Immortal Cherubims ! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty ! Boys and girls tumbling in the streets were moving jewels : I knew not that they were born or should die.

All things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The City seemed to stand in Eden or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins, and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine ; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it.

So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the devices of the world, which now I unlearn, and become, as it were, a little child again that I may enter into the Kingdom of God.

Written by Thomas Traherne in the Seventeenth Century

Friends Through all Time

A GREAT writer is the friend and benefactor of his readers, and they cannot but judge of him under the deluding influence of friendship and gratitude.

We all know how unwilling we are to admit the truth of any disgraceful story about a person whose society we like, and from whom we have received favours; how long we struggle against evidence, how fondly, when the facts cannot be disputed, we cling to the hope that there may be some explanation or some extenuating circumstance with which we are unacquainted. Just such is the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages.

The debt which he owes to them is incalculable. They have guided him to truth. They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides on; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice.

But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet. Nothing, then, can be more natural than that a person should entertain a respectful and affectionate feeling towards those great men with whose minds he holds daily communion.

Macaulay

He that Loves a Merry Tale

This imagined conversation is taken from a dialogue of comfort against tribulation written by Sir Thomas More

VINCENT. I will be bold to move you one thing of that we talked when I was here before. Methought ye would in no wise that in any tribulation men should seek for comfort in worldly things, which seemeth somewhat hard. For a merry tale with a friend refresheth a man much, and without any harm lighteth his mind and amendeth his courage and stomach; so that it seemeth but well done to take such recreation. And Saint Thomas saith that proper pleasant talking is a good virtue, serving to refresh the mind and make it quick and lusty to labour and study again, where continual fatigue would make it dull and deadly.

ANTHONY. I forgot not that point, but I longed not much to touch it. Of truth, Cousin, as you know very well, myself am of nature even half a giglot, and more. I would I could easily mend my fault, but scant can I refrain it, as old a fool as I am.

Howbeit, so partial will I not be to my fault as to praise it; but for that you require my mind in the matter, whether men in tribulation may not lawfully seek recreation and comfort with some honest mirth. First agreed that our chief comfort must be in God, and that with Him we must begin, and with Him continue, and with Him end also, I dare not be so sore as utterly to forbid a man to take now and then some honest worldly mirth, since good men and well learned have in some case allowed it, specially for the diversity of divers men's minds; for else if we were all such, as would God we were, I would then put no doubt but that unto any man the most comfortable talking that could be were to hear of heaven. Whereas now, God help us, our wretchedness is such that in talking a while thereof men wax almost weary, and, as though to hear of heaven were a heavy burden, they must refresh themselves with a foolish tale. Our affection toward heavenly joys waxeth wonderful cold. If dread of hell were as far gone very few would fear God, but that yet a little sticketh in our stomachs.

Mark me, Cousin, at the sermon, and commonly towards the end somewhat, the preacher speaketh of hell and heaven. Now, while he preacheth of the pains of hell, still they stand and yet give him the hearing; but as soon as he cometh to the joys of heaven they be busking them backward and fall away. It is in the soul somewhat as it is in the body. Cassianus, that very virtuous man, rehearseth in a certain collation of his that a certain holy father in making of a sermon spake of heaven and heavenly things so celestially that much of his audience, with the sweet sound thereof, began to forget all the world and fall asleep; which, when the father beheld, he dissembled their sleeping and suddenly said unto them *I shall tell you a merry tale*—at which word they lifted up their heads and hearkened unto that, and after the sleep therewith broken heard him tell on of heaven again.

In what wise that good father rebuked then their untoward minds so dull unto the things that all our life we labour for, and so quick and lusty toward other trifles, I neither bear in mind nor shall here need to rehearse. But thus much of that matter sufficeth for our purpose, that, whereas you demand me whether in tribulation men may not sometimes refresh themselves with worldly mirth and recreation, I can no more say but he that cannot endure to hold up his head and hear talking of heaven except he be now and then refreshed with a merry foolish tale, there is none other remedy but you must let him have it. Better would I wish it, but I cannot help it.

Sir Thomas More

Shed No Tear

SHED no tear ! O, shed no tear !
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Weep no more ! O, weep no more !
 Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
 Dry your eyes ! O, dry your eyes !
 For I was taught in Paradise
 To ease my breast of melodies :
 Shed no tear.

Overhead ! Look overhead !
 'Mong the blossoms white and red :
 Look up, look up ! I flutter now
 On this flush pomegranate bough.
 See me ! tis this silvery bell
 Ever cures the good man's ill.
 Shed no tear ! O, shed no tear !
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Adieu, adieu—I fly ! Adieu !
 I vanish in the heaven's blue :
 Adieu, adieu ! *Keats*

*Art Thou Poor, Yet Hast Thou
 Golden Slumbers ?*

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
 O sweet content !
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?
 O punishment !
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
 To add to golden numbers golden numbers ?
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !
 Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring ?
 O sweet content !
 Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?
 O punishment !
 Then he that patiently Want's burden bears
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king !
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

*Sweet Content, written by the
 Elizabethan poet Thomas Dekker*

The Egyptian Comes for Judgment

This hymn, thousands of years older than Christianity, is from the Egyptian Book of the Dead. It was recited by the deceased as he entered the Hall of Truth, where Osiris sat in judgment.

HOMAGE to thee, O, great God ! I have come that I may behold thy beneficence. I have brought truth to thee. I have destroyed sin for thee. I have not sinned against men. I have not oppressed my kinsfolk. I have not known worthless folk. I have not wrought evil. I have not defrauded the oppressed one of his goods. I have not done the things the gods abominate. I have not vilified the servant to his master. I have not caused pain. I have not let any man hunger. I have made no one to weep. I have not defrauded the temples. I did not take from the measures. I did not encroach on the fields. I have not added to the weights of the scales. I have not taken milk from the mouths of children. I have not driven cattle from their pastures. I have not caught fish with fish of their kind. I am pure. I am pure. *Book of the Dead*

The Litany of the Sun

This hymn was sung to Ra, King of the gods of Egypt, five thousand years ago. It is the Litany of the Sun

HOMAGE to thee, O Ra, at thy beauteous rising ! Thou risest, thou shinest at the dawn. Thou art king of the gods. The company of the gods praise thee at sunrise and at sunset. Thou sailest over the heights of heaven and thy heart is glad. Thy morning boat meeteth thy evening boat with fair wings.

O Thou Only One ! O Thou Perfect One ! O Thou who art eternal, who art never weak, whom no mighty one can abase. None hath dominion over things that appertain to thee.

When thou risest men and women live. Thou renewest thy youth, and settest thyself in the place where thou wast yesterday. O Divine Youth, I cannot comprehend thee. Thou art the Lord of Heaven and Earth and didst create beings celestial and terrestrial. Thou art he who camest into being in the beginning of time. Thou didst create Earth and man, thou didst make the sky and the celestial river, thou didst make the waters and give life unto all that therein is. Thou hast knit together the mountains, and hast made mankind and the beasts of the field come into being. O thou Divine Youth, thou heir of everlastingness, self-begotten and self-born, one might of myriad forms and aspects, Lord of Eternity, Everlasting Ruler, the company of the gods rejoice in thee !

Thou art unknowable, and no tongue can describe thee ; thou art alone. Millions of years have passed over the world ; I cannot tell the number through which thou hast passed. Thou journeyest through vast spaces in a little moment of time ; thou settest and makest an end of the hours. *From the Egyptian Book of the Dead*

*Thou Dost Preserve the Stars
from Wrong*

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad hearts without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work and know it not :
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power, around
them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold,
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance desires :
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds.
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through Thee are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh, let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live !
Wordsworth's Ode to Duty

This Sea of Love with Wondrous Tides

THE fierce exulting worlds, the motes in rays,
The churlish thistles, scented briars,
The wind-swept bluebells on the sunny braes,
Down to the central fires,

Exist alike in Love. Love is a sea
Filling all the abysses dim
Of lornest space, in whose deeps regally
Suns and their bright broods swim.

This mighty sea of Love, with wondrous tides,
Is sternly just to sun and grain ;
Tis laving at this moment Saturn's sides,
Tis in my blood and brain.

All things have something more than barren use ;
There is a scent upon the brier,
A tremulous splendour in the autumn dews,
Cold morns are fringed with fire.

The clodded earth goes up in sweet-breathed flowers ;
In music dies poor human speech,
And into beauty blow those hearts of ours
When Love is born in each.

Daisies are white upon the churchyard sod,
Sweet tears the clouds lean down and give.
The world is very lovely. O my God,
I thank Thee that I live ! *Alexander Smith*

Fame

HER house is all of Echo made
 Where never dies the sound ;
 And as her brows the clouds invade,
 Her feet do strike the ground.

Ben Jonson

Going a Journey

ONE of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey ; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room ; but out of doors Nature is company enough for me.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedgerows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room, and fewer encumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do, just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences ; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where contemplation

May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort

Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired,

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three-hours march to dinner—and then to thinking ! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths.

I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like sunken wrack and sumless treasures, burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antithesis, argument, and analysis better than I do ; but I sometimes had rather be without them. Leave, oh leave me to my repose ! I have just now other business in hand which would seem idle to you, but is with me very stuff o' the conscience. Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment ? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald ?

William Hazlitt

Ye Mariners of England

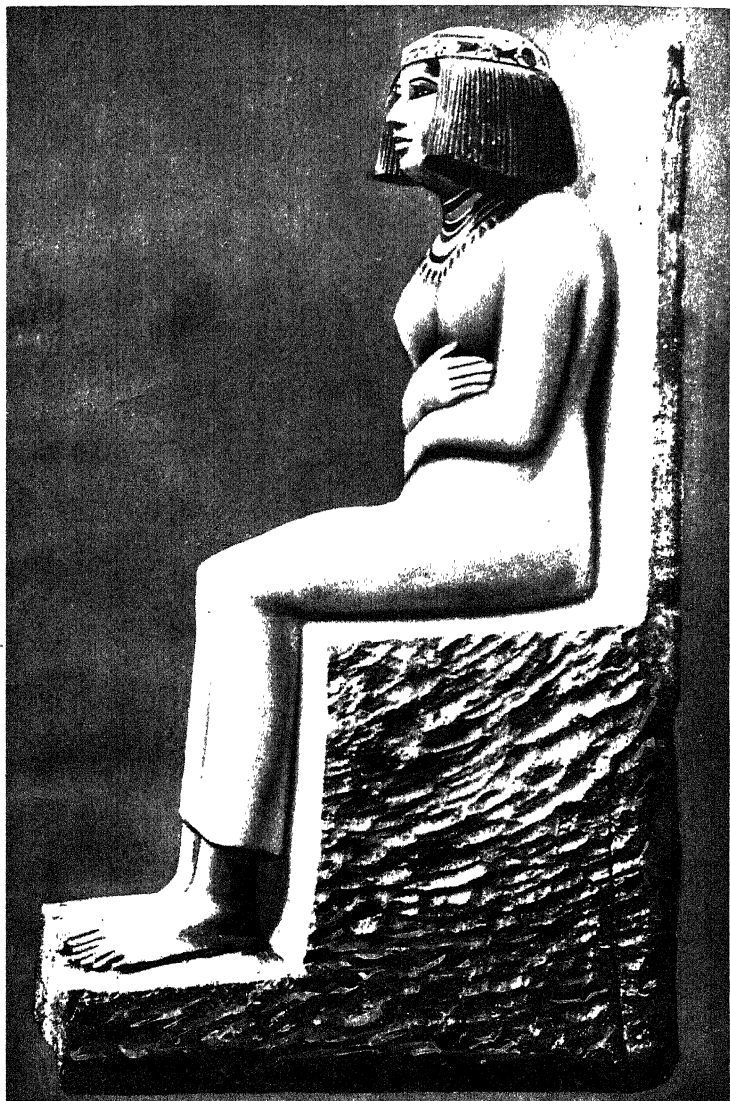
YE mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave ;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell



AN EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE ABOUT SIXTY-FIVE CENTURIES OLD—PRINCESS NOFERT



A WONDERFUL STATUE OF A GREAT PHARAOH—RAMESES THE SECOND

God Planted a Garden

GOD ALMIGHTY first planted a garden ; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures ; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works : and a man shall ever see that, when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection. *Francis Bacon*

All Men are Created Equal

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the Earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident :

That all men are created equal ;

That they are endowed by their Creator with inherent and inalienable rights ;

That among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ;

That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed ;

That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organising its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes ; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies ; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to expunge their former systems of government. . . .

We, therefore, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

From the American Declaration of Independence

Kensington Gardens

IN this lone open glade I lie,
Screened by deep boughs on either hand ;
And at its end, to stay the eye,
Those black-crowned, red-boled pine trees stand.
Birds here make song, each bird has his,
Across the girdling city's hum.
How green under the boughs it is !
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come !
Sometimes a child will cross the glade ;
To take his nurse his broken toy ;
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead
Deep in her unknown day's employ.
Here at my feet what wonders pass,
What endless, active life is here !
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass !
An air-stirred forest, fresh and clear.
Scarce fresher is the mountain sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretched out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, the spotted trout.
In the huge world which roars hard by
Be others happy, if they can !
But in my helpless cradle I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.
I, on men's impious uproar hurled,
Think often, as I hear them rave,
That peace has left the upper world,
And now keeps only in the grave.
Yet here is peace for ever new !
When I who watch them am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.
Then to their happy rest they pass ;
The flowers upclose, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass,
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.
Calm soul of all things ! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar !
The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give !
Calm, calm me more ! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live. *Matthew Arnold*

They Are All Gone

THEY are all gone into the world of light
 And I alone sit lingering here ;
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is dressed
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days,
 My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope and high Humility,
 High as the heavens above !
 These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the Just,
 Shining nowhere but in the dark,
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
 At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
 But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
 And into glory peep.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under Thee !
 Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective still as they pass ;
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
 Where I shall need no glass. *Henry Vaughan*

The Perfect Gentleman

IT is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him ; and he concurs with their movements rather than

takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature ; like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them.

The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment, his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company ; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd. He can recollect to whom he is speaking. He guards against unreasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate ; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort. He has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out.

From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should even conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles ; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better (perhaps) but less educated minds who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust ; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence ; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. He respects piety and devotion ; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent. Such are some of the lineaments of the ethical character which the cultivated intellect will form. They form the Beau Ideal of the World.

Cardinal Newman

To a Mountain Daisy

Robert Burns wrote these two famous poems after ploughing up a daisy and disturbing a mouse with his plough on the farm at Mossiel

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stour
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem !

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter, biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm ;
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane
Adorns the histie stibble field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

To a Mouse

WEE, sleekit, cowerin', timorous beastie,
O what a panic's in thy breastie,
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murdering pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thiefe ;
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
 A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request :
 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
 And never miss 't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly walls the winds are strewin' !
 An' nothing now to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cosie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out-through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble
 But house or hold,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain ;
 The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' leave us nought but grief an' pain
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest compared wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But oh ! I backward cast my ee
 On prospects drear !
 An' forward though I canna see,
 I guess an' fear !

Stour, dust ; *weet* is wetness ; *biel'd*, shelter ; *histie*, dry, barren ; *bickering*
brattle, hurrying race ; *pattle*, spade ; a *daimen-icker in a thrave* is an ear
 of corn now and then from a shock ; *the lave*, the rest ; *big*, build ; *snell*,
 cold, biting ; *thole*, endure ; *cranreuch*, hoar frost ; *no thy lane*, not alone.

The Passing of Arthur

Sir Walter Scott thought Sir Thomas Malory's Morte d'Arthur the best prose romance in the English language, and it certainly will not die. It was the chief inspiration of Tennyson's Idylls of the King, and this passage from Malory shows how closely Tennyson followed the old fifteenth-century tale.

MY time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest.

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the hilt was all of precious stones; and then he said to himself: If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree, and so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water; and had thrown the sword in the water.

What saw thou there? said the king.

Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds.

That is untrue, said of thee, said the king, therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment; as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in.

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so he hid the sword and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment.

What saw thou there? said the king.

Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wappe and waves wanne.

Ah, traitor untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me so lief and dear? And thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do not as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands; for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead.

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might; and there came an arm and a hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water.

So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him.

Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long.

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side ; and when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

Now put me into the barge, said the king, and so he did softly ; and there received him three queens with great mourning ; and so they set him down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head.

And then that queen said : Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me ? alas, this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold. And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him.

Then Sir Bedivere cried : Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies ? Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in ; for I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound, and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul.

But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear, and as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost sight of the barge he wept and wailed, and so took the forest, and so he went all that night.

Sir Thomas Malory

Mark Antony's Friend Lies Low

O MIGHTY Caesar ! dost thou lie so low ?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well.
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Caesar's death-hour, nor no instrument
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die :
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Mark Antony to the murderers of Caesar

The Good Counsel of Don Quixote

It may perhaps be said of this passage that more than any other it sets the seal of greatness on Cervantes

LEARNING that Sancho was leaving for his governorship, Don Quixote took him aside to his chamber, shut the door, and thus counselled him :

Firstly, O son, thou hast to fear God, for in the fearing Him is wisdom, and being wise thou canst err in nothing.

Secondly, thou hast to set thine eyes on what thou art, endeavouring to know thyself, which is the most difficult knowledge that can be conceived. From knowing thyself will follow the not swelling thyself, like the frog who would be equal with the ox, for if thou dost this the remembrance of having kept hogs in thine own country will come like the peacock's ugly feet to the tail of thy folly.

Glorify thyself, Sancho, on the humility of thy lineage, and think it no disgrace to say thou comest of peasants ; for, seeing thou art ashamed none will attempt to shame thee ; and prize thyself more on being a virtuous poor man than a noble sinner. Mind, Sancho, if thou take virtue for thy means, and prize thyself on doing virtuous acts, thou wilt have no reason to envy those who have princes and lords for their fathers, for blood is inherited but virtue is acquired, and virtue has worth in itself alone which blood has not.

This being so, if by chance any of thy kinsfolk should come to visit thee while thou art in thy Isle, do not thou despise or affront him ; rather thou must receive, cherish, and entertain him, for by this thou wilt please God, who likes none to disdain that which He hath made, and wilt comply with what is thy duty to well-ordered nature.

If thou shouldst take thy wife with thee (for it is not well that they who are engaged in government should be for any long time without their own wives) instruct her, indoctrinate her, trim her of her native rudeness, for all that a wise Governor gives is wont to be lost and destroyed by a vulgar and foolish woman.

Never guide thee by arbitrary law, which is wont to have much hold over the ignorant who set up to be clever. Let the tears of the poor man find in thee more compassion, but not more justice, than the pleadings of the rich. Try and discover the truth as well among the promises and presents of the rich as among the wailings and importunities of the poor.

Where equity can and should have place, charge not the rigour of the law upon the delinquent, for the fame of the righteous judge stands not greater than that of the merciful.

If perchance you should bend the rod of justice, let it not be with the weight of a bribe, but with that of mercy. When it should

happen to thee to judge the cause of some enemy of thine, turn thy mind away from thine injury and set it on the truth of the case. Let not personal passion blind thee in another's cause, for the errors thou shalt commit therein will be mostly without remedy, and if thou hast one it will be at the cost of thy credit ; nay, of thy estate.

If a beautiful woman should come to beg justice of thee, turn away thine eyes from her tears, and thine ears from her moans, and consider at leisure the substance of her prayer, if thou wouldst not thy reason were drowned in her weeping, and thy honour in her sighs.

Him thou hast to punish by deeds, offend not by words, for the smart of the punishment is enough for the unhappy one without the addition of ill language.

The culprit who falls under thy jurisdiction regard as a wretched man, subject to the conditions of a depraved nature ; and as much as in thee lies, without doing injury to the opposite side, show thyself to him pitiful and lenient, for, though the attributes of God are all equal, that of mercy in our sight is brighter and more excellent than that of justice.

If thou shouldst follow these precepts and rules, Sancho, thy days shall be long, thy fame everlasting, thy recompense ample, and thy happiness unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy children as thou wilt ; thou shalt live in peace and goodwill among men, and in the last stages of thy life shalt arrive at that of death in a sweet and ripe old age, and the tender and delicate hands of thy great-grandchildren shall close thine eyes.

Cervantes in Don Quixote

His Great Hope

PHILIP a father placed here his boy Nicoteles, twelve years old,
his great hope.

Greek epitaph by Callimachus

Blessed Are They

BLESSED are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness,
for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children
of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for
theirs is the kingdom of heaven. *From the Sermon on the Mount*

*He that of Such a Height hath
Built His Mind*

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd powers, nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same ;
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey !

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil !
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood ; where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay affections, golden toil ;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth ; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

Thus, Madam, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires ; and sees all things
Beneath him ; and hath learned this book of man
Full of the notes of frailty ; and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings :
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart ; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

This concord, Madam, of a well tuned mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind ;
Yet doth it still in perfect unison stand
With God and man ; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord ; but still agree
Equal in fortune's inequality.

And this note, Madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In the inheritance of fame you must possess :
You that have built you by your great deserts,
Out of small means, a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honoured name
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.
Samuel Daniel to Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland

Jesu, Lover of My Soul

JESU, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cleanse from every sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

*Charles Wesley**Light of the World*

LIGHT of the world ! for ever, ever shining ;
 There is no change in thee ;
 True light of life, all joy and health enshrining,
 Thou canst not fade nor flee.
 Thou hast arisen, but thou declinest never :
 Today shines as the past ;
 All that thou wast, thou art, and shalt be ever ;
 Brightness from first to last !
 Night visits not thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness :
 Day fills up all its blue :
 Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
 And love for ever new !
 Light of the world ! undimming and unsetting,
 O shine each mist away !
 Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting,
 Be our unchanging day. *Horatius Bonar*

Farewell

Carlyle's great friend John Sterling, a famous editor of The Times, wrote this letter as he lay dying one summer day in 1844

M^Y DEAR CARLYLE,
For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words ; merely, however, for remembrance and farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none.

With regard to You and Me I cannot begin to write, having nothing for it but to keep shut the lids of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you ! If I can lend a hand when there, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not a hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers-by. Your wife knows my mind towards her, and will believe it without asseveration. Yours to the last,

JOHN STERLING

Here Lies

IF further reason be required of the continuance of the boundless ambition in mortal men than a desire of fame, we may say that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, not the ends, of those great ones, they being transported with the glory of the one, and never minding the misery of the other till it seized upon them. They neglect the advice of God while they hope to live, but when death cometh they believe what it tells them.

Death without speaking a word persuades what God with his promises and threats cannot, though the one hateth and destroyeth man, whereas the other made and loveth him. "I have considered (says Solomon) all works that are done under the Sun, and behold all is vanity, and vexation of spirit." Who believes this till death beats it into us ?

Death alone can make man know himself, show the proud and insolent that he is but abject, and can make him hate his forepassed happiness. The rich man he proves a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but the gravel that fills his mouth : and when he holds his glass before the eyes of the most beautiful they see and acknowledge their own deformity and rottenness.

O eloquent, just, and mighty death, whom none could advise thou hast persuaded ; what none hath presumed thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered thou hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the extravagant greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered all over with two narrow words : *Hic jacet.*

*The last words of Sir Walter Raleigh's
History of the World, written in the Tower*

Michael Angelo on Dante

This and the four sonnets following were translated from Michael Angelo by John Addington Symonds

FROM heaven his spirit came, and, robed in clay,
 The realms of justice and of mercy trod,
 Then rose a living man to gaze on God,
 That he might make the truth as clear as day.
 For that pure star, that brightened with his ray
 The undeserving nest where I was born,
 The whole wide world would be a prize to scorn ;
 None but his Maker can due guerdon pay.
 I speak of Dante, whose high work remains
 Unknown, unhonoured, by that thankless brood
 Who only to just men deny their wage.
 Were I but he ! Born for like lingering pains,
 Against his exile coupled with his good
 I'd gladly change the world's best heritage.

*Why Streams the Light From Those
 Celestial Gates ?*

MY death must come, but when I do not know :
 Life's short, and little life remains for me.
 Fain would my flesh abide ; my soul would flee
 Heavenward, for still she calls on me to go.
 Blind is the world, and evil here below
 O'erwhelms and triumphs over honesty ;
 The light is quenched ; quenched too is bravery :
 Lies reign, and truth hath ceased her face to show.
 When will that day dawn, Lord, for which he waits
 Who trusts in Thee ? Lo, this prolonged delay
 Destroys all hope and robs the soul of life.
 Why streams the light from those celestial gates,
 If death prevent the day of grace, and stay
 Our souls for ever in the toils of strife ?

Written while Michael Angelo lay waiting for death

Night Falls on Michael Angelo

HE who ordained, when first the world began,
 Time, that was 'not before Creation's hour,
 Divided it, and gave the sun's high power
 To rule the one, the moon the other span.
 Thence fate, and changeable chance, and fortune's ban,
 Did in one moment down on mortals shower.
 To me they portioned darkness for a dower ;
 Dark hath my lot been since I was a man.
 Myself am ever mine own counterfeit,
 And as deep night grows still more dim and dun,

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

So still of more misdoing must I rue.
Meanwhile this solace to my soul is sweet,
That my black night doth make more clear the sun
Which at your birth was given to wait on you.

Michael Angelo to a Lady

These lines were addressed by Michael Angelo to a great lady of Rome, Vittoria Colonna ; those following were written after her death

SEEKING at least to be not all unfit
S For thy sublime and boundless courtesy,
My lowly thoughts at first were fain to try
What they could yield for grace so infinite.
But now I know my unassisted wit
Is all too weak to make me soar so high :
For pardon, lady, for this fault I cry,
And wiser still I grow remembering it.
Yea, well I see what folly 'twere to think
That largess dropped from thee like dews from heaven
Could e'er be paid by work so frail as mine !
To nothingness my art and talent sink ;
He fails who from his mortal stores hath given
A thousandfold to match one gift divine.

WHEN she who was the source of all my sighs
Fled from the world, herself, my straining sight,
Nature who gave us that unique delight,
Was sunk in shame, and we had weeping eyes.
Yet shall not vauntful Death enjoy this prize,
This sun of suns which then he veiled in night,
For Love hath triumphed, lifting up her light
On earth and mid the saints in Paradise.
What though remorseless and impiteous doom
Deemed that the music of her deeds would die,
And that her splendour would be sunk in gloom ?
The poet's page exalts her to the sky,
With life more living in the lifeless tomb,
And death translates her soul to reign on high.

Break Softly There

FULL oft of old the islands changed their name,
And took new titles from some heir of fame ;
Then dread not ye the wrath of gods above,
But change your own and be the Isles of Love.
For Love's own name and shape the infant bore,
Whom late we buried on your sandy shore.
Break softly there, thou never-weary wave,
And earth, lie lightly on his little grave.

Epitaph on a child of the First Century B.C.

The Everlasting Aristocracy in Books

THE author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may ; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him—the piece of true knowledge or sight which his share of the sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain it down for ever, saying, “This is the best of me ; this, if anything is worth your memory.” It is, in his small human way, and whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription of scripture. That is, a Book.

Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by the greatest men—by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice ; and life is short. All the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time. Into that court you may enter always ; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish ; from that you can never be an outcast but by your own fault. By your aristocracy of companionship there your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

This court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. Do you deserve to enter ? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles ? Make yourself noble and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise ? Learn to understand it and you shall hear it. But on other terms ? No.

If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain ; but here we neither feign nor interpret. You must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognise our presence.

*John Ruskin in *Sesame and Lilies**

The Work to be Done

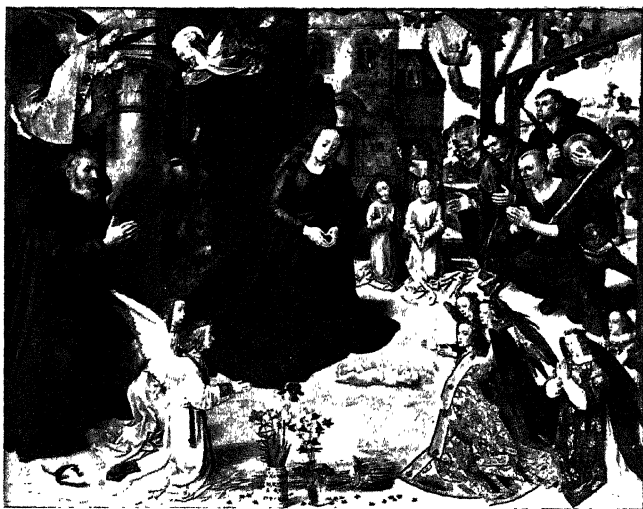
THERE must be work done by the arms, or none of us could live. There must be work done by the brains, or the life we get would not be worth having. And the same men cannot do both.

There is rough work to be done, and rough men must do it ; there is gentle work to be done, and gentlemen must do it ; and it is physically impossible that one class should do, or divide, the work of the other.

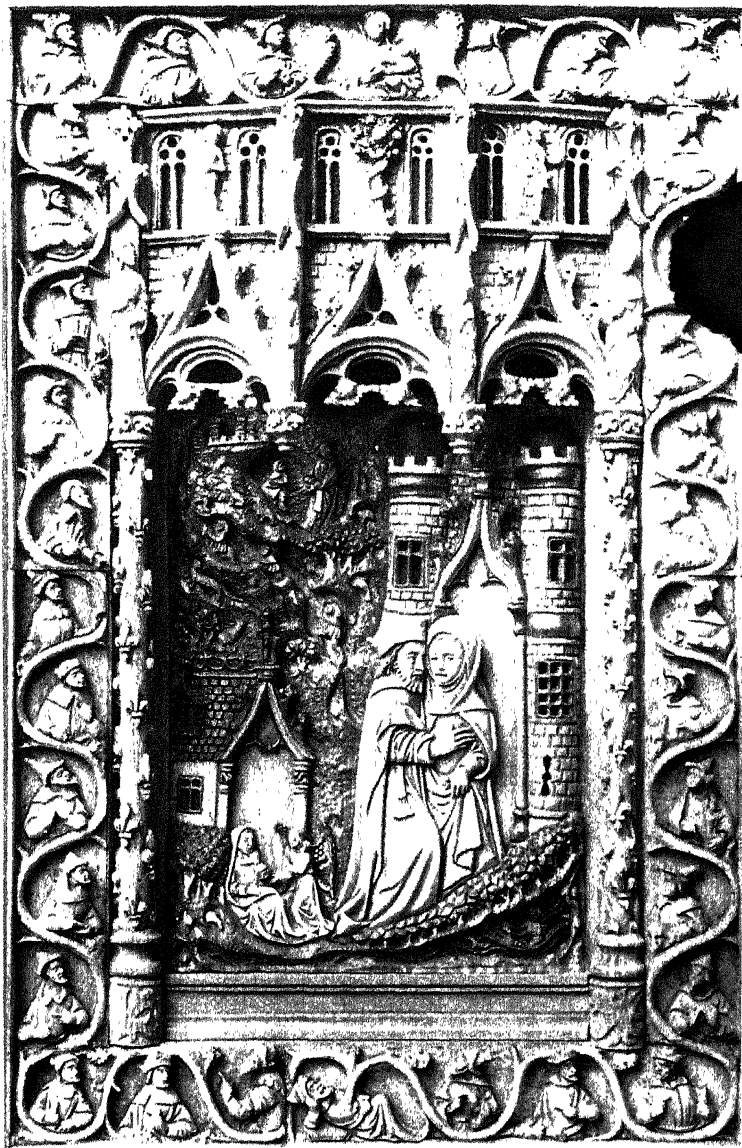
John Ruskin



ANGELS ADORING THE CHILD JESUS—BY FILIPPINO LIPPI



THE SHEPHERDS COME TO BETHLEHEM—BY HUGO VAN DER GOES



A FRENCH IVORY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

Te Deum Laudamus

WE praise thee, O God ; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the Earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud, the Heavens, and all the powers therein. To thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry :
*Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth. Heaven and Earth are full
of thy Majesty of thy Glory.*

The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee. The goodly
fellowship of the Prophets praise thee. The noble army of martyrs
praise thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee,
the Father of an infinite majesty, thine honourable, true, and only
Son, also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ. Thou art the everlasting
son of the Father.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death thou didst
open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers. Thou sittest at the
right hand of God in the glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge. We therefore
pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy
precious blood. Make them to be rewarded with thy saints in glory
everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage. Govern them
and lift them up for ever. Day by day we magnify thee, and we
worship thy name ever world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin. O Lord, have
mercy upon us, have mercy upon us. O Lord, let thy mercy lighten
upon us, as our trust is in thee. O Lord, in thee have I trusted ;
let me never be confounded.

From the Prayer Book

The Prayer Book

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, we have erred, and strayed
from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much
the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against
thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought
to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not
to have done, and there is no health in us.

But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders.
Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults. Restore thou
them that are penitent, according to thy promises declared unto
mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord. And grant, O most merciful
Father, for his sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous,
and sober life, to the glory of thy holy Name. *General Confession*

ALMIGHTY GOD, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee, and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy name thou wilt grant their requests ; fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants as may be most expedient for them, granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting.

The Prayer of Saint Chrysostom

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people—to be a light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of thy people Israel. *Nunc Dimitt*

ALMIGHTY GOD, Father of all mercies, we thine unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men.

We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life ; but above all for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory.

And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days.

A General Thanksgiving

O GOD, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright, grant to us such strength and protection as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations.

Collect for Fourth Sunday after Epiphany

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who hatest nothing that thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent ; create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we, worthily lamenting our sins and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness.

Collect for Ash Wednesday

O ALMIGHTY God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, grant unto thy people that they may love the thing which thou commandest, and desire that which thou dost promise ; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found.

Collect for Fourth Sunday after Easter

My Mind to Me a Kingdom is

MY mind to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or Nature hath assigned ;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live ; this is my stay :
I seek no more than may suffice.
I press to bear no haughty sway ;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall ;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toil and keep with fear ;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;
I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have ;
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I wish but what I have at will ;
I wander not to seek for more ;
I like the plain, I climb no hill ;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill ;
I feign not love where most I hate ;
I break no sleep to win my will ;
I wait not at the mighty's gate.
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich ;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

My wealth is health and perfect ease ;
My conscience clear my chief defence ;
I never speak by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I !

Sir Edward Dyer

When Man Returns to God

Loud is the Vale : the Voice is up
 With which she speaks when storms are gone ;
 A mighty unison of streams !
 Of all her voices, One !

Loud is the Vale ; this inland depth
 In peace is roaring like the sea ;
 Yon star upon the mountain-top
 Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain depressed,
 Importunate and heavy load !
 The Comforter hath found me here,
 Upon this lonely road ;

And many thousands now are sad,
 Wait the fulfilment of their fear ;
 For he must die who is their stay,
 Their glory disappear.

A power is passing from the earth
 To breathless Nature's dark abyss ;
 But when the mighty pass away
 What is it more than this,

That man who is from God sent forth
 Doth yet again to God return ?
 Such ebb and flow must ever be,
 Then wherefore should we mourn ?

*Written by Wordsworth on the night when the
 popular statesman Charles James Fox was dying*

*Where Wilt Thou Find Their
 Like Again ?*

DROP upon Fox's grave the tear,
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;
 O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
 And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
 The solemn echo seems to cry

*Here let their discord with them die ;
 Speak not for those a separate doom
 Whom fate made brothers in the tomb,
 But search the land of living men,
 Where wilt thou find their like again ?*

*Scott, in Marmion, on the great rivals who
 sleep close together in Westminster Abbey*

Looke in Thy Heart and Write

LOVING in truth, and faine in verse my love to show,
 That she, deare Shee, might take some pleasure of my paine,
 Pleasure might cause her reade, reading might make her know,
 Knowledge might pitie winne, and pitie grace obtaine,
 I sought fit wordes to paint the blackest face of woe ;
 Studying inventions fine her wit to entertaine.

Oft turning others' leaves to see if thence would flow
 Some fresh and fruitful shower upon my sun-burned brain.
 But words came halting out, wanting Invention's stay ;
 Invention, Nature's childe, fledde step-dame Studie's blowes ;
 And others' feete still seemed but strangers in my way.
 Thus, great with desire to speake, and helplesse in my throwes,
 Biting my trewant pen, beating myselfe for spite,
 Foole, said my Muse to me, looke in thy heart and write.

Sir Philip Sidney

Farewell to Sir Philip Sidney

KNOWLEDGE his light hath lost, Valor hath slain her knight ;
 Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the world's delight.
 Place pensive wails his fall, whose presence was her pride,
 Time crieth out, My ebb is come, his life was my springtide.

Farewell to you my hopes, my wonted waking dreams,
 Farewell sometime enjoyèd joy, eclipsèd are thy beams,
 Farewell self-pleasing thoughts, which quietness brings forth,
 And farewell friendship's sacred league, uniting minds of worth.

And farewell merry heart, the gift of guiltless minds,
 And all sports which, for life's restore, variety assigns,
 Let all that sweet is void, in me no mirth may dwell,
 Philip, the cause of all this woe, my life's content, farewell.

From Fulke Greville's Lament for his friend

Woods, Hills, and Rivers now are Desolate

WOODS, hills, and rivers now are desolate
 Since he is gone, the which them all did grace :
 And all the fields do wail their widow state,
 Since death their fairest flower did late deface.
 The fairest flower in field that ever grew
 Was Astrophel ; that *was* we all may rue.

What cruel hand of cursèd foe unknown,
 Hath cropped the stalk which bore so fair a flower,
 Untimely cropped, before it well were grown,
 And clean defaced it for untimely hour ?
 Great loss to all that ever did him see,
 Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

Break now your garlands, O ye shepherd lasses,
 Since the fair flower which them adorned is gone ;
 The flower which them adorned is gone to ashes,
 Never again let lass put garland on :
 Instead of garland wear sad cypress now,
 And bitter alder, broken from the bough.

Oh Death that hast us of such riches reft,
 Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it done ?
 What is become of him whose flower here left
 Is but the shadow of his likeness gone ?
 Scarce like the shadows of that which he was,
 Naught like, but that he like a shade did pass.

But that immortal spirit which was decked
 With all the dowries of celestial grace,
 By sovereign choice from th' heavenly choirs select,
 And lineally derived from Angels' race,
 O what is now of it become, aread.
 Ay me, can so divine a thing be dead ?
 Ah no : it is not dead, nor can it die,
 But lives in blissful Paradise for aye.

*The Doleful Lay of Clorinda on the death of Sir
 Philip Sidney, by his sister the Countess of Pembroke*

Crossing the Bar

Tennyson's most beautiful poem (by his earnest desire it is placed last in all editions of his works) was written in his closing years while he was crossing the Solent from Hampshire to his home in the Isle of Wight. It is the most moving expression of his faith that he has left us.

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me !
 And may there be no moaning of the bar
 When I put out to sea,
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.
 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark !
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark ;
 For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson

Two Old Friends Write to Each Other

These two letters passed between two old friends, one in London and one in the Lake Country, after the tragic event which darkened the life of one of the most lovable characters in English literature.

Charles Lamb to Coleridge

MY DEAREST FRIEND,
White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines.

My poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I hear she must be moved to a hospital. God has preserved to me my senses ; I eat, and drink, and sleep ; I have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt.

Mr. Norris of the Blue-Coat School has been very kind to us, and we have no other friends ; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do.

Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me the former things are passed away, and I have something more to do than to feel.

God Almighty have us all in His keeping. *C. Lamb*

Mention nothing of poetry, I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you.

Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family ; I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you, don't think of coming to see me. Write. I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us. *C. Lamb*

Coleridge to Lamb

YOUR letter, my friend, struck me with a mighty horror. It rushed upon me and stupefied my feelings.

You bid me write you a religious letter. I am not a man who would attempt to insult the greatness of your anguish by any other consolation. Heaven knows that in the easiest fortunes there is much dissatisfaction and weariness of spirit ; much that calls for the exercise of patience and resignation ; but in storms like these, that shake the dwelling and make the heart tremble, there is no middle way between despair and the yielding up of the whole spirit unto the guidance of faith.

And surely it is a matter of joy that your faith in Jesus has been preserved ; the Comforter that should relieve you is not far from

you. I conjure you to have recourse in prayer to His God and your God, the God of mercies, and Father of all comfort. Your poor father is, I hope, almost senseless of the calamity, the unconscious instrument of Divine Providence knows it not, and your mother is in heaven. It is sweet to be roused from a frightful dream by the song of birds and the gladsome rays of the morning. Ah, how infinitely more sweet to be awakened from the blackness and amazement of a sudden horror by the glories of God manifest and the hallelujahs of angels.

As to what regards yourself, I approve altogether of your abandoning what you justly call vanities. I look upon you as a man called by sorrow and anguish and a strange dissolution of hopes into quietness, and a soul set apart and made peculiar to God. We cannot arrive at any portion of heavenly bliss without in some measure imitating Christ; and they arrive at the largest inheritance who imitate the most difficult parts of His character, and, bowed down and crushed under foot, cry in fullness of faith, *Father, Thy will be done.*

I wish above measure to have you for a little while here. No visitants shall blow on the nakedness of your feelings; you shall be quiet, and your spirit may be healed. I see no possible objection, unless your father's helplessness prevent you, and unless you are necessary to him. If this be not the case, I charge you write me that you will come.

I charge you, my dearest friend, not to dare to encourage gloom or despair. You are a temporary sharer in human miseries that you may be an eternal partaker of the Divine nature. I charge you, if by any means it be possible, come to me. I remain your affectionate,

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Consolation

MANY are the sayings of the wise,
 In ancient and in modern books enrolled,
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ
 With studied argument and much persuasion sought,
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings that repair his strength
And fainting spirits uphold.

John Milton

What shall We Do With Our Victory ?

CINEAS now feeling Pyrrhus intent upon his preparations for Italy, took an opportunity to draw him into conversation.

"The Romans have the reputation of being excellent soldiers, and have the command of many warlike nations ; if it please heaven that we conquer them, what use, sir, shall we make of our victory ? "

"Cineas," replied the king, "your question answers itself. When the Romans are once subdued there is no town, whether Greek or Barbarian, in all the country, that will dare oppose us ; but we shall immediately be masters of all Italy."

Cineas, after a short pause, continued, "But, after we have conquered Italy, what shall we do next, sir ? "

Pyrrhus (not yet perceiving his drift), replied, "There is Sicily very near, and stretches out her arms to receive us, a fruitful and populous island, and easy to be taken. For Agathocles was no sooner gone than faction and anarchy prevailed among her cities, and everything is kept in confusion by her turbulent demagogues."

"What you say, my prince," said Cineas, "is very probable ; but is the taking of Sicily to conclude our expeditions ? "

"Far from it," answered Pyrrhus, "for, if heaven grant us success in this, that success shall only be the prelude to greater things. Who can forbear Lybia and Carthage, then within reach, of which Agathocles, even when he fled from Syracuse and crossed the sea with a few ships only, had almost made himself master ? And, when we have made such conquests, who can pretend to say that our enemies, now so insolent, will think of resisting us ? "

"To be sure," said Cineas, "they will not, for it is clear that so much power will enable you to recover Macedonia, and to establish yourself uncontested sovereign of Greece. But when we have conquered all, what are we to do then ? "

"Why, then, my friend," said Pyrrhus, laughing, "we will take our ease, and drink and be merry."

Cineas, having brought him thus far, replied :

And what hinders us from drinking and taking our ease now, when we have already those things in our hands at which we propose to arrive through seas of blood, through infinite toils and dangers, through innumerable calamities, which we must both cause and suffer ? Plutarch

He Who Comes from Age to Age

THE Supreme One said :

I am made evident by my own power ; and as often as there is a decline of virtue, and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world, I make myself evident ; and thus I appear from age to age, for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of virtue. *This is 2000 years old in Hindu literature*

The Gladness of the World

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence : live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven :
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonised
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved ;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love :
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread for ever. This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

*By the lady who was born in Warwickshire as Marion
Evans, died as Mrs. Cross, and is famous as George Eliot*

The Crown of Wild Olive

IT cannot be assumed, with any semblance of reason, that a general audience is now wholly, or even in majority, composed of religious persons. A large portion must always consist of men who admit no such creed, or who at least are inaccessible to appeals founded on it. And, as with the so-called Christian I desire to plead for honest declaration and fulfilment of his belief in life, with the so-called Infidel I desire to plead for an honest declaration and fulfilment of his belief in death.

Might not a preacher, in comfortless but faithful zeal, from the poor height of a grave hillock for his Hill of Mars, say : Hear me, you dying men, who will soon be dead for ever. For these others, at your right hand and your left, who look forward to a state of infinite existence, in which all their errors will be overruled, and all their faults forgiven ; for these, who, stained and blackened in the battle smoke of mortality, have but to dip themselves for an instant in the font of death, and rise renewed of plumage as a dove that is covered with silver and her feathers with gold ; for these, indeed, it may be permissible to waste their numbered moments, through faith in innumerable hours ; to these, in their weakness, it may be conceded that they should tamper with sin which can only bring forth fruit of righteousness, and profit by the iniquity which one day will be remembered no more. In them, it may be no sign of hardness of heart to neglect the poor over whom their Master is watching, and to leave those to perish temporarily who cannot perish eternally.

But for *you* there is no such hope, and therefore no such excuse. This fate which you ordain for the wretched, you believe to be all their inheritance ; you may crush them before the moth and they will never rise to rebuke you ; their breath, which fails for lack of food, once expiring, will never be recalled to whisper against you a word of accusing ; they and you, as you think, shall lie down together in the dust, and the worms cover you, and for them there shall be no consolation, and on you no vengeance—only the question murmured over your grave : *Who shall repay him what he hath done ?* Is it therefore easier for you, in your heart, to inflict the sorrow for which there is no remedy ? Will you take, wantonly, this little all of his life from your brother, and make his brief hours long to him with pain ? Will you be more prompt to the injustice which can never be redressed, and more niggardly of the mercy which you can bestow but once, and which, refusing, you refuse for ever ?

I think better of you, even of the most selfish, than that you would act thus, well understanding your act. And for yourselves, it seems to me, the question becomes not less grave when brought into these curt limits. If your life were but a fever fit—the madness of a night whose follies were all to be forgotten in the dawn,

it might matter little how you fretted away the sickly hours, what toys you snatched at or let fall, what visions you followed wistfully with the deceived eyes of sleepless frenzy. But if this life be no dream, but the world your palace-inheritance ; if all the peace and power and joy you can ever win must be won now, and all fruit of victory gathered here or never, will you still, through the puny totality of your life, weary yourselves in the fire for vanity ? If there is no rest which remaineth for you, is there none you might presently take ? Was this grass of the earth made green for your shroud only, not for your bed ? And can you never lie down upon it, but only under it ?

The heathen, in their saddest hours, thought not so. They knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it also the crown of all contest. No proud one ! no jewelled circlet flaming through Heaven above the height of the unmerited throne ; only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace. It should have been of gold, they thought, but Jupiter was poor ; this was the best the god could give them. Seeking a better than this they had known it a mockery. Not in war, not in wealth, not in tyranny, was there any happiness to be found for them—only in kindly peace, fruitful and free. The wreath was to be of wild olive, mark you—the tree that grows carelessly, tufting the rocks with no vivid bloom, no verdure of branch, only with soft snow of blossom and scarcely fulfilled fruit, mixed with grey leaf and thorn-set stem ; no fastening of diadem for you but with such sharp embroidery ! But this, such as it is, you may win, while yet you live ; type of grey honour and sweet rest. Free-heartedness, and graciousness, and undisturbed trust, and requited love, and the sight of the peace of others, and the ministry of their pain—these, and the blue sky above you, and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath ; and mysteries and presences innumerable of living things, may yet be here your riches ; untormenting and divine ; serviceable for the life that now is ; nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come.

John Ruskin

Where Heroes Rest

*MAJESTIC BIRD ! so proud and fierce,
Why towerest thou o'er that warrior's hearse ?*

I tell each god-like earthly thing,
Far as o'er birds of every wing
Supreme the lordly eagle sails,
Great Aristomenes prevails.
Let timid doves, with plaintive cry,
Coo o'er the graves where cowards lie :
Tis o'er the dauntless hero's breast
The kingly eagle loves to rest.

Greek epitaph on Aristomenes by Antipater

Thou Shalt Lie Down with Kings

*To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings ; while from all around
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice : Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding Sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the Earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun ; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods : rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man ! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of Heaven,*

Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
 Of morning and the Barcan desert pierce,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
 Save his own dashings : yet the dead are there !
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep : the dead reign there alone !
 So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou shalt fall
 Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
 His favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men
 (The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
 The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
 And beauty of its innocent age cut off)
 Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.
 So live that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Thanatopsis by William Cullen Bryant.

Thanatopsis is from the Greek word for Death.

All Asia's Grandeurs I Resign

WEALTH such as Croesus erst could own
 I'd ask, or Asia's mighty throne.
 But at Nicanor's shop hard by,
 When I the undertaker spy,
 Making those cupboards (you know why),
 All Asia's grandeurs I resign
 For garlands, odours, cakes, and wine. *Greek*

Wordsworth Remembers His Childhood

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The Earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore :
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the Earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong ;
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the Earth is gay ;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy !

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day ! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

This sweet May morning,
 And the children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
 But there's a tree, of many one,
 A single field which I have looked upon ;
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

 Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home ;
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

 Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her innate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known.
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

 Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years darling of a pigmy size !
 See where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,



A GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE—BY VAN DYCK



FRANS SNYDERS AND HIS WIFE—BY VAN DYCK



THE MUSIC LESSON—BY GERARD TERBORCH

With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral ;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song :

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part,

Filling from time to time his humorous stage

With all the persons, down to palsied age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage ;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie

Thy soul's immensity ;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep

Thy heritage ; thou Eye among the blind

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

Haunted for ever by the eternal mind :

Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !

On whom those truths do rest

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,

In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;

Thou, over whom thy Immortality

Broods like the Day, a master o'er a slave,

A presence which is not to be put by ;

Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might

Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?

Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,

Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers

Is something that doth live,

That Nature yet remembers

What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed

Perpetual benediction ; not indeed

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

For that which is most worthy to be blest :
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings ;

Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in words not realised,

High instincts before which our mortal nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,

Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence ; truths that wake,

To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound !

We in thought will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts today

Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind ;

In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be ;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering ;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.
 And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet ;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
Wordsworth

Life of Ages

LIFE of ages, richly poured,
 Love of God, unspent and free,
 Flowing in the prophet's word,
 And the people's liberty !
 Never was to chosen race
 That unstinted tide confined :
 Thine are every time and place,
 Fountain sweet of heart and mind ;
 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
 Pulsing in the hero's blood,
 Nerving noblest thought and deed,
 Freshening time with truth and good ;
 Consecrating art and song,
 Holy book and pilgrim way,
 Quelling strife and tyrant wrong,
 Widening freedom's sacred sway.
 Life of ages, richly poured,
 Love of God, unspent and free,
 Flowing in the prophet's word,
 And the people's liberty !

The American Samuel Johnson

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

They Buried Him Darkly at Dead of Night

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

*Charles Wolfe on the burial of
Sir John Moore after Corunna*

The Poet's Farewell

THERE hang my lyre. This aged hand no more
Shall wake the strings to rapture known before.
Farewell, ye chords ! Ye verse-inspiring powers,
Accept the solace of my former hours !
Be gone to youths, ye instruments of song !
For crutches only to the old belong.

From ancient Greece

The Canterbury Pilgrims

The traveller through the lanes of Kent seems still to see the pilgrims who rode that way with Chaucer. These pictures of seven of the Canterbury Pilgrims are from the simplest of all the modern renderings of Chaucer, made by Professor Skeat.

The Knight

A KNIGHT there was, and that a worthy man,
Who, from the hour in which he first began
To ride abroad, loved alway chivalry,
Truth, honour, bounty, and fair courtesy.
Full worthy was he in his master's war,
And therein had he ridden (none so far)
In Christendom and heathen lands the same,
And always honoured for his worthy name.
At Alexandria's famous siege was he ;
And highest at the table oft would be,
He evermore with highest praise did meet.
And, though thus honoured, was he still discreet,
And meek in his demeanour as a maid.
No contumelious word he ever said
In all his life, against another wight.
He proved a very perfect gentle Knight.

The Prioress

A NUN was also there, a Prioress
That, when she smiled, full simple was and coy ;
Her greatest oath was only *By Saint Loy !*
Her name, I heard, was Madame Egentyne.
At meat good manners had she learnt withal ;
She from her lips would let no morsel fall,
Nor wet her fingers in her sauce too deep.
Each morsel would she raise, and watch would keep
Lest any falling drop her breast should wet.
Much mindfulness on courtesy she set.
So kind of heart and pitiful was she,
At once she wept if she a mouse should see
Caught in a trap, or from a wound to bleed.
Some little dogs she had, that she would feed
With roasted meat, or milk, and finest bread ;
But sore she wept if one of them were dead.

The Merchant

A MERCHANT next, with forked beard, there came,
In motley clad, and high on horse he sat,
Upon his head a Flemish beaver hat ;

His boots were fastened neatly and with care.
He spake each sentence with important air
As well beseemed his profits year by year.
So stately was he in his ways of trade,
So well he bargains and agreements made.
Forsooth, he was a worthy man withal ;
Yet cannot I, in truth, his name recall.

The Clerk

A CLERK of Oxford next my notice caught,
That unto logic long had given his thought.
His horse appeared as lean as is a rake,
And he was nowise fat, I undertake,
But looked all hollow, and of sober mien.
Full threadbare was his upper mantle seen ;
For he, as yet, no benefice could gain,
Nor would he worldly office entertain.
For rather would he have, beside his bed,
Some twenty books, all clad in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than fiddle, costly robes, or psaltery.
To moral virtue tended all his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

The Doctor

A DOCTOR, too, of physic joined the rout ;
None like him though we searched the world about,
That is, for physic or for surgery,
For he was grounded in astronomy.
He watched his patient by the planets' hours,
And natural magic lent him special powers.
When favouring planets in the ascendant rose,
He times auspicious for his patients chose.
He knew the cause of every malady,
Were it of hot or cold, or moist or dry,
Whence came it, of what humour might it be ;
An excellent practitioner was he.
The cause perceived, and all the root of harm,
Anon his remedies the sick would charm.

The Wife of Bath

A GOOD wife was there who abode near Bath ;
But somewhat deaf was she, which seemed a scath.
Of finest stuff her head-adornments were,
They weighed in truth ten pounds, so durst I swear,

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

That on a Sunday rose above her head.
Her hose were all of finest scarlet red,
And tightly laced ; her shoes were soft and new.
Bold was her face and fair, and red of hue.
A worthy woman's life she long had led ;
Five husbands at the church-door did she wed,
Not counting several lovers in her youth,
Of whom no mention need be made, in sooth.
She thrice had visited Jerusalem ;
And crossed on horseback many a foreign stream.
Upon an ambling horse with ease she sat,
Her neckcloth pleated, on her head a hat
As broad as is a buckler or a targe.
An ample skirt about her hips full large,
And on her feet a pair of spurs she wore.
In company laughed much, and gossiped more.
Some remedies of love she knew, perchance,
For of that art she knew how goes the dance.

The Parson

A GOOD man, of religious orders one,
But poor, came next, the Parson of a town ;
But rich was he in holy thought and work.
He was besides a learned man, a clerk,
That Christ's pure gospel truthfully would preach ;
His parish flock devoutly would he teach.
Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient.
And such he many a time was proved to be.
To curse men for his tithes full loath was he,
But rather would he give, beyond a doubt,
Unto his poor parishioners about
Out of his stipend, and his own beside.
A moderate sum his every want supplied.
His parish wide had houses far asunder,
And yet he never ceased, for rain or thunder,
To visit (if misfortune should befall)
The farthest in his parish, great and small ;
Upon his feet with staff in hand he went.
This fine example to his sheep he lent,
That first he worked, and afterwards he taught ;
Out of the gospel that advice he caught ;
This apologue he added eke thereto,
That, if gold rust, then what will iron do ?
For if a priest be foul, in whom we trust,
No wonder though a layman then should rust ;
And shame it is (let priests the warning keep)

To see a shepherd foul, though clean the sheep.
 Well ought a priest example fair to give,
 By purity, how that his sheep should live.
 He never let his benefice to hire
 And left his sheep encumbered in the mire,
 And ran to London, to St. Paul's, to gain
 A chantry, singing for men's souls in pain,
 Nor sought in some fraternity to dwell ;
 But stayed at home, and kept his flock full well,
 Lest e'er the wolf should cause it to miscarry ;
 A shepherd was he, and no mercenary.
 And though he holy were and virtuous,
 Was ne'er to sinful men contemptuous,
 Nor haughty, nor disdainful in his speech,
 But wisely and benignly would he teach.
 To draw his folk to heaven by kindness
 And good example, was his business.
 But if he found a sinner obstinate,
 Whoe'er he were, of high or low estate,
 Him would he sharply of his sin remind.
 A better priest, I trow, could no one find.
 Obsequious honour would he ne'er expect,
 Nor would pretended holiness affect ;
 But all that Christ and His apostles taught
 He preached, and first himself their lessons wrought.

Chaucer

Britannia

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang this strain :
*Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rule the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves.*

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame
 To work their woe and thy renown.
*Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rule the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves.*

The Muses still with freedom found
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
*Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rule the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves.*

James Thomson

The Happy Warrior

*WHO is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?*

It is the generous spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought :
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright :
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care :
Who, doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train !
Turns his necessity to glorious gain :
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives :
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate :
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice ;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more : more able to endure
As more exposed to suffering and distress :
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
Tis he whose law is reason, who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends !
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows :
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire :
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state :
Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,

A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
 Is happy as a lover, and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
 Come when it will, is equal to the need :
 He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a soul whose master bias leans
 To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
 Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
 Are at his heart—and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve :
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love.
 Tis, finally, the man who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
 Or left unthought of in obscurity :
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one
 Where what he most doth value must be won :
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray :
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpassed :
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must go to dust without his fame,
 And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.
*This is the happy warrior—this is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be.* *Wordsworth*

The Stars for His Abode

ONE GREEK. Say, dog, at the tomb of what man dost thou stand and watch ?

THE OTHER GREEK. At the tomb of Diogenes.

FIRST GREEK. He who dwelt in a tub ?

SECOND GREEK. Even so ; but now he has the stars for his abode
From ancient Greece.

FABLES OF AESOP THE SLAVE

Five hundred years older than Christianity, the fables of Aesop are known wherever a child reads books. Aesop, a slave of Phrygia in ancient Greece, was thrown over a precipice by priests who could not endure his mockeries; but his wit has outlived them all. Here his fables are given from the quaint old version by Sir Roger L'Estrange, a journalist who lived from the year of Shakespeare's death into the reign of the last of the Stuarts.

The Ant and the Fly

THERE happened a warm dispute betwixt an ant and a fly.

Why, where's the honour or the pleasure in the world, says the fly, that I have not my part in? Are not all temples and palaces open to me? Am I not the taster to gods and princes in all their sacrifices and entertainments? Am I not served in gold and silver? And is not my meat and drink still of the best? And all this without either money or pains? I trample upon crowns and kiss what ladies' lips I please. And what have you now to pretend to all this while?

Why, says the ant, you value yourself upon the access you have to the altars of the gods, the cabinets of princes, and to all public feasts and collations: and what's all this but the access of an intruder, not of a guest? For people are so far from liking your company that they kill you as fast as they can catch you. You are a plague to them wherever you come. Your very breath has maggots in it, and for the kiss you brag of, what is it but the perfume of the last dunghill you touched upon, once removed? For my part, I live upon what is my own, and work in the summer to maintain myself in the winter, whereas the whole course of your scandalous life is only cheating one half of the year and starving the other.

The Moral

Here's an emblem of industry and luxury set forth at large, with the sober advantages of one and the scandalous excesses of the other.

A City Mouse and a Country Mouse

THERE goes an old story of a country mouse that invited a city sister of hers to a country collation, where she spared for nothing that the place afforded, as mouldy crusts, cheese-parings, musty oatmeal, rusty bacon, and the like.

Now, the city dame was so well bred as seemingly to take all in good part, but yet at last, Sister (says she, after the civilest fashion), why will you be miserable when you may be happy? Why will you lie pining and pinching yourself in such a lonesome starving course of life as this is when tis but going to town along with me to enjoy all the pleasures and plenty that your heart can wish?

This was a temptation the country mouse was not able to resist ; so that away they trudged together, and about midnight got to their journey's end. The city mouse showed her friend the larder, the pantry, and other offices where she laid her stores, and after this she carried her into the parlour, where they found yet upon the table the reliques of a mighty entertainment of that very night. The city mouse carved her companion of what she liked best, and so to it they fell upon a velvet couch together.

The poor bumpkin that had never seen nor heard of such doings before blessed herself at the change of her condition, when (as ill luck would have it) all on a sudden the doors flew open, and in comes a crew of roaring bullies, with their wenches, their dogs, and their bottles, and put the poor mice to their wits' end how to save their skins—the stranger especially, that had never been at this sport before ; but she made a shift to slink into a corner, where she lay trembling and panting till the company went their way.

So soon as ever the house was quiet again, Well, my court sister, says she, if this be the way of your town gamboles I'll back to my cottage and my mouldy cheese again ; for I had rather lie knabbing of crusts without either fear or danger in my own little hole than be mistress of the whole world with perpetual cares and alarums.

The Moral

The difference between a court and a country life. The delights, innocence, and security of the one, compared with the anxiety, lewdness and hazards of the other.

The Lark and Her Little Ones

THERE was a brood of young larks in the corn, and the mother, when she went abroad to forage for them, laid a strict charge upon her little ones to pick up what news they could get.

They told her at her return that the owner of the field had been there, and ordered his neighbours to come and reap the corn. Well, says the old one, there's no danger yet then.

They told her the next day that he had been there again and desired his friends to do it. Well, says she, there's no hurt in that neither, and so she went out proggng for provisions as before.

But upon the third day, when they told their mother that the master and his son appointed to come next morning and do it themselves : Nay, then, says she, tis time to look about us. As for the neighbours and the friends I fear them not ; but the master will be as good as his word, for tis his own business.

The Moral

He who would be sure to have his business well done must either do it himself or see the doing of it.

The Dog and the Wolf

THERE was a haggard carrion of a wolfe and a jolly sort of a gentile dog, with good flesh upon his back, that fell into company together upon the king's highway.

The wolfe was wonderfully pleased with his companion, and inquisitive to learn how he brought himself to that blessed state.

Why, says the dog, I keep my master's house from thieves, and I have very good meat, drink, and lodging for my pains. Now if you will go along with me and do as I do you may fare as I fare. The wolfe struck up the bargain, and away they trotted together.

But as they were jogging on the wolfe spied a bare place about the dog's neck, where the hair was worn off. Brother (says he), how comes this I prithee? Oh, that's nothing, says the dog, but the fretting of my collar a little.

Nay, says the other, if there be a collar in the case I know better things than to sell my liberty for a crust.

The Moral

We are so dazzled with the glare of a splendid appearance that we can hardly discern its inconveniences. He that sells his freedom for the cramming of his stomach has a hard bargain.

The Wolf and the Lamb

AS a wolf was lapping at the head of a fountain he spied a lamb paddling a good way off down the stream. The wolf had no sooner the prey in his eye but away he runs open-mouth to it.

Villain (says he), how dare you lye muddling the water that I'm a-drinking?

Indeed, says the poor lamb, I did not think my drinking there below could have fouled the water so far above.

Nay, says the other, you'll never leave your chopping of logic till your skin is turned over your ears, as your father's was, a matter of six months ago for prating at this saucy rate.

If you'll believe me, sir, quoth the innocent lamb, with fear and trembling, I was not come into the world then.

Why, thou impudence, cries the wolf, hast thou neither shame nor conscience? But it runs in the blood of your whole race to hate our family; and therefore since fortune has brought us together so conveniently you shall pay some of your forefathers' scores.

And so, without any more ado, he leaped at the throat of the lamb and tore him to pieces.

The Moral

Tis an easy matter to find a staff to beat a dog. Innocence is no protection against a tyrant; but reason and conscience are yet so sacred that the greatest villainies are countenanced under that cloak.

A Father and His Sons

IT was the hap of a very honest man to be the father of a contentious brood of children.

He called for a rod and bade them take it, and try one after another with all their force if they could break it. They could not.

Well (says he) unbind it now, and take every twig of it apart, and see what you can do that way. They did so, and with great ease, by one and one, they snapped it all to pieces.

This (says he) is the true emblem of your condition. Keep together and you are safe; divide and you are undone.

The Moral

The breach of unity puts the world and all that's in it into a state of war, and turns every man's hand against his brother; but so long as the band holds tis the strength of all the parts gathered into one.

A Cobbler and a Financier

THERE was a droll of a cobbler that led a life as merry as the day was long, and singing and joking was his delight.

But it was not altogether so well with a neighbour of his, though a great officer in the Treasury, for there was no singing, nor hardly any sleeping, under his roof; or if he happened to doze a little now and then in a morning twas forty to one the jolly cobbler waked him. How often would he be wishing to himself that sleep were to be bought in the market as well as meat and drink!

While his head was working upon this thought the toy took him in the crown to send for the songster.

Come, neighbour, says he, thou livest like a prince here; how much a year canst thou get by thy trade?

Nay, faith, master, says the cobbler, I keep no count-books; but if I can get bread from hand to mouth, and make even at the year's end, I never trouble myself for tomorrow.

Well, says the officer, but if you know what you can earn by the day you may easily cast up what that comes to a year.

Ay, says he, but that's more or less as it falls out; for we have such a world of holy-days, festivals, and new saints that tis a woundy hindrance to a poor man that lives by his labour.

This dry, blunt way took with the officer, and so he went on with him: Come, my friend (says he), you came into my house a cobbler; what will you say now if I send you out on it an emperor? And so he put a purse of a hundred crowns into his hand. Go your ways, says he; there's an estate for ye, and be a good husband of it.

Away goes the cobbler with his gold, and in conceit as rich as

if the mines of Peru had been emptied into his lap. Up he locks it immediately, and all the comforts of his life together with his crowns in the same chest. From the time that he was master of this treasure there was no more singing or sleeping at his house; not a cat stirred in the garret but an outcry of thieves; and his cottage was so haunted with cares, jealousies, and wild alarms that his very life was become a burden to him. So that after a short time away trudges he to the officer again.

Ah, sir, says he, if you have any charity for a miserable creature do but let me have my songs and sleep again, and take back your hundred crowns, with a hundred thousand thanks into the bargain.

The Moral

The poor man passes his time merrily, without fear or danger of thieves; but the house that has money in it is as good as haunted.

The Boy Who Cried Wolf

A SHEPHERD's boy had gotten a roguery trick of crying *A wolfe, a wolfe*, when there was no such matter, and fooling the country people with false alarms.

He had been at this sport so many times in jest that they would not believe him at last when he was in earnest; and so the wolves brake in upon the flock and worried the sheep at pleasure.

The Moral

He is a wise man who knows the true bounds and measures of fooling.

A Cock and a Diamond

As a cock was turning up a dunghill he spied a diamond lying there.

Well, says he to himself, this sparkling foolery now to a lapidary in my place would have been the making of him; but as to any use or purpose of mine a barleycorn had been worth forty on it.

The Moral

A wise man prefers things necessary before matters of curiosity, ornament, or pleasure.

Who Will Bell the Cat?

THERE was a devilish sly cat, it seems, in a certain house, and the mice were so plagued with her at every turn that they called a court to advise upon some way to prevent being surprised.

If you'll be ruled by me, says a member of the board, there's nothing like hanging a bell about the cat's neck to give warning beforehand when puss is a-coming. They all looked upon it as the best contrivance that the case would bear.

Well, says another, and now we are agreed upon the bell who shall put it about the cat's neck? There was nobody that would undertake it, and so the expedient fell to the ground.

The Moral

The boldest talkers are not always the greatest doers.

A Dog and a Shadow

As a dog was crossing a river with a morsel of good flesh in his mouth he saw (as he thought) another dog under the water upon the very same adventure. He never considered that the one was only the image of the other, but out of a greediness to get both he chops at the shadow and loses the substance.

The Moral

All covet, all lose ; a reproof to those who govern their lives by fancy and appetite, without consulting the honour and justice of the case.

A Crow and a Pitcher

A crow that was extremely thirsty found a pitcher with a little water in it, but it lay so low he could not come at it. He tried first to break the pot and then to overturn it, but it was both too strong and too heavy for him.

He bethought himself, however, of a device at last that did his business, which was by dropping a great many pebbles into the water and raising it till he had it within reach.

The Moral

There is a natural logic in animals, above the instinct of their kinds.

The Frogs Choose a King

IN the days of old, when the frogs were all at liberty in the lakes, and grown quite weary of living without government, they petitioned Jupiter for a king.

Jupiter, knowing the vanity of their hearts, threw them down a log for their governor, which, upon the first dash, frightened them into the mud for the very fear of it. This terror kept them in awe for a while, till in good time one frog, bolder than the rest, put up his head and looked about him to see how it went with their new king.

Upon this he called his fellow-subjects together ; opened the truth of the case ; and nothing would serve them then but riding a-top of him ; insomuch that the dread they were in before is now turned into insolence and tumult. This king, they said, was too tame for them, and Jupiter must needs be entreated to send them another. He did so, but authors are divided whether it was a stork or a serpent ; whether of the two soever it was he left them neither

liberty nor property, but made a prey of his subjects. Such was their condition, in fine, that they sent yet once again for another king to Jupiter, whose answer was this :

They that will not be contented when they are well must be patient when things are amiss with them ; and people had better rest where they are than go farther and fare worse.

The Moral

Government or no government, a king of God's making or of the people's, or none at all, the multitude are never satisfied.

A Fox and a Raven

A CERTAIN fox spied out a raven upon a tree with a morsel in his mouth that set his chops a-watering ; but how to come at it was the question.

Oh thou blessed bird (says he), the delight of gods and of men ! and so he lays himself forth upon the gracefulness of the raven's person, and the beauty of his plumes, his admirable gift of augury, etc.

And now, says the fox, if thou hadst but a voice answerable to the rest of thy excellent qualities, the Sun in the firmament could not show the world such another creature.

This nauseous flattery sets the raven immediately a-gaping as wide as he could stretch to give the fox a taste of his pipe ; but upon the opening of his mouth he drops his breakfast, which the fox presently chopped up, and then bade him remember that, whatever he had said of his beauty, he had spoken nothing of his brains.

The Moral

There's hardly any man living who may not be wrought upon by flattery ; but when it comes to be applied to a vain fool it makes him forty times an arranter fool than he was.

A Hare and a Tortoise

WHAT a dull, heavy creature (says a hare) is this tortoise !

And yet (says the tortoise) I'll run with you for a wager.

Twas said and done, and the fox, by consent, was to be the judge. They started together, and the tortoise kept jogging on till he came to the end of the course. The hare laid himself down about midway and took a nap, for, says he, I can fetch up the tortoise when I please. But he overslept himself, it seems, for when he came to wake, though he scudded away as fast as possible, the tortoise got to the post before him.

The Moral

Up and be doing. Action is the business of life.

In My Heart

IN my heart I place the feet,
 The golden feet of God.
 If he be mine, what can I need ?
 My God is everywhere :
 Within, beyond man's highest word,
 My God existeth still :
 In sacred books, in darkest night,
 In deepest, bluest sky,
 In those who know the truth, and in
 The faithful few on Earth.

An Indian fragment from the Tenth Century

The Candle that Shall Never be Put Out

The gates scorched by the flames that burned Latimer and Ridley are still on their hinges at Balliol College, a tragic memorial of this pitiful scene which will for ever be remembered if only for Latimer's last words to his friend.

DR. RIDLEY had a black gown such as he used to wear when he was a bishop ; a tippet of velvet furred likewise about his neck, a velvet nightcap upon his head, and slippers on his feet. He walked to the stake between the mayor and an alderman.

After him came Mr. Latimer in a poor Bristol frieze frock much worn, with his buttoned cap and kerchief on his head, all ready to the fire, a new long shroud hanging down to the feet ; which at the first sight excited sorrow in the spectators, beholding on the one side the honour they some time had, and on the other the calamity into which they had fallen.

Dr. Ridley, then looking back, saw Mr. Latimer coming after, unto whom he said, " Oh, are you there ? " " Yea," said Mr. Latimer, " have after, as fast as I can." So he followed a pretty way off, and at length they came to the stake. Dr. Ridley, first entering the place, earnestly held up both his hands, looking towards Heaven, then, shortly after seeing Mr. Latimer with a cheerful look, he ran up to him and embraced him, saying, *Be of good heart, brother, for God will assuage the fury of the flames, or else strengthen us to abide it.*

He went then to the stake, and, kneeling down, prayed with great fervour, while Mr. Latimer kneeled also, and prayed as earnestly as he. After this they arose and conversed together, and while they were thus employed Dr. Smith began his sermon to them upon the text, " If I yield my body to the fire to be burnt, and have not charity, I shall gain nothing thereby."

They were commanded to prepare immediately for the stake. They accordingly with all meekness obeyed. Dr. Ridley made presents of small things to gentlemen standing by, divers of them pitifully weeping ; happy was he who could get the least trifle for a remembrance of this good man. Mr. Latimer quietly suffered his

keeper to pull off his hose and his other apparel, which was very simple, and being stripped to his shroud he seemed as comely a person as one could well see.

Then Dr. Ridley unlaced himself, and held up his hand and said, "O heavenly Father, I give unto thee most hearty thanks that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee, even unto death; I beseech thee, Lord God, have mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver it from all her enemies."

Then the smith took a chain of iron, and brought it about both their middles; and as he was knocking in the staple Dr. Ridley took the chain in his hand, and, looking aside to the smith, said, "Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh will have its course." Then his brother brought him a bag of gunpowder, and tied it about his neck. Dr. Ridley asked him what it was, and he answered, Gunpowder. "Then (said he), I will take it to be sent of God; therefore I will receive it. And have you any for my brother." "Yes, sir, that I have," said he. "Then give it unto him in time (said he), lest you come too late." So his brother went and carried it to Mr. Latimer.

Dr. Ridley said to my lord Williams, "My lord, I must be a suitor unto your lordship in the behalf of divers poor men, and especially in the cause of my poor sister. I beseech your lordship, for Christ's sake, to be a means of grace for them. There is nothing in all the world that troubles my conscience, this only excepted. While I was in the See of London divers poor men took leases of me; now I hear that the bishop, who occupieth the same room, will not allow my grants made to them, but, contrary to all law and conscience, hath taken from them their livings. I beseech you, my lord, be a means for them; you shall do a good deed and God will reward you."

They then brought a lighted fagot and laid it at Dr. Ridley's feet, upon which Mr. Latimer said,

Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out.

When Dr. Ridley saw the flame leaping up towards him he cried with an amazing loud voice, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit; Lord receive my spirit," and continued oft to repeat, "Lord, Lord receive my spirit." Mr. Latimer, on the other side, cried as vehemently, "O Father of Heaven, receive my soul." After which he soon died, seemingly with little pain.

But Dr. Ridley, from the ill-making of the fire (the fagots being green, and piled too high, so that the flames being kept down by the green wood, burned fiercely beneath, was put to such exquisite pain that he desired them, for God's sake, to let the fire come unto him. His brother-in-law hearing, but not very well understanding, to rid him out of his pain and not well knowing what he did, heaped fagots upon him, so that he quite covered him, which made the fire so

vehement beneath that it burned all his nether parts before it touched the upper, and made him struggle under the fagots, and often desire them to let the fire come unto him, saying, "I cannot burn." Yet in all his torments he forgot not to call upon God, still having in his mouth, "Lord have mercy upon me," mingling with his cry, "Let the fire come unto me ; I cannot burn."

In these pains he laboured till one of the standers-by pulled the fagots from above, and when he saw the fire flame up he wrested himself to that side, and when the fire touched the gunpowder, he was seen to stir no more, but fell down at Mr. Latimer's feet.

The dreadful sight filled almost every eye with tears. Some took it grievously to see their deaths whose lives they had held so dear. Some pitied their persons, who thought their souls had no need thereof. But the sorrow of his brother, whose extreme anxiety had led him to attempt to put a speedy end to his sufferings, but who, from error and confusion, had so unhappily prolonged them, surpassed them all ; and so violent was his grief that the spectators pitied him almost as much as they did the martyr.

John Foxe

Cranmer's Right Hand

WHEN he came to the place where the holy bishops and martyrs of God, Hugh Latimer and Ridley, were burnt before him, he prayed to God ; and, not long tarrying in his prayers, putting off his garments to his shirt, he prepared himself to death. His shirt was down to his feet. His feet were bare. His beard was long and thick, covering his face with marvellous gravity. Such a countenance of gravity moved the hearts both of his friends and of his enemies.

Then the Spanish friars, John and Richard, began to exhort him, and play their parts with him afresh, but with vain and lost labour. Cranmer, with steadfast purpose abiding in the profession of his doctrine, gave his hand to certain old men and others that stood by, bidding them farewell.

Then was an iron chain tied about Cranmer, whom, when they perceived to be steadfast, they commanded the fire to be set unto him. And when the wood was kindled, and the fire began to burn near him, stretching out his arm, he put his right hand into the flame, which he held so steadfast and immovable that all men might see his hand burned before his body was touched. His body did so abide the burning of the flame with such constancy and steadfastness that, standing always in one place without moving of his body, he seemed to move no more than the stake to which he was bound ; his eyes were lifted up into Heaven, and oftentimes he repeated *This unworthy right hand*, so long as his voice would suffer him ; and, using often the words of Stephen, *Lord Jesus, receive my spirit*, in the greatness of the flame he gave up the ghost.

John Foxe

Grant Us Thy Peace

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease ;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way :
With thee began, with thee shall end the day ;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife ;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace. *Canon Ellerton*

O Worship the King

O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing his power and his love !
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.
O tell of his might, O sing of his grace !
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The Earth with its store of wonders untold
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old :
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast like a mantle the sea.

Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail :
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

O measureless might ! ineffable Love !
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant

John Milton's Lament for his Friend

Lycidas is Milton's offering on the altar of friendship, as In Memoriam is Tennyson's offering on the altar of his friendship for Arthur Hallam. Edward King, a friend of Milton and his fellow student at Cambridge, was drowned on his way to Ireland, and his college companions wrote a volume of verse to his memory. Lycidas was Milton's contribution, the only poem which saved the volume and the scholar from oblivion.

ET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,

Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year :
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due ;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse !
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour *my* destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud !

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill ;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute ;
Tempered to the oaten flute ;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But O ! the heavy change now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return !
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.

The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?

For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.

Ay me ! I fondly dream,

"Had ye been there"—for what could that have done ?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?

Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair ?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears.

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

*Here the poet summons up certain spirits to lament his friend,
and goes on to ask a gentle Muse to strew flowers on his grave.*

Return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled ;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous waves ;
Or whether thou, to our moist views denied,
Sleep'st by the table of Bellerus old, .
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth,
And, O, ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sank low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,



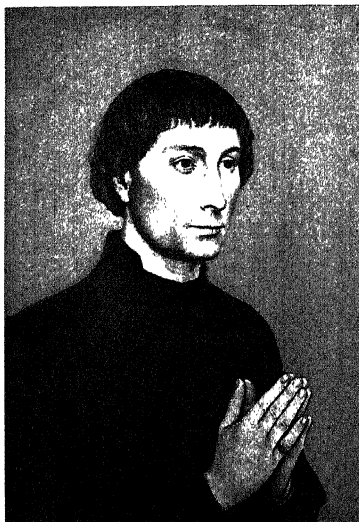
VAN DYCK'S PICTURE OF TWO FRIENDS—SUZANNE FOURMENT AND HER DAUGHTER



THE DUCHESS OF URBINO—BY PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA



THE DUKE OF URBINO—BY PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA



THOMAS PORTINARI—BY HANS MEMLING



MARIA PORTINARI—BY HANS MEMLING



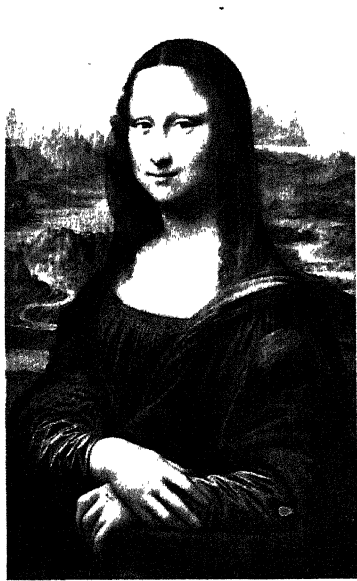
A DOGE OF VENICE—BY GIOVANNI BELLINI



HEAD OF A YOUNG MAN—BY RAPHAEL



LUCREZIA CRIVELLI—BY LEONARDO DA VINCI



MONNA LISA—BY LEONARDO DA VINCI



ISAAC OLIVER'S MINIATURE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY—IN THE KING'S COLLECTION

That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals grey ;
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay ;
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
 And now was dropped into the western bay.
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue ;
 Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

From Milton's Lycidas

Home Sweet Home

*This is how Home Sweet Home was written in
 ancient Greece about three thousand years ago*

Do not go about, man, dragging on a wandering life, tossed from one land to another. Do not go about. An empty hovel is wont to give something to cover you, which a little fire lighted up may warm, even if the puff-cake of maize be slight, and not one of fine meal, pounded in a hollow stone by the hand ; and even if there be for herbs penny-royal, or thyme, and wretched groats to serve as a relish.

*This is how it was written in Persia some time
 in the fourteenth century, by Ibn Ahmed Attar*

TELL me, gentle traveller, who hast wandered through the world, and seen the sweetest roses blow, and brightest gliding rivers—of all thine eyes have seen, which is the fairest land ?

“ Child, shall I tell thee where Nature is most blest and fair ? It is where those we love abide. Though that space be small, ample is it above kingdoms ; though it be a desert, through it runs the river of paradise, and there are the enchanted bowers.”

*This is how it was written in English by John Howard
 Payne, a wandering player, a hundred years ago*

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
 An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,
 Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again !
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
 Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than all !

Cleopatra on a Bed of Gold

HER death was very sudden, for those whom Caesar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death.

But when they had opened the doors they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, called Iris, dead at her feet ; and the other woman, called Charmion, half-dead and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head.

One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her, " Is that well done, Charmion ? " " Very well (said she), and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings."

She said no more, but fell down dead, hard by the bed.

Plutarch

Cleopatra on a Barge of Gold

THE barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water ; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them, the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description ; she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature ; on each side her
Stood pretty-dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings ; at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her, and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

Shakespeare

The Cloud

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder ;
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead ;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings ;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depths of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.
 I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow ;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.
 I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky ;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and upbuild it again.

Shelley

The Religion of Sir Thomas Browne

FOR my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all (as the general scandal of my profession, the natural course of my studies, the indifferency of my behaviour and discourse in matters of religion, neither violently

defending one nor with that common ardour and contention opposing another), yet in despite hereof I dare, without usurpation, assume the honourable style of a Christian.

But because the name of a Christian is become too general to express our faith—there being a geography of religion as well as lands, and every clime distinguished not only by their laws and limits but circumscribed by their doctrines and rules of faith—to be particular I am of that Reformed new-cast religion wherein I dislike nothing but the name; of the same belief our Saviour taught, the Apostles disseminated, the Fathers authorised, and Martyrs confirmed; but by the sinister ends of princes, the ambition and avarice of prelates, and the fatal corruption of times, so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty that it requires the careful and charitable hands of these times to restore it to its primitive integrity.

We have reformed from them, not against them, for there is between us one common name, one faith and necessary body of principles common to us both. And therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their churches, and either pray with them or for them.

I could never perceive any rational consequence from those many tests which prohibit the children of Israel to pollute themselves with the temples of the heathens) we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might profane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them. Holy-water and crucifix deceive not my judgment, nor abuse my devotion at all.

I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition. My common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behaviour full of rigour, not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and my hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible devotion.

I should violate my own arm rather than a church, nor willingly deface the name of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour. I cannot laugh at, but rather pity, the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or condemn the miserable condition of friars, for, though misplaced in circumstances, there is something in it of devotion.

I could never hear the Ave Maria bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt. While, therefore, they direct their devotions to her, I offer mine to God, and rectify the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering
ine.

Sir Thomas Browne in Religio Medici

The Last Day of Shelley

Shelley was drowned by the upsetting of his boat during a storm in Spezia Bay, off the Italian coast; and his body was burned there. This description of the event is by Leigh Hunt, who saw the burning of the body.

IN a day or two Shelley took leave of us to return to Lerici. I spent one delightful afternoon with him, wandering about Pisa. I entreated him, if the weather were violent, not to give way to his daring spirit and venture to sea. He promised me he would not. I never beheld him more.

The same night there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, which made us very anxious; but we hoped our friend had arrived before then. When, some days later, Trelawny came to Pisa, and told us he was missing, I underwent one of the sensations which we read of in books but seldom experience; I was tongue-tied with horror. A dreadful interval took place of more than a week, during which every inquiry and every fond hope were exhausted. At the end of that period our worst fears were confirmed. A body had been washed on shore which was known to be our friend's. Keats's last volume also was found open in the jacket pocket. He had probably been reading it. It was my copy. I had told him to keep it till he gave it me with his own hands, so I would not have it from any other. It was burnt with his remains.

The ceremony of the burning was alike beautiful and distressing. Trelawny, who had been the chief person concerned in ascertaining the fate of his friends, completed his kindness by taking the most active part on this last mournful occasion. He and his friend Captain Shenley were first upon the ground, attended by proper assistants. Lord Byron and myself arrived shortly afterwards. His lordship got out of his carriage, but wandered away from the spectacle and did not see it. I remained inside the carriage, now looking on, now drawing back with feelings that were not to be witnessed.

None of the mourners, however, refused themselves the little comfort of supposing that lovers of books and antiquity would not have been sorry to foresee this part of their fate. The mortal part of him, too, was saved from corruption; not the least extraordinary part of his history. Among the materials for burning, as many of the gracefuller and more classical articles as could be procured were not forgotten, and to these Keats's volume was added. The beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was extraordinary. The weather was beautifully fine. The Mediterranean, now soft and lucid, kissed the shore as if to make peace with it. The yellow sand and blue sky were intensely contrasted with one another, marble mountains touched the air with coolness, and the flame of the fire bore away towards heaven in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty. *Leigh Hunt*

Come into the Garden, Maud

The hero of Tennyson's most powerful story-poem is engaged secretly to his playmate Maud. A ball in her brother's hall has nearly reached its end, and she has promised to show herself to her lover in her ballroom dress. He awaits her impatiently in the garden, thrilled by a passionate love which finds its voice in this poem with an intensity unsurpassed in literature. It is the prologue to a tragedy.

COME into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat Night has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone,
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
 And the musk of the rose is blown.
 For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.
 All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon ;
 All night has the casement jessamine stirred
 To the dancers dancing in tune
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.
 I said to the lily, " There is but one
 With whom she has heart to be gay.
 When will the dancers leave her alone ?
 She is weary of dance and play."
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,
 And half to the rising day ;
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone
 The last wheel echoes away.
 I said to the rose, " The brief night goes
 In babble and revel and wine.
 O young lord lover, what sighs are those
 For one that will never be thine,
 But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
 " For ever and ever mine ? "
 And the soul of the rose went into my blood
 As the music clashed in the hall ;
 And long by the garden lake I stood,
 For I heard your rivulet fall
 From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
 Our wood, that is dearer than all ;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
 That whenever a March wind sighs
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet
 In violets blue as your eyes,
 To the woody hollows in which we meet
 And the valleys of Paradise.
 The slender acacia would not shake
 One long milk-bloom on the tree ;
 The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;
 But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
 Knowing your promise to me ;
 The lilies and roses were all awake
 They sighed for the dawn and thee.
 Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
 Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one ;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls
 To the flowers, and be their sun.
 There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
 She is coming, my life, my fate ;
 The red rose cries, " She is near, she is near " ;
 And the white rose weeps, " She is late " ;
 The larkspur listens, " I hear, I hear " ;
 And the lily whispers, " I wait."
 She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat
 Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
 My dust would hear her and beat
 Had I lain for a century dead ;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red. *Tennyson*

If the Heavens Fall

O TAYE from his earliest youth
 Was consecrated unto truth ;
 And if the universe must die
 Unless Otaye told a lie,
 He would defy the fate's last crash,
 And let all sink in one pale ash,
 Or e'er by any means was wrung
 One drop of falsehood from his tongue.

Persian

While This Planet Has Gone Cycling On

Evolution, God's way of creating, controlling, and sustaining the world, is the view of Life which has made Charles Darwin for ever famous. This impressive passage is from the closing pages of The Origin of Species, the book in which Darwin gave his scientific faith to the world.

VARIABILITY is not actually caused by man; he only unintentionally exposes organic beings to new conditions of life, and then Nature acts on the organisation and causes it to vary. But man can and does select the variations given to him by Nature, and thus accumulates them in any desired manner.

It is certain that he can influence the character of a breed by selecting, in each successive generation, individual differences so slight as to be inappreciable except by an educated eye. This unconscious process of selection has been the agency in the formation of the most distinct and useful domestic breeds.

There is no reason why the principles which have acted so efficiently under domestication should not have acted under Nature. In the survival of favoured individuals and races, during the recurrent struggle for existence, we see a powerful and ever-acting form of selection.

The struggle for existence inevitably follows from the high increase which is common to all organic beings. More individuals are born than can possibly survive. A grain in the balance may determine which individuals shall live and which die; which variety shall increase in number, and which shall decrease or finally become extinct.

As the individuals of the same species come in all respects into the closest competition with each other, the struggle will generally be more severe between them; it will be almost equally severe between the varieties of the same species, and next in severity between the species of the same genus. On the other hand, the struggle will often be severe between beings remote in the scale of nature. The slightest advantage in certain individuals, over those with which they come into competition, or better adaptation to the surrounding physical conditions, will, in the long run, turn the balance.

No one has drawn any clear distinction between individual differences and slight varieties, or between more plainly marked varieties and sub-species and species. On separate continents, and on different parts of the same continent when divided by barriers of any kind, what a multitude of forms exist which some experienced naturalists rank as varieties, and others as distinct though closely allied species!

If, then, animals and plants do vary, let it be ever so slightly or slowly, why should not variations or individuals, differences which are in any way beneficial, be preserved and accumulated through natural selection, or the survival of the fittest? If man can, by patience, select variations useful to him, why under changing and complex conditions of life, should not variations useful to Nature's

living products often arise, and be preserved, or selected? What limit can be put to this power, acting during long ages and rigidly scrutinising the whole constitution, structure, and habits of each creature—favouring the good and rejecting the bad? I can see no limit to this power in slowly and beautifully adapting each form to the most complex relations of life.

When I view all beings not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Cambrian system was deposited, they seem to become ennobled. Judging from the past, we may infer that not one living species will transmit its unaltered likeness to distant futurity.

Of the species now living very few will transmit progeny of any kind to a far distant futurity; for the manner in which all organic beings are grouped shows that the greater number of species in each genus, and all the species in many genera, have left no descendants, but have become utterly extinct. We can so far look into futurity as to foretell that it will be the common and widely-spread species, belonging to the larger and dominant groups within each class, which will ultimately prevail and procreate new and dominant species.

As all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Cambrian epoch, we may feel certain that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been broken, and that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world. We may look with some confidence to a secure future of great length. As natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth; and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the larger sense, are growth with reproduction; inheritance, which is almost implied by reproduction; variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and, as a consequence, to natural selection, entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less improved forms. Thus, from the war of Nature, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, the Production of the Higher Animals, directly follows.

There is grandeur in this view of Life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms, or into one; and that, while this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved. *Charles Darwin*

Go, Pretty Child

Go, pretty Child, and bear this flower
 Unto thy little Saviour ;
 And tell Him, by that bud now blown,
 He is the Rose of Sharon known.
 When thou hast said so, stick it there
 Upon His bib or stomacher.
 And tell Him, for good handsel too,
 That thou hast brought a whistle new,
 Made of a clean straight oaten reed,
 To charm His cries at time of need.
 Tell Him for coral, thou hast none,
 But if thou hadst, He should have one ;
 And poor thou art, and known to be
 Even as moneyless as He.

Robert Herrick

A Talk with God

In the old books known together as the Apocrypha, the writings which were not accepted as having scriptural authority when the Bible was made up into one book, is the Book of Esdras (meaning Ezra). The following passages are taken from it.

THE angel that was sent unto me said, Thy heart hath gone too far in this world, and thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the most High ? I am sent to shew thee three ways and to set forth three similitudes before thee.

And I said, Tell me, my Lord.

Then said He unto me, Go thy way, weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past.

Then answered I and said, What man is able to do that, that thou shouldest ask such things of me ?

And he said unto me, If I should ask thee how great dwellings are in the midst of the sea, or how many springs are in the beginning of the deep, or how many springs are above the firmament, or which are the outgoings of paradise, peradventure thou wouldest say unto me, I never went down into the deep, nor as yet into hell, neither did I ever climb up into heaven.

Nevertheless now have I asked thee but only of the fire and wind, and of the day wherethrough thou hast passed, and of things from which thou canst not be separated, and yet canst thou give me no answer of them.

He said moreover unto me, Thine own things, and such as are grown up with thee, canst thou not know ; how should thy vessel

then be able to comprehend the way of the Highest, and, the world being now outwardly corrupted, to understand the corruption that is evident in my sight ?

Then said I unto him, It were better that we were not at all than that we should live still in wickedness, and to suffer, and not to know wherefore.

He answered me and said, I went into a forest in a plain, and the trees took counsel, and said, Come let us go and make war against the sea, that it may depart away before us, and that we may make us more woods. The floods of the sea also in like manner took counsel and said, Come, let us go up and subdue the woods of the plain, that there also we may make us another country. The thought of the wood was in vain, for the fire came and consumed it. The thought of the floods of the sea came likewise to nought, for the sand stood up and stopped them. If thou wert judge now betwixt these two, whom wouldest thou begin to justify, or whom wouldest thou condemn ?

I answered and said, Verily it is a foolish thought that they both have devised, for the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea also hath his place to bear his floods.

Then answered he me, and said, Thou hast given a right judgment, but why judgest thou not thyself also ? For like as the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea to his floods, even so they that dwell upon the Earth may understand nothing but that which is upon the Earth : and he that dwelleth above the heavens may only understand the things that are above the height of the heavens.

Then answered I and said, I beseech thee, O Lord, let me have understanding, for it was not my mind to be curious of the high things, but of such as pass by us daily, namely wherefore Israel is given up as a reproach to the heathen, and for what cause the people whom thou hast loved is given over unto ungodly nations, and why the law of our forefathers is brought to nought, and the written covenants come to none effect, and we pass away out of the world as grasshoppers, and our life is astonishment and fear, and we are not worthy to obtain mercy.

Then answered he me and said, The more thou searchest, the more thou shalt marvel, for the world hasteth fast to pass away.

Then I answered and said, How and when shall these things come to pass ? Wherefore are our years few and evil ?

He answered me, saying, Do not thou hasten above the most Highest, for thy haste is in vain to be above him.

I fasted seven days, mourning and weeping, and my soul recovered the spirit of understanding, and I began to talk with the most High, and said, O Lord that bearest rule, of every wood of the Earth, and

of all the trees thereof, thou hast chosen thee one only vine, and of all the lands of the whole world thou hast chosen thee one pit, and of all the flowers thereof one lily ; and of all the depths of the sea thou hast filled thee one river ; and of all the builded cities thou hast hallowed Zion unto myself ; and among all the multitudes of people thou hast given thee one people ; and unto this people, whom thou lovedst, thou gavest a law that is approved of all.

And now, O Lord, why hast thou given this one people over unto many ? They which did gainsay thy promises, and believed not thy covenants, have trodden them down. If thou didst so much hate thy people, yet shouldst thou punish them with thine own hands.

Now when I had spoken these words the angel was sent unto me, and said, Hear me, and I will instruct thee ; hearken to the thing that I say, and I shall tell thee more.

And I said, Speak on, my Lord. Then said he unto me, Thou art sore troubled in mind for Israel's sake : lovest thou that people better than he that made them ?

And I said, No, Lord ; but of very grief have I spoken, for my reins pain me every hour, while I labour to comprehend the way of the most High, and to seek out part of his judgment.

And he said unto me, Thou canst not, and I said, Wherefore, Lord ? whereunto was I born, then ?

And he said unto me, Number me the things that are not yet come, gather me together the drops that are scattered abroad ; make me the flowers green again that are withered ; open me the places that are closed and bring me forth the winds that in them are shut up ; shew me the image of a voice ; and then I will declare to thee the thing that thou labourest to know.

And I said, O Lord that bearest rule, who may know these things, but he that hath not his dwelling with men ? As for me, I am unwise : how may I then speak of these things whereof thou askest me ?

Then said he unto me, Like as thou canst do none of these things, even so canst thou not find out my judgment, or the love that I have promised unto my people.

Esdra's in the Apocrypha

Before the Beginning of Years

BEFORE the beginning of years
There came the making of man :
Time, with a gift of tears ;
Grief, with a glass that ran ;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven ;
Summer, with flowers that fell ;

Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell ;
Strength without hands to smite ;
Love that endures for a breath ;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years ;
And froth and drift of the sea ;
And dust of the labouring earth ;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth ;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife ;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life ;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin ;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty, and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire ;
With his lips he travaileth ;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death ;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision ;
Sows, and he shall not reap ;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne,
Atalanta in Calydon*

The Three Wise Men at the Feast of Darius

This story of the Wise Men is told in Esdras, one of the rejected books of the Bible brought together in the Apocrypha

NOW when Darius reigned he made a great feast unto all his subjects, and unto all his household, and unto all the princes of Media and Persia, and to all the governors and captains and lieutenants that were under him, from India unto Ethiopia of a hundred twenty and seven provinces.

And when they had eaten and drunken, and being satisfied were gone home, then Darius the king went into his bedchamber and slept, and soon after awaked.

Then three young men, that were of the guard that kept the king's body, spake one to another: Let every one of us speak a sentence. He that shall overcome, and whose sentence shall seem wiser than the others, unto him shall King Darius give great gifts, and great things in token of victory: as, to be clothed in purple, to drink in gold, and to sleep upon gold, and a chariot with bridles of gold, and a head-tire of fine linen, and a chain about his neck: and he shall sit next to Darius because of his wisdom, and shall be called his cousin.

Then every one wrote his sentence, sealed it, and laid it under the King's pillow, and said that, When the king is risen some will give him the writings; and of whose side the king and the three princes of Persia shall judge that his sentence is the wisest, to him shall the victory be given, as was appointed.

The first wrote, *Wine is the strongest.*

The second wrote, *The king is strongest.*

The third wrote, *Women are strongest; but above all things Truth beareth away the victory.*

Now when the king was risen up they took their writings and delivered them unto him, and so he read them: and sending forth he called all the princes of Persia and Media, and the governors, and the captains, and the lieutenants, and the chief officers, and sat him down in the royal seat of judgment; and the writings were read before them. And he said, Call the young men, and they shall declare their own sentences. So they were called, and came in, and he said unto them, Declare unto us your mind concerning the writings.

Then began the first, who had spoken of the strength of wine, and he said thus:

O ye men, how exceeding strong is wine! It causeth all men to err that drink it. It maketh the mind of the king and of the fatherless child to be all one, of the bondman and of the freeman, of the poor man and of the rich. It turneth also every thought

into jollity and mirth, so that a man remembereth neither sorrow nor debt ; it maketh every heart rich, so that a man remembereth neither king nor governor ; it maketh to speak all things by talents, and when they are in their cups they forget their love both to friends and brethren, and a little after draw out swords ; but when they are from the wine they remember not what they have done. O ye men, is not wine the strongest, that enforceth to do thus ?

And when he had so spoken he held his peace.

Then the second, that had spoken of the strength of the king, began to say :

O ye men, do not men excel in strength, that bear rule over sea and land, and all things in them ? But yet the king is more mighty, for he is lord of all these things, and hath dominion over them, and whatsoever he commandeth them they do.

If he bid them make war the one against the other, they do it, if he send them out against the enemies they go, and break down mountains, walls, and towers. They slay and are slain, and transgress not the king's commandment. If they get the victory they bring all to the king.

Likewise for those that are no soldiers, and have not to do with wars, but use husbandry, when they have reaped again that which they had sown they bring it to the king.

So all his people and his armies obey him. He lieth down, he eateth and drinketh and taketh his rest, and these keep watch round about him, neither may any one depart and do his own business, neither disobey they him in any thing. O ye men, how should not the king be mightiest, when in such sort he is obeyed ?

And he held his tongue.

Then the third, who had spoken of women, and of the truth, (this was Zorobabel) began to speak :

O ye men, it is not the great king, nor the multitude of men, neither is it wine, that excelleth. Who is it then that ruleth them, or hath the lordship over them ? Are they not women ? Women have borne the king and all the people that bear rule by sea and land.

Yea, and if men have gathered together gold and silver, or any other goodly thing, do they not love a woman which is comely in favour and beauty ? And, letting all those things go, do they not gape, and even with open mouth fix their eyes fast on her ? And have not all men more desire unto her than unto silver or gold, or any goodly thing whatsoever ? A man leaveth his own father that brought him up, and his own country, and cleaveth unto his wife.

By this also ye must know that women have dominion over you : do ye not labour and toil, and give and bring all to the woman ? Yea, a man taketh his sword, and goeth his way to rob and to steal,

to sail upon the sea and upon rivers ; and looketh upon a lion, and goeth in the darkness ; and when he hath stolen, spoiled, and robbed, he bringeth it to his love.

Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes. Many also have perished, have erred and sinned, for women.

(Then the king and the princes looked one upon another ; so he began to speak of the truth.)

O ye men, are not women strong ? Great is the Earth, high is the Heaven, swift is the Sun in his course, for he compasseth the heavens round about, and fetched his course again to his own place in one day. Is he not great that maketh these things ? Therefore great is the truth, and stronger than all things. All the Earth calleth upon the truth, and the Heaven blesseth it. All works shake and tremble at it, and with it is no unrighteous thing.

Wine is wicked, the king is wicked, women are wicked, all the children of men are wicked, and such are all their wicked works, and there is no truth in them ; in their unrighteousness also they shall perish. As for the truth, it endureth, and is always strong ; it liveth and conquereth for evermore. With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards ; but she doeth the things that are just. Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness, and she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty, of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth.

With that he held his peace, and all the people then shouted, and said, *Great is Truth, and mighty above all things.*

Then said the king unto him : Ask what thou wilt more than is appointed in the writing, and we will give it thee, because thou art found wisest ; and thou shalt sit next me, and shalt be called my cousin.

Then said he unto the king : Remember thy vow, which thou hast vowed to build Jerusalem, in the day when thou camest to thy kingdom.

From the Apocrypha

A Hymn of Glory let us Sing

A HYMN of glory let us sing,
New songs throughout the world shall ring ;
By a new way none ever trod
Christ mounteth to the throne of God.

Be thou our present joy, O Lord !
Who wilt be ever our reward ;
And, as the countless ages flee,
May all our glory be in Thee !

*These verses by Bede have lived 1200 years.
They were translated by Elizabeth Charles.*

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The Angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind,

“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

To you in David’s town this day

Is born of David’s line

A Saviour who is Christ the Lord ;

And this shall be the sign :

The heavenly Babe you there shall find

To human view displayed,

All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,

And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith

Appeared a shining throng

Of angels, praising God, who thus

Addressed their joyful song :

All glory be to God on high,

And to the Earth be peace :

Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men

Begin and never cease. Nahum Tate

My God, I Thank Thee

MY God, I thank thee, who hast made
 The Earth so bright ;

So full of splendour and of joy,

Beauty and light ;

So many glorious things are here,

Noble and right !

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made

Joy to abound ;

So many gentle thoughts and deeds

Circling us around,

That in the darkest spot of Earth

Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy

Is touched with pain :

That shadows fall on brightest hours,

That thorns remain ;

So that Earth’s bliss may be our guide

And not our chain.

For thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
 Our weak heart clings,
 Hast given us joys, tender and true,
 Yet all with wings :
 So that we see, gleaming on high,
 Diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
 The best in store ;
 We have enough, yet not too much
 To long for more ;
 A yearning for a deeper peace
 Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
 Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest,
 Nor ever shall, until they lean
 On Jesu's breast.

Adelaide Anne Procter

Prometheus Unbound

In the Greek legend Prometheus was bound to the rock by Jupiter, there to remain through all time for stealing the secret of fire from heaven for the use of man. These lines are the beginning and ending of Shelley's Prometheus Unbound.

THREE thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,
 And moments aye divided by keen pangs
 Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,
 Scorn and despair—these are mine empire :
 No change, no pause, no hope ! Yet I endure.
 I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt ?
 I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,
 Has it not seen ? The Sea, in storm or calm,
 Heaven's ever-changing Shadow, spread below,
 Have its deaf waves not heard my agony ?
 Ah me ! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever !

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite ;
 To forgive wrongs darker than Death or Night ;
 To defy Power which seems omnipotent ;
 To love, and bear ; to hope till Hope creates
 From its own wreck the thing it contemplates,
 Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent :
 This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
 Good, great, and joyous, beautiful, and free.

Shelley

Invictus

OUT of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll ;
 I am the master of my fate ;
 I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley

England, Thy Work is Thine

THOU that sendest out the man
 To rule by land and sea,
 Strong mother of a lion-line,
 Be proud of those strong sons of thine
 Who wrenched their rights from thee !

What wonder if, in noble heat,
 Those men thine arms withstood,
 Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
 And in thy spirit with thee fought,
 Who sprang from English blood !

But thou rejoice with liberal joy,
 Lift up thy rocky face,
 And shatter, when the storms are black,
 In many a streaming torrent back,
 The seas that shock thy base !

Whatever harmonies of law
 The growing world assume,
 Thy work is thine. The single note
 From that deep chord which Hampden smote
 Will vibrate to the doom.

Tennyson on England and America in 1782

The Valley of Humiliation

WE will come to this Valley of Humiliation. It is the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all those parts. It is fat ground, and consisteth much in meadows; and if a man was to come here in the summer time, as we do now, if he knew not anything before thereof, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his eyes, he might see that which would be delightful to him. Behold how green this valley is; also how beautified with lilies! I have also known many labouring men that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation, for indeed it is a very fruitful soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls. Some also have wished that the next way to their father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over; but the way is the way, and there's an end.

Now, as they were going along and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favoured countenance; and as he sat by himself he sang. Hark! said Mr. Greatheart, to what the shepherd's boy saith. So they hearkened, and he said:

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.
Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

Then said their Guide: Do you hear him? I will dare to say that this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heartsease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet. But we will proceed in our discourse.

In this valley our Lord formerly had his country house; he loved much to be here. He loved also to walk these meadows, and he found the air was pleasant. Besides, here a man shall be free from the noise and from the hurryings of this life. Here a man shall not be so let and hindered in his contemplation, as in other places he is apt to be. And, though Christian had the hard hap to meet here with Apollyon, and to enter with him a brisk encounter, yet I must tell you that in former times men have met with angels here, have found pearls here, and have in this place found the Words of Life.

Bunyan in Pilgrim's Progress

Pilgrim Comes to the Palace Beautiful

Now as he stood looking and weeping, behold three Shining Ones came to him and saluted him with *Peace be to thee*. So the first said to him, *Thy sins be forgiven thee*, the second stripped him of his rags and clothed him with change of raiment, the third also set a mark on his forehead and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing.

Now, about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant harbour, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshing of weary travellers; thither, therefore, Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his roll out of his bosom and read therein to his comfort; he at last fell into a slumber and thence into a fast sleep, and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now there came one to him and awaked him, saying, *Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise*; and with that Christian started up, and sped him on his way, and went apace to the top of the hill.

When he was got up to the top of the hill he felt in his bosom for his roll, but he felt and found it not. Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do. At last he bethought himself, and went back to look for his roll.

But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart! Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid himself for being so foolish to fall asleep in that place; but at last he espied his roll. Who can tell how joyful this man was! How nimbly now did he go up the rest of the hill! Yet, before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian; and thus he again began to condole with himself. O thou sinful sleep: how for thy sake am I like to be benighted in my journey! I must walk without the sun; darkness must cover the path of my feet. Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian, These beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark how should I escape being torn in pieces? But while he was thus bewailing he lift up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful.

So I saw in my dream that he made haste and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now, before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, and espied two lions in the way; but the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried unto him, Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained. Keep in the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.

Difficulty is behind, Fear is before,
Though he's got on the hill the lions roar ;
A Christian man is never long at ease,
When one fright's gone another doth him seize.

Then I saw that he went on, trembling but taking good heed to the direction of the porter, till he came and stood before the gate. Then said Christian to the porter, Sir, what house is this ? And may I lodge here tonight ? The porter answered, This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims.

CHRISTIAN. I am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion ; but because the sun is now set I desire, if I may, to lodge here tonight.

PORTER. But how doth it happen that you come so late ?

CHRISTIAN. I had been here sooner but that, wretched man that I am, I slept in the arbour that stands on the hillside.

PORTER. Well, I will call out one of the virgins of this place, who will, if she likes your talk, bring you into the rest of the family, according to the rules of the house. So Watchful, the porter, rang a bell, at the sound of which came out at the door of the house a grave and beautiful damsel named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The porter answered, This man is in a journey from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion, but being weary and benighted he asked me if he might lodge here tonight.

Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going ; and he told her. She asked him also how he got into the way ; and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met with in the way, and he told her. And last she asked his name ; so he said, It is Christian, and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here tonight because, by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the hill for the relief and security of pilgrims.

So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes, and after a little pause she said, I will call forth two or three more of the family. So she ran to the door and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him into the family ; and many of them, meeting him at the threshold of the house, said, *Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.* Then he bowed his head, and followed them into the house. So when he was come in and sat down they gave him something to drink, and consented together that until supper was ready some of them should have some particular discourse with Christian, for the best improvement of time ; and they appointed Piety and Prudence and Charity to discourse with him.

John Bunyan

The Pilgrims Cross the River

I SAW in my dream that they went on till they came to a place at which a man is apt to lose his way ; this Enchanted Ground is one of the last refuges that the enemy to Pilgrims has, wherefore it is placed almost at the end of the way.

Now when they were almost at the end of this ground, behold they saw (as they thought) a man upon his knees. Mr. Greatheart called after him saying, Friend, let us have your company, if you go, as I suppose you do, to the Celestial City. So soon as Mr. Honest saw him he said, I know this man. Then said Mr. Valiant-for-truth, Prithee, who is it ? It is one, said he, who comes from whereabouts I dwell. His name is Standfast ; he is certainly a right good Pilgrim.

So they came up to one another, and presently Standfast said to old Honest, Ho ! father Honest, right glad am I that I have found you on this road.

VALIANT. Brother, I pray thee tell us what it was that was the cause of thy being upon thy knees.

STANDFAST. Why, we are, as you see, upon the Enchanted Ground, and I was musing with myself of what a dangerous road this was, and how many that had come thus far had been destroyed.

At this there was among the Pilgrims a mixture of joy and trembling ; but at length they brake out and sang.

I beheld until they were come unto the Land of Beulah, where the Sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves awhile to rest. But a little while soon refreshed them here for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets continually sounded so melodiously, that they could not sleep, and yet they received so much refreshing as if they had slept soundly. Here also all the noise of them that walked in the streets was, More Pilgrims are coming to town ; and another would answer, saying, And so many went over the water and were let in at the golden gates today. They would cry again, There is now a legion of Shining Ones just come to town.

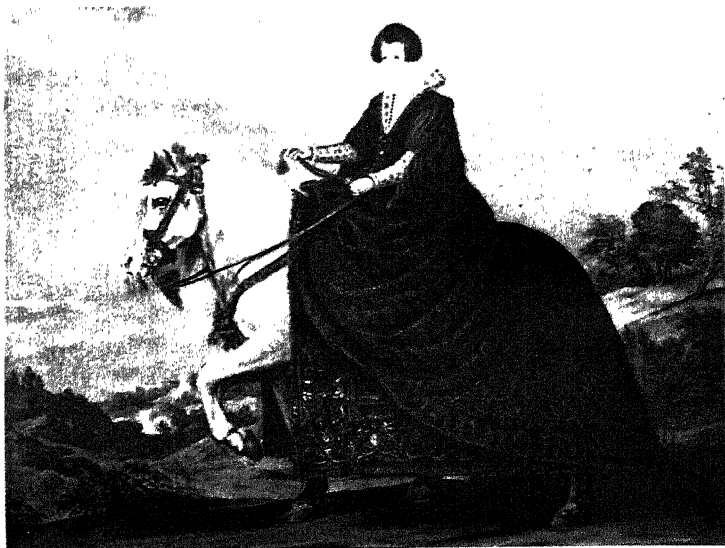
Then the Pilgrims got up, and walked to and fro ; but how were their ears now filled with heavenly noises and their eyes delighted with celestial visions !

While they lay here and waited for the good hour there was a noise in the town that there was a post come from the Celestial City with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the Pilgrim ; so inquiry was made for her, and the post presented her with a letter, the contents whereof were :

Hail, good woman ! I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldest stand in his presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days.



THE OUTPOST—BY JEAN MEISSONIER



QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN—BY VELASQUEZ



PHILIP THE FOURTH OF SPAIN—BY VELASQUEZ

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr. Greatheart, her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bid that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her, saying, thus and thus it must be; and we that survive will accompany you to the river-side.

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them that she yet read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor that little she had, and commanded her sons and her daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

When she had spoken these words she called for Mr. Valiant-for-truth and said unto him, Sir, you have in all your places showed yourself true-hearted; be faithful unto death, and my King shall give you a crown of life. I would also entreat you to have an eye to my children; and, if at any time you see them faint, speak comfortably to them. For my daughters, my son's wives, they have been faithful, and a fulfilling of the promise upon them will be their end. But she gave Mr. Standfast a ring.

Then she called for old Mr. Honest, and said of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile. Then said he, I wish you a fair day when you set out for Mount Zion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dry-shod. But she answered, Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone; for, however the weather is in my journey, I shall have time enough when I come there to sit down and rest me and dry me.

Then came in that good man Mr. Ready-to-halt to see her, so she said to him, Thy travel hither has been with difficulty; but that will make thy rest the sweeter. But watch and be ready; for at an hour when you think not the messenger may come.

After him came in Mr. Despondency, and his daughter Much-afraid, to whom she said, You ought with thankfulness for ever to remember your deliverance from the hands of Giant Despair, and out of Doubting Castle. The effect of that mercy is that you are brought with safety hither. Be ye watchful, and cast away fear; be sober, and hope to the end.

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone, so the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river-side. The last words that she was heard to say here were, I come, Lord, to be with thee, and bless thee.

In process of time there came a post to the town again, and his business was with Mr. Ready-to-halt. So he inquired him out, and said to him, I am come to thee in the name of Him whom thou hast loved and followed, though upon crutches; and my message is to tell thee that He expects thee at His table to sup with Him in His kingdom the next day after Easter; wherefore prepare thyself for this journey. Then he also gave him a token that he was a true messenger, saying, I have broken thy golden bowl, and loosed thy silver cord.

After this, Mr. Ready-to-halt called for his fellow-pilgrims, and told them, saying, I am sent for, and God shall surely visit you also. So he desired Mr. Valiant to make his will; and, because he had nothing to bequeath to them that should survive him but his crutches and his good wishes, therefore thus he said, These crutches I bequeath to my son that shall tread in my steps, with a hundred warm wishes that he may prove better than I have done. Then he thanked Mr. Greatheart for his conduct and kindness, and so addressed himself to his journey. When he came to the brink of the river he said, Now I shall have no more need of these crutches, since yonder are chariots and horses for me to ride on. The last words he was heard to say were, *Welcome Life!* So he went his way.

After this Mr. Feeble-mind had tidings brought him, that the post sounded his horn at his chamber-door. Then he came in, and told him, saying, I am come to tell thee that thy Master hath need of thee; and that in very little time thou must behold His face in brightness. Then Mr. Feeble-mind called for his friends and told them what errand had been brought unto him, and he said, Since I have nothing to bequeath to any, to what purpose should I make a will? As for my feeble mind, that I will leave behind me, for that I have no need of that in the place whither I go. Nor is it worth bestowing upon the poorest pilgrim; wherefore, when I am gone, I desire that you, Mr. Valiant, would bury it in a dunghill. This done, and the day being come in which he was to depart, he entered the river as the rest. His last words were, Hold out, Faith and Patience. So he went over to the other side.

When days had many of them passed away Mr. Despondency was sent for; for a post was come, and brought this message to him: Trembling man, these are to summon thee to be ready with thy King by the next Lord's day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubtings. Now, Mr. Despondency's daughter, whose name was Much-afraid, said, when she heard what was done, that she would go with her father. Then Mr. Despondency said to his friends, Myself and my daughter, you know what we have been, and how troublesomely we have behaved ourselves in every company. My will, and my daughter's, is that our desponds and slavish fears be by no man ever received from the day of our departure for ever; for I know that after my death they will offer themselves to others. For, to be plain with you, they are ghosts which

we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims, and could never shake them off after ; and they will walk about and seek entertainment of the pilgrims ; but, for our sakes, shut ye the doors upon them. When the time was come for them to depart, they went to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr. Despondency were *Farewell night, welcome day*. His daughter went through the river singing, but none could understand what she said.

Then it came to pass, a while after, that there was a post in the town that inquired for Mr. Honest. So he came to his house where he was, and delivered to his hand these lines : Thou art commanded to be ready against this day seven-night, to present thyself before thy Lord, at his Father's house. Then Mr. Honest called for his friends, and said unto them, I die, but shall make no will. As for my honesty, it shall go with me ; let him that comes after be told of this. When the day that he was to be gone was come he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed the banks in some places ; but Mr. Honest in his lifetime had spoken to one Good-conscience to meet him there, the which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr. Honest were, *Grace reigns*. So he left the world.

After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant was taken with a summons by the same post as the other ; and he called for his friends and told them of it. Then, said he, I am going to my Father's ; and, though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who now will be my rewarder.

When the day that he must go hence was come many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said, *Death, where is thy sting ?* And as he went down deeper he said, *Grave, where is thy victory ?* So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

John Bunyan

Calm on the Bosom of Thy God

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit, rest thee now !
 E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
 Soul, to its place on high !
 They that have seen thy look in death
 No more may fear to die.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Bruce's Address to His Army

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled ;
 Scots, whom Bruce has often led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed
 Or to victorie.

Now's the day and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lour,
 See approach proud Edward's power :
 Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or freeman fa' ?
 Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us do or die !

Burns

Never Seek to Tell Thy Love

NEVER seek to tell thy love,
 Love that never told can be ;
 For the gentle wind doth move
 Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
 I told her all my heart,
 Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
 Ah ! she did depart !

Soon after she was gone from me,
 A traveller came by,
 Silently, invisibly :
 He took her with a sigh.

William Blake

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

The Soul in All Things

THERE lives and works

A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are his,
That make so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,
That cultivation glories in, are his.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year ;
He marks the bounds which Winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury ; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjured, with inimitable art ;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

From Cowper's Task

I Give You the End of a Golden String

IGIVE you the end of a golden string ;

Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

England, Awake ! Awake ! Awake !

Jerusalem thy sister calls !

Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls ?

The hills and valleys felt her feet

Gently upon their bosoms move :

Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's wings ;

Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again :

Our souls exult, and London's towers

Receive the Lamb of God to dwell

In England's green and pleasant bowers.

William Blake

Little Heart Asleep

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night ;
Sleep, sleep ; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel
 Smiles as of the morning steal
 O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
 Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
 In thy little heart asleep !
 When thy little heart doth wake,
 Then the dreadful night shall break.

William Blake

Now the Labourer's Task is O'er

*The hymn with which two generations of
 the sons of men have been laid to rest*

Now the labourer's task is o'er ;
 Now the battle day is past ;
 Now upon the farther shore
 Lands the voyager at last.
 Father, in thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of Earth are dried ;
 There its hidden things are clear ;
 There the work of life is tried
 By a juster Judge than here.
 Father, in thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls, that turn
 To the Cross their dying eyes,
 All the love of Christ shall learn
 At his feet in Paradise.
 Father, in thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
 Can prevail to mar their peace ;
 Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
 He who died for their release.
 Father, in thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
 Calmly now the words we say,
 Leaving him to sleep in trust
 Till the Resurrection day.
 Father, in thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

Canon Ellerton

Kubla Khan

This poem came out of a dream. Feeling unwell, Coleridge took a dose of opium and fell asleep over a book at the words : "Here Kubla Khan commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereunto." On waking he began to write down this dream-poem, but a caller interrupted him, so that he forgot the end of the dream, and the poem was never finished.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But O, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced ;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.
Samuel Taylor Coleridge

To Live and Die for Thee

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be ;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree :
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see :
And, having none, yet will I keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me :
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

Robert Herrick to Anthea

God's Chosen

O LORD, thou that dwellest in everlastingness, which beholdest from above things in the heaven and in the air; whose throne is inestimable; whose glory may not be comprehended; before whom the hosts of angels stand with trembling; whose service is conversant in wind and fire; whose word is true, and sayings constant; O hear the prayer of thy servant, and give ear to the petition of thy creature, for while I live I will speak, and so long as I have understanding I will answer.

O look not upon the sins of thy people, but on them which serve thee in truth. Regard not the wicked inventions of the heathen, but the desire of those that keep thy testimonies in afflictions.

For what is man, that thou shouldest take displeasure at him? Or what is a corruptible generation, that thou shouldest be so bitter toward it? For in truth there is no man among them that be born, but he hath dealt wickedly; and among the faithful there is none which hath not done amiss. Be not wroth with us, but spare thy people, and have mercy upon thine own inheritance; for thou art merciful unto thy creature.

Then answered he me, and said, Things present are for the present, and things to come for such as be to come. For thou comest far short that thou shouldest be able to love my creature more than I; but I have oftentimes drawn nigh unto thee, and unto it, but never to the unrighteous. But understand thou for thyself, and seek out the glory for such as be like thee. For unto you is Paradise opened, the tree of life is planted, the time to come is prepared, plenteousness is made ready, a city is builded, and rest is allowed, yea, perfect goodness and wisdom. The root of evil is sealed up from you, weakness and the moth is hid from you, and corruption is fled.

Sorrows are passed, and in the end is shewed the treasure of immortality. And therefore ask thou no more questions concerning the multitude of them that perish. For when they had taken liberty they despised the most High, thought scorn of his law, and forsook his ways. Moreover they have trodden down his righteous, and said in their heart that there is no God; yea, and that knowing they must die. Therefore is my judgment now at hand.

Then shall they be known, who are my chosen; and they shall be tried as the gold in the fire.

Esdras in the Apocrypha

Faithful after Death

TIMANTHES, master dear, albeit a slave,
To me, thy nurse, thou gav'st a freeman's grave.
Heaven spare thee long, and when thou com'st to me,
E'en there thou'lt find me faithful still to thee.

From a Slave's Tomb in old Greece

*The Pathetic Appeal of Esdras that God
Would Save His Own*

HE said unto me, In the beginning, when the Earth was made, before the waters of the world stood, or ever the winds blew; before it thundered or lightened, or ever the foundations of Paradise were laid; before the fair flowers were seen, or ever the movable powers were established; before the innumerable multitude of angels were gathered together, or ever the heights of the air were lifted up; before the measures of the firmament were named, or ever the chimneys in Zion were hot; ere the present years were sought out, or ever the inventions of them that now sin were turned, before they were sealed that have gathered faith for a treasure—then did I consider these things, and they all were made through me alone, and through none other. By me also they shall be ended, and by none other.

And it happened that when I had heard it I stood up upon my feet, and hearkened, and, behold, there was a voice that spake, and the sound of it was like the sound of many waters.

And it said, Behold, the days come that I will begin to draw nigh, to visit them that dwell upon the Earth. And the trumpet shall give a sound, which, when every man heareth, they shall be suddenly afraid. At that time shall friends fight one against another like enemies, and the Earth shall stand in fear with those that dwell therein; the springs of the fountains shall stand still, and in three hours they shall not run. Whosoever remaineth from all these that I have told thee shall escape, and see my salvation, and the end of your world. The men that are received shall see it, who have not tasted death from their birth; and the heart of the inhabitants shall be changed, and turned into another meaning. Evil shall be put out, and deceit shall be quenched. As for faith, it shall flourish, corruption shall be overcome, and the truth, which hath been so long without fruit, shall be declared.

When he talked with me, behold, I looked by little and little upon him before whom I stood; and these words said he unto me: I am come to shew thee the time of the night to come. If thou wilt pray yet more, and fast seven days again, I shall tell thee greater things by day than I have heard, for thy voice is heard before the most High, for the Mighty hath seen thy righteous dealing, he hath seen also thy chastity, which thou hast had ever since thy youth.

Therefore hath he sent me to shew thee all these things, and to say unto thee, *Be of good comfort, and fear not.*

Hasten not with the times that are past, to think vain things, that thou mayest not hasten from the latter times.

And it came to pass after this that I wept again, and fasted

seven days. And in the eighth night was my heart vexed within me again, and I began to speak before the most High.

And I said, O Lord, thou spakest from the beginning of the Creation, even the first day, and saidst, Let Heaven and Earth be made, and thy word was a perfect work. And then was the spirit, and darkness and silence were on every side; the sound of man's voice was not yet formed. Then commandedst thou a fair light to come forth, that thy work might appear. Upon the second day thou madest the spirit of the firmament and commandedst it to part asunder, and to make a division betwixt the waters.

Upon the third day thou didst command that the waters should be gathered in the seventh part of the Earth: six parts hast thou dried up, and kept them, to the intent that of these some, being planted of God and tilled, might serve thee.

As soon as thy word went forth the work was made, for immediately there was great and innumerable fruit, and many and divers pleasures for the taste, and flowers of unchangeable colour, and odours of wonderful smell.

Upon the fourth day thou commandedst that the Sun should shine, and the Moon give her light, and the stars should be in order; and gavest them a charge to do service unto man.

Upon the fifth day thou saidst unto the seventh part, where the waters were gathered, that it should bring forth living creatures, fowls and fishes; and so it came to pass.

Upon the sixth day thou gavest commandment unto the Earth that before thee it should bring forth beasts, cattle, and creeping things; and after these Adam also, whom thou madest lord of all thy creatures: of him come we all, and the people thou hast chosen.

All this have I spoken before thee, O Lord, because thou madest the world for our sakes. As for the other people, which also come of Adam, thou hast said that they are nothing, but be like unto spittle; and hast likened the abundance of them unto a drop that falleth from a vessel. And now, O Lord, behold, these heathen, which have ever been reputed as nothing, have begun to be lords over us, and to devour us; but we thy people, whom thou hast called thy firstborn, thy only begotten, are given into their hands. If the world now be made for our sakes, why do we not possess an inheritance with the world? How long shall this endure?

And when I had made an end of speaking these words there was sent unto me the angel which had been sent unto me the nights afore; and he said unto me, Up, Esdras, and hear the words that I am come to tell thee. And I said, Speak on, my God.

Then said he unto me, The sea is set in a wide place, that it might be deep and great. But put the case the entrance were narrow, and

like a river : who then could go into the sea to look upon it, and to rule it ? If he went not through the narrow, how could he come into the broad ? There is also another thing. A city is builded, and set upon a broad field, and is full of all good things. The entrance thereof is narrow, and is set in a dangerous place to fall, like as if there were a fire on the right hand and on the left a deep water. If this city now were given unto a man for an inheritance, if he never shall pass the danger set before it, how shall he receive this inheritance ?

And I said, It is so, Lord. Then said he unto me, Even so also is Israel's portion, because for their sakes I made the world ; and when Adam transgressed my statutes, then was decreed that now is done. Then were the entrances of this world made narrow, full of sorrow and travail : they are but few and evil, full of perils.

For the entrances of the elder world were wide and sure, and brought immortal fruit.

If, then, they that live labour not to enter these strait and vain things, they can never receive those that are laid up for them.

Now therefore why disquietest thou thyself, seeing thou art but a corruptible man ? And why art thou moved, whereas thou art but mortal ? Why hast thou not considered this thing that is to come, rather than that which is present ? There is no judge above God, and none that hath understanding above the Highest.

I answered then and said, This is my first and last saying, that it had been better not to have given the Earth unto Adam : or else, when it was given him, to have restrained him from sinning. For what profit is it for men now in this present time to live in heaviness, and after death to look for punishment ? O thou Adam, what hast thou done ? for though it was thou that sinned, thou art not fallen alone, but we all that come of thee.

For what profit is it unto us, if there be promised us an immortal time, whereas we have done the works that bring death ? And that there should be shewed a Paradise, whose fruit endureth for ever, since we shall not enter into it ? And that the faces of them which have used abstinence shall shine above the stars, whereas our faces shall be blacker than darkness ?

Then answered he me and said : This is the condition of the battle which man that is born upon the Earth shall fight that if he be overcome he shall suffer as thou hast said ; but if he get the victory he shall receive the thing that I say. The most High hath made this world for many, but the world to come for few.

Esdra's in the Apocrypha

Areopagitica

On the proposal that the Commonwealth should restrain the liberty of printing by issuing licences for books, Milton addressed a noble protest to the Puritan Parliament, in the form of the old Greek speeches (which were meant to be read) addressed by Isocrates to the Areopagus or High Court of Athens. For ever this defence of freedom for the mind must ring along the corridors of Time.

IT is not a liberty which we can hope that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth; that let no man in this world expect. But when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost liberty attained that wise men look for. To which we are already in good part arrived, and this will be attributed first to the strong assistance of God our Deliverer, next to your faithful guidance and undaunted wisdom, Lords and Commons of England.

If I should thus far presume as to gainsay what your order hath directly said, I might defend myself with ease out of those ages to whose polite wisdom we owe that we are not yet Goths and Jutlanders. Such honour was done in those days to men who professed the study of wisdom and eloquence that cities and signories heard them gladly if they had aught in public to admonish the State. When your prudent spirit acknowledges and obeys the voice of reason from what quarter soever it be heard speaking, I know not what should withhold me from presenting ye with a fit instance wherein to show both that love of truth which ye eminently profess, and that uprightness of judgment which is not wont to be partial to yourselves, by judging over again that order which ye have ordained to regulate printing.

I deny not that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men.

And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Many a man lives a burden to the Earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

We should be wary, therefore, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of

homicide may be thus committed, that strikes at the breath of reason itself, and slays an immortality rather than a life.

Not from any ancient State or polity or church, nor by any statute left us by our ancestors, but from the most tyrannous Inquisition have ye this book-licensing. Till then books were as freely admitted into the world as any other birth. No envious Juno sat cross-legged over the nativity of any man's intellectual offspring.

But some will say, "What though the inventors were bad? The thing, for all that, may be good." It may be so, yet I am of those who believe it will be a harder alchemy than Lullius ever knew to sublimate any good use out of such an invention. Good and evil in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably. As the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose without the knowledge of evil? I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. That which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. How can we more safely scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

Seeing that those books which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning, and that evil manners are learned without books a thousand ways which cannot be stopped, I am not able to unfold how this enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. He who were pleasantly disposed could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate.

This licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed. If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest. Our garments should be referred to the licensing of some more sober work-masters to see them cut into a less wanton garb.

Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth? Who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no farther? Who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance and prescription and compulsion, what were virtue but a name?

I proceed from the no good it can do to the manifest hurt it

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

causes in being the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. If ye be loth to dishearten such as were born to love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and truth (and perhaps for that lasting fame which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind), then know that so far to distrust the judgment and honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as to count him not fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, is the greatest displeasure to a free spirit.

When a man writes to the world he summons up all his reason to assist him ; he searches, meditates, is industrious. If in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities, can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected unless he carry all his considerate diligence to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser (perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior, in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book-writing), and, if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print with his censor's hand on the back of his title, to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot, it cannot be but a dishonour to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

And how can a man teach with authority when all he teaches, all he delivers, is under the correction of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what accords not with the hide-bound humour he calls his judgment ? Nay, if the work of any deceased author, though never so famous, come to their hands for licence, if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal (and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit ?) though it were Knox himself, the reformer of a kingdom, that spake it, they will not pardon him ; the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost for the fearfulness of a licenser.

As it is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive, and most injurious to the written labours and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment, which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever, much less that it should not pass except to be sifted and strained with their strainers. Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolised and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, but to mark and license it like our broadcloth and woolpacks. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forces ?

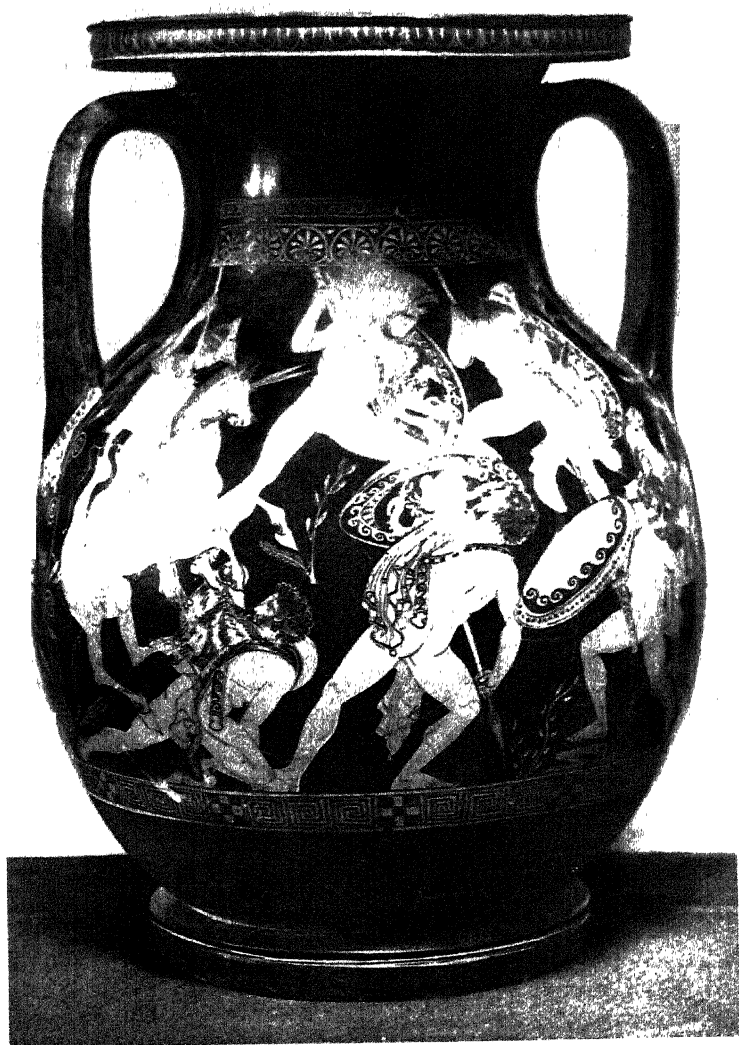
Truth came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look upon ; but when He ascended, and His apostles after Him were laid asleep, then arose a race of deceivers, who took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time, ever since the sad friends of Truth went up and down gathering limb by limb as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, nor ever shall do till her Master's second coming ; He shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into loveliness. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them that seek. We boast our light ; but if we look not wisely on the Sun it smites us into darkness.

Lords and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors—a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theologic arts ?

Yet that which is above all this, the favour and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious towards us. Why else was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her as out of Zion should be sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of reformation to all Europe ? Now once again, by all concurrence of signs and the general instinct of holy and devout men, God is decreeing to begin some new and great reformation in His church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself. What does He, then, but reveal Himself to His servants, and (as His manner is) first to His Englishmen ?

Behold now this vast city—a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection. The shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, their approaching Reformation ; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement.

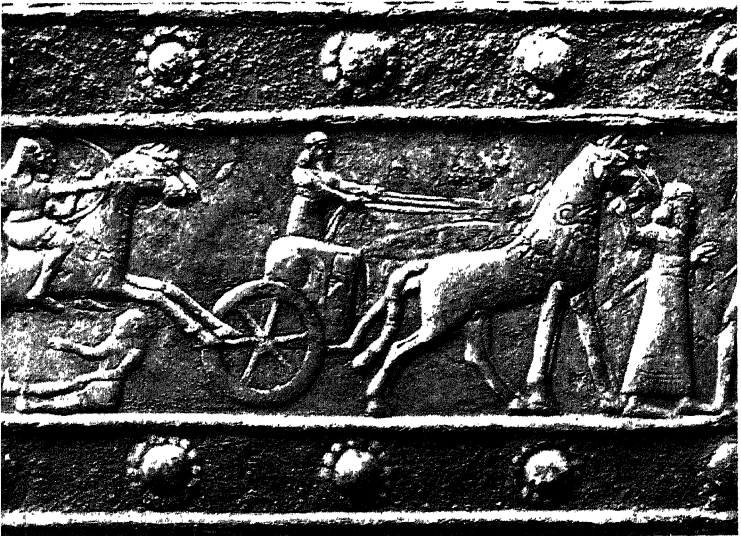
What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek knowledge ? What wants there to such a pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies ? I doubt not if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern



A GREEK VASE IN THE MUSEUM AT ATHENS



DIONYSUS AND HIS PANTHER—A SCULPTURE RELIEF, 2000 YEARS OLD



A BRONZE BAND FROM THE GATES OF SHALMANESER'S PALACE IN ANCIENT ASSYRIA

the mould and temper of a people and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring Roman docility and courage, "If such were my people, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a kingdom happy."

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means.

What should ye do then? Should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light? Should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel?

If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild and free and humane government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits. This is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above ourselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders, of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may despatch at will their own children.

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties. Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the Earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple. Who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and defences that error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

What do they tell us plainly of new opinions when this very opinion of theirs, that none must be heard but whom they like, is the newest opinion of all, and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at a distance from us? When God shakes a kingdom it is not untrue that many false teachers are busiest, but yet more true it is that God then raises to His own work men of rare abilities and more than common industry, to gain some new steps in the discovery of Truth.

Of sophisms of merchandise I skill not. This I know, that errors in a good government and in a bad are equally almost incident; but to redress willingly and speedily what hath been in error is a virtue, honoured Lords and Commons, answerable to your highest actions, and whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men.

John Milton

To Celia

The first of these addresses to Celia was written by Flavius Philostratus in ancient Rome; fourteen centuries later Shakespeare's friend Ben Jonson read it and put it into the famous song which follows it here.

DRINK to me with thine eyes only; or, if thou wilt, putting the cup to thy lips, fill it with kisses, and so bestow it upon me.

I, as soon as I behold thee, thirst; and, taking hold of the cup, do not indeed apply that to my lips, but thee.

I sent thee a rosy wreath, not so much honouring thee (though this also was in my thoughts) as bestowing favour upon the roses themselves, that so they might not wither.

If thou wilt grant a boon to thy lover, send back what remains of the roses I gave thee, smelling no longer of themselves only, but of thee.

Flavius Philostratus

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosie wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sendst it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Ben Jonson

The Man and the Event

I CLAIM not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years of struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man desired or expected.

Abraham Lincoln after the Civil War

The Dream of Eugene Aram

T WAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school ;
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of Earth,
As only boyhood can :
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book upon his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside ;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide ;
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome ;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
*O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp !*

Then, leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took ;
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook :
And lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book !

My gentle lad, what is't you read
Romance or fairy fable ?
Or is it some historic page
Of kings and crowns unstable ?
The young boy gave an upward glance :
It is The Death of Abel.

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain ;
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again ;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain ; .

He told how murderers walked the Earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain.

And well (quoth he) I know for truth
Their pangs must be extreme,
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,
Who spill life's sacred stream !
For why ? Methought last night I wrought
A murder in a dream !

One that had never done me wrong,
A feeble man, and old ;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

Two sudden blows with a ragged stick
And one with a neavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
And then the deed was done
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone !

Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I feared him all the more
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill !

And lo ! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by the hand
And called upon his name.

O God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touched the lifeless clay
The blood gushed out again !
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain.

My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price :
A dozen times I groaned ; the dead
Had never groaned but twice.

And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging Sprite :
*Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight.*

I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,
A sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
(My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream.)

All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep ;
My fevered eyes I dare not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep ;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep !

All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time :
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave !

Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursèd pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry !

With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran ;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began ;
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man.

And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was elsewhere ;
As soon as the mid-day task was done
In secret I was there ;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That Earth refused to keep,
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
The world shall see his bones !

Oh, God, that horrid, horrid dream
 Besets me now awake !
 Again—again, with dizzy brain,
 The human life I take ;
 And my red right hand grows raging hot,
 Like Cranmer's at the stake.

And still no peace for the restless clay
 Will wave or mould allow ;
 That horrid thing pursues my soul,
 It stands before me now !

*The fearful boy looked up, and saw
 Huge drops upon his brow !*

*That very night, while gentle sleep
 The urchin's eyelids kissed,
 Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
 Through the cold and heavy mist ;
 And Eugene Aram walked between
 With gyres upon his wrist.*

Tom Hood's dramatic version of the fate of a Yorkshire school master whose murder of a shoemaker was discovered after fourteen years. Eugene Aram was hanged at York in 1759

God is Our Refuge and Strength

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the Earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea ; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled ; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her ; she shall not be moved : God shall help her, and that right early. The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved : he uttereth his voice, the Earth melted.

The Lord of Hosts is with us ; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Come, behold the works of the Lord.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the Earth ; he breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder ; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God : I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the Earth.

The Lord of Hosts is with us ; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Psalms 46

Regions Caesar Never Knew

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief :

Princess ! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt ;
 Perish hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,
 Tramples on a thousand States ;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground :
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name ;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command.

Regions Caesar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway ;
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.

Boadicea, by William Cowper

Friend of God

SLAVE, poor as Irus, halting as I trod,
 I, Epictetus, was the friend of God.
An old Greek couplet

For the Tomb of Epictetus

A SLAVE was Epictetus, who before thee buried lies,
 And a cripple, and a beggar, and the favourite of the skies.
Translated from the Greek by Goldwin Smith

In the Hands of the Inquisition

THERE came to my nostrils the breath of the vapour of heated iron! A suffocating odour pervaded the prison! A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors.

I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors—oh! most unrelenting! oh! most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the centre of the cell.

Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh! for a voice to speak! Oh! horror! Oh! any horror but this! With a shriek I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands.

The heart rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell, and now the change was obviously in the *form*. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavoured to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. There was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that in an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here; I neither hoped nor desired it to stop.

I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. Death, I said, any death but that of the pit! Fool! might I not have known that *into the pit* it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or, if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its centre, and of course its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back, but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink, I averted my eyes. . . .

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lassalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

From one of the imaginative stories of Edgar Allan Poe

London on Fire

There was found in 1817, in an old clothes basket in a country house in Surrey, an old diary which has become famous for all time. It was kept by John Evelyn, who lived through the times of Charles the First and Charles the Second. He saw the Great Plague and the Great Fire, and these three entries from his diary tell us of the terrible sight of London burning.

SEPTEMBER 3. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their own goods ; such a strange consternation there was upon them.

Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle, such as, haply, the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame ; the noise and crackling and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for nearly two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation nearly fifty-six miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. London was, but is no more.

September 4. The burning still rages. The stones of St. Paul flew like grenades, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them. The demolition had stopped all the passages, the eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man.

September 7. I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides nearly one hundred more.

The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a

cruel enemy. I went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. *John Evelyn*

The Pestilence that Walketh in Darkness

It was the wonderful power of Daniel Defoe that he could make anything seem so real that we can hardly believe it is imagination. His Journal of the Plague Year was written long after the Plague was over, but it was written as by an eye-witness, though Defoe was only a child at the time. No real eye-witness of the Plague could have described it more vividly than in this passage.

IT was about the beginning of September 1664 that I heard that the plague was returned in Holland. We had no such thing as printed newspapers in those days to spread rumours and reports of things; but such things as these were gathered from the letters of merchants, and from them were handed about by word of mouth only. In December two Frenchmen died of the plague at the upper end of Drury Lane; and it was printed in the weekly bill of mortality in the usual manner, thus: *Plague, 2; Parishes infected, 1.*

The distemper spread slowly, and in the beginning of May, the city being healthy, we began to hope that, as the infection was chiefly among the people at the other end of the town, it might go no farther. We continued in these hopes for a few days, but it was only for a few, for the people were no more to be deceived thus; they searched the houses, and found that the plague was really spread every way and that many died of it every day.

I lived without Aldgate, and our neighbourhood continued very easy; but at the other end of the town their consternation was very great, and the richer sort of people thronged out of town with their families and servants. In Whitechapel nothing was to be seen but waggons and carts, with goods, women, servants, children, all hurrying away. It filled me with very serious thoughts of the misery that was coming upon the city.

I now began to consider seriously how I should dispose of myself, whether I should resolve to stay in London, or shut up my house and flee. I had resolved to go; but, turning over the Bible which lay before me, I cried out, "Well, I know not what to do; Lord, direct me!" and at that juncture, casting my eye down, I read: *Thou shalt not be afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee.* I scarce need tell the reader that from that moment I resolved that I would stay in the town, casting myself entirely upon the protection of the Almighty.

The court removed in the month of June and went to Oxford, where it pleased God to preserve them ; for which I cannot say they showed any great token of thankfulness, and hardly anything of reformation, though they did not want being told that their crying vices might, without breach of charity, have gone far in bringing that terrible judgment upon the whole nation.

A blazing comet had appeared for several months before the plague, and there had been universal melancholy apprehensions of some dreadful calamity. The people were at this time more addicted to prophecies, dreams, and old wives' fables than ever they were before or since. Some ran about the streets with oral predictions, one crying, *Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed!* Another poor naked creature cried, *Oh, the great and dreadful God!* repeating these words continually, with voice and countenance full of horror, and a swift pace, and nobody could ever find him to stop. Some saw a flaming sword in a hand coming out of a cloud ; others hearses and coffins in the air.

Many consciences were awakened, many hard hearts melted into tears. People might be heard in the streets as we passed along, calling upon God for mercy, and saying, "I have been a thief," and the like ; and none dared stop to make the least inquiry, or to comfort the poor creatures that thus cried out. The face of London was now strangely altered ; it was all in tears ; the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors, where their dearest relations were dead, were enough to pierce the stoutest heart.

I turned away over the fields from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs which are there for landing. Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank. I walked awhile also about, seeing the houses all shut up ; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. I asked how people did thereabouts.

"Alas, sir (says he), almost desolate, all dead or sick ; there are very few families in this part, or in that village where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick." Then, pointing to one house, "They are all dead (said he), and the house stands open ; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard, too, last night." Then he pointed to several other houses. "There (says he) they are all dead, the man and his wife and five children. There they are shut up. You see a watchman at the door."

"Why (says I), what do you here all alone ?"

"Why (says he), I am a poor, desolate man ; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead. That is my house," pointing to a very little low boarded house, "and there my poor wife and two children live, if they may be said to live ; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but

I do not come at them." And with that word I saw the tears run down his face ; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

"But (said I), how can you abandon your own flesh and blood ? "

"Oh, sir (says he), the Lord forbid ; I do not abandon them, I work for them as much as I am able ; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want." And with that he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man.

"Well (say I), honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live, then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all ? "

"Why, sir (says he), I am a waterman, and there is my boat, and the boat serves me for a house. I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone, and then I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it."

"Well, friend (says I), but how can you get money as a waterman ? Does anybody go by water these times ? "

"Yes, sir (says he). Do you see there five ships lie at anchor ? and do you see eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder ? All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection ; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, that they may not be obliged to come on shore ; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself, and, blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto. I seldom come on shore here ; and I come only now to call my wife and hear how my family do, and give them a little money which I received last night."

"Poor man (said I), and how much hast thou gotten for them ? "

"I have gotten four shillings (said he), which is a great sum as things go now with poor men ; but they have given me a bag of bread, too, and a salt fish, and some flesh ; so all helps out."

"Well (said I), and have you given it them yet ? "

"No (said he), but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet, but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman," says he, "she is brought sadly down ; I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die." Here he stopped and wept very much.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called. He answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come ; so he ran down the stairs to his boat and fetched up a sack in which were the provisions he had brought from

the ship ; and when he returned he hallooed again. Then he went to the great stone and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired ; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away ; and he called and said such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing, and at the end adds, " God has sent it all ; give thanks to Him." When the poor woman had taken up all she was so weak she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much. " Well, well (says he), the Lord keep you all " ; and so he turned to go away.

In the beginning of September good people began to think that God was resolved to make a full end of the people in this miserable city. It was even in the height of this despair that it pleased God to stay His hand, and to slacken the fury of the contagion.

When the people despaired of life and abandoned themselves it had a very strange effect for three or four weeks ; it made them bold and venturous ; they were no more shy of one another, nor restrained within doors, but went anywhere and everywhere, and ran desperately into any company. They behaved as if their lives were of no consequence.

The conduct of the lord mayor and magistrates was all the time admirable, so that bread was always to be had in plenty, and cheap as usual ; provisions were never wanting in the markets ; the streets were kept free from all manner of frightful objects ; and for a time fires were kept burning in the streets to cleanse the air of infection. Many remedies were tried ; but it is my opinion that the best physic against the plague is to run away from it. I know people encourage themselves by saying, *God is able to keep us in the midst of danger*, and this kept thousands in the town whose carcasses went into the great pits by cartloads.

Such is the precipitant disposition of our people that no sooner had they observed that the distemper was not so catching as formerly, and that if it was caught it was not so mortal, than they made no more of the plague than of an ordinary fever. They went into the very chambers where others lay sick. This rash conduct cost a great many their lives, and the bills of mortality increased again. But it pleased God so to restore the health of the city that by February we reckoned the distemper quite ceased. The time was not far off when the city was to be purged with fire, for within nine months more I saw it all lying in ashes.

I shall conclude the account of this calamitous year with a stanza of my own : A dreadful plague in London was

In the year sixty-five,
Which swept a hundred thousand souls
Away ; yet I alive ! *Daniel Defoe*

The Link Between the Great Ages of Civilisation

THERE is not, and there never was on this Earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilisation.

No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable.

The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which a century hence may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe.

Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

Macaulay's Essay on von Ranke

The Miracle of a Life

NOw, for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable; for the world I count not an inn but a hospital, and a place not to live but to die in.

The world that I regard is of myself, it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine-eye on; for the other, I use it but like

my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude, for I am above Atlas's shoulders. The Earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us; that mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind; that surface that tells the heavens it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any.

While I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the Sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much is yet to begin the alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others if I say I am as happy as any. "If the heavens fall, let Thy will be done," salveth all; so that, whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content, and what shall Providence add more?

Surely this is it we call happiness, and this do I enjoy; with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams than in our waked senses; without this I were unhappy, for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms.

I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest; for there is a satisfaction unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness. And surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next as the phantasms of the night to the conceits of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul.

Sir Thomas Browne in Religio Medici

The Family Portraits

Sir Roger de Coverley is one of the famous men who never lived. He is a country gentleman introduced by Addison and Steele into many numbers of their Spectator; he is meant to be typical of the generosity, humour, good nature, superstitions, and general oddities of a man living a country life in a position of authority. He was not an individual, but a compound made up from many men these gentle writers knew. In this passage he is showing his friend the family portraits,

You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol

hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt-yard, you may be sure, won the fair lady, who was a maid-of-honour and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next picture. You see, sir, my great-great-great-grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country-wife; she brought ten children, and when I show you the library you shall see in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language) the best recipe now in England both for a hasty-pudding and a white pot.

If you please to fall back a little (because it is necessary to look at the next three pictures at one view), these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of strata-gem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp, and so much money, was no great matter to our estate.

But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing): you see he sits with one hand on a desk, writing, and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand.

He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid-of-honour I showed you above: but it was never made out. We winked at the thing indeed, because money was wanting at that time.

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Richard Steele

The Last Ride of the Duke of Wellington

BURY the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall ;
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore ?
Here, in streaming London's central roar,
Let the sound of those he wrought for
And the feet of those he fought for
Echo round his bones for evermore.

Lead out the pageant : sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow ;
The last great Englishman is low.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief State-oracle is mute :
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good grey head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
Such was he whom we deplore,
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er ;
The great world-victor's victor will be seen no more.
All is over and done :
Render thanks to the Giver.

England, for thy son.
Let the bell be tolled.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.

Who is he that cometh, like an honoured guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?
Mighty seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea ;
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun.
Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad because his bones are laid by thine !
And through the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

A people's voice : we are a people yet,
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers ;

Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
O statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul,
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts ;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever ; and, whatever tempests lower,
For ever silent ; even if they broke
In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke,
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Through either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Who never spoke against a foe ;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.
Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Followed by the brave of other lands,
He on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour showered all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great
But as he saves or serves the State.

Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the fair light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he : his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands and through all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory :
And let the land whose hearths be saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim,
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.
Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see :
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung :
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain !
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere ;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,

And brawling memories all too free
 For such a wise humility
 As befits a solemn fane :
 We revere, and while we hear
 The tides of Music's golden sea
 Setting towards eternity,
 Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
 Until we doubt not that for one so true
 There must be other, nobler, work to do
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
 And victor he must ever be.
 For though the Giant Ages heave the hill
 And break the shore, and evermore
 Make and break, and work their will ;
 Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
 Round us, each with different powers
 And other forms of life than ours,
 What know we greater than the soul ?
 On God and godlike men we build our trust.
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :
 The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
 He is gone who seemed so great.
 Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in state,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him.
 God accept him. Christ receive him.

Tennyson

Heirs of God are We

IF a man should be able to assent to this doctrine as he ought, that we are all sprung from God in an especial manner, and that God is the Father both of men and of gods, I suppose that he would never have any ignoble or mean thoughts about himself. If Caesar should adopt you no one could endure your arrogance. What, then, and if you know you are the son of God, will you not be elated ? Yet we do not so ; but while these two things are mingled in the generation of man (body in common with the animals, and reason and intelligence in common with the gods), many incline to this kinship which is miserable and mortal, and some few to that which is divine and happy.

Epictetus

The High Priest Rides Down a Yorkshire Lane

It was one of the dramatic days in the history of our islands when Paulinus came to the court of King Edwin with the good news from Galilee (and with a gold and ivory comb from the Pope). The King declared that he would consider with his friends and counsellors, and if they were of his opinion they might all together be cleansed in Christ, the Fountain of Life. It is Bede who tells us what followed.

THE king, holding a council with the wise men, asked of every one in particular what he thought of the new doctrine, and the new worship that was preached? To which the chief of his own priests, Coifi, immediately answered:

O king, consider what this is which is now preached to us; for I verily declare to you that the religion which we have hitherto professed has, as far as I can learn, no virtue in it. For none of your people has applied himself more diligently to the worship of our gods than I; and yet there are many who receive greater favours from you, and are more preferred than I, and are more prosperous in all their undertakings. Now, if the gods were good for anything, they would rather forward me, who have been more careful to serve them. It remains, therefore, that if upon examination you find those new doctrines better, we immediately receive them.

Another of the king's chief men, approving of his words and exhortations, presently added:

The present life of man, O king, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your commanders and ministers, and a good fire in the midst, while the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad. The sparrow, flying in at one door and immediately out at another, while he is within is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather he immediately vanishes out of your sight, into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we know nothing. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed.

The other elders and king's councillors, by Divine inspiration, spoke to the same effect, but Coifi added that he wished more attentively to hear Paulinus discourse concerning the God whom he preached; which he having by the king's command performed, Coifi, hearing his words, cried out:

I have long since been sensible that there was nothing in that which we worshipped, because the more diligently I sought after truth in that worship the less I found it. But now I freely confess that such truth evidently appears in this preaching as can confer on us the gifts of life, of salvation, and of eternal happiness. For which reason I advise, O king, that we instantly abjure and set fire

to those temples and altars which we have consecrated without reaping any benefit from them.

The king gave his licence to Paulinus to preach the Gospel, and, renouncing idolatry, declared that he received the faith of Christ : and when he inquired of the High Priest who should first profane the altars and temples of their idols, with the enclosures that were about them, he answered, *I ; for who can more properly than myself destroy those things which I worshipped through ignorance ?*

Then immediately, in contempt of his former superstitions, he desired the king to furnish him with arms and a stallion ; and, mounting the same, he set out to destroy the idols.

The multitude, beholding it, concluded he was distracted ; but he lost no time, for as soon as he drew near the temple he profaned the same, casting into it the spear which he held ; and, rejoicing in the knowledge of the worship of the true God, he commanded his companions to destroy the temple, with all its enclosures, by fire. This place where the idols were is still shown, not far from York, to the eastward beyond the river Derwent, and is now called Godmundingham, where the High Priest profaned and destroyed the altars which he had himself consecrated. *From Bede's Ecclesiastical History*

The Transformation of the English People

NO greater moral change ever passed over a nation than passed over England during the years which parted the middle of the reign of Elizabeth from the meeting of the Long Parliament. England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible.

It was as yet the one English book which was familiar to every Englishman ; it was read in churches and read at home, and everywhere its words, as they fell on ears which custom had not deadened, kindled a startling enthusiasm.

The popularity of the Bible was owing to other causes besides that of religion. The whole prose literature of England, save the forgotten tracts of Wycliffe, has grown up since the translation of the Scriptures by Tyndale and Coverdale. So far as the nation at large was concerned, no history, no romance, hardly any poetry, save the little-known verse of Chaucer, existed in the English tongue when the Bible was ordered to be set up in churches. Sunday after Sunday, day after day, the crowds that gathered round Bonner's Bibles in the nave of St. Paul's, or the family group that hung on the words of the Geneva Bible in the devotional exercises at home, were leavened with a new literature. Legend and annal, war-song and psalm, State-roll and biography, the mighty voices of prophets, the parables of Evangelists, stories of mission journeys, of perils by the sea and among the heathen, philosophic arguments, apocalyptic visions, all were flung broadcast over minds unoccupied for the most part by any rival learning.



GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT OF MADAME BEAUFOY



SAMUEL LINLEY—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH WILLIAM II, PRINCE OF ORANGE—BY VAN DYCK



CHARLES THE FIRST—BY VAN DYCK



ELIZABETH SINGLETON—BY GAINSBOROUGH



MRS. SIDDONS—BY LAWRENCE



THE DUCHESS OF GORDON—BY ROMNEY



VAN DYCK'S HENRIETTA MARIA



FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA—BY VELASQUEZ

The disclosure of the stores of Greek literature had wrought the revolution of the Renaissance. The disclosure of the older mass of Hebrew literature wrought the revolution of the Reformation. But the one revolution was far deeper and wider in its effects than the other. The tongue of the Hebrew, the idiom of Greek, lent themselves with a curious felicity to the purposes of translation. As a mere literary monument the English version of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue, while its perpetual use made it from the instant of its appearance the standard of our language.

For the moment however its literary effect was less than its social. The power of the book over the mass of Englishmen showed itself in a thousand superficial ways, and in none more conspicuously than in the influence it exerted on ordinary speech. It formed, we must repeat, the whole literature which was practically accessible to ordinary Englishmen ; and when we recall the number of common phrases which we owe to great authors, the bits of Shakespeare, or Milton, or Dickens, or Thackeray, which unconsciously interweave themselves in our ordinary talk, we shall better understand the strange mosaic of Biblical words and phrases which coloured English talk two hundred years ago. The mass of picturesque allusion and illustration which we borrow from a thousand books, our fathers were forced to borrow from one ; and the borrowing was the easier and the more natural that the range of the Hebrew literature fitted it for the expression of every phase of feeling. When Spenser poured forth his warmest love-notes in the Pithalamion he adopted the very words of the Psalmist as he bade the gates open for the entrance of his bride. When Cromwell saw the mists break over the hills of Dunbar he hailed the sun-burst with the cry of David : " Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered. Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them away ! " Even to common minds this familiarity with grand poetic imagery in prophet and apocalypse gave a loftiness and ardour of expression that, with all its tendency to exaggeration and bombast, we may prefer to the slipshod vulgarisms of today.

But far greater than its effect on literature or social phrase was the effect of the Bible on the character of the people at large. Elizabeth might silence or tune the pulpits ; but it was impossible for her to silence or tune the great preachers of justice, and mercy, and truth, who spoke from the book which she had again opened for her people. One dominant influence told on human action ; and all the activities that had been called into life by the age that was passing away were seized, concentrated, and steadied to a definite aim by the spirit of religion. The whole temper of the nation felt the change. A new conception of life and of man superseded the old. A new moral and religious impulse spread through every class.

John Richard Green

The Countryman and the Harvest

CALLIGENES, a countryman, when he had cast the seed in the ground, went to the house of Aristophanes, the astrologer, and, inquiring, asked if there would be to him a favourable summer, and ungrudging abundance of ears of corn.

And Aristophanes, after taking his counters, and arranging them over the tablet, and bending his fingers, spoke to Calligenes thus :

If indeed the ground has become wet, as much as is sufficient, and shall not produce any flowers turning to wood, and if the frost shall not break the furrow, nor the top of the rising sheaf be rubbed off by a hail-storm, nor fœns consume the crops, nor you see any failure of air or earth, I foretell to you a good harvest, and you shall well cut down the ears. Fear the locusts alone. *A Greek story by Agathias*

Ships that Pass Through the Seas of Time

LEAVING the vulgar arguments that by learning man excelleth man in that wherein man excelleth beasts, that by learning man ascendeth to the heavens where in body he cannot come, let us conclude with the dignity and excellency of knowledge and learning in that whereunto man's nature doth most aspire, which is immortality ; for to this tendeth generation, and raising of houses and families ; to this tend buildings, foundations, and monuments ; to this tendeth the desire of memory, fame, and celebration ; and in effect the strength of all other human desires.

We see, then, how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years or more without the loss of a syllable or letter, during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have decayed and been demolished ?

It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar ; no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years ; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but lease of the life and truth. But the images of men's wit and knowledge remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages. So that if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of Time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other !

Francis Bacon

Shelley's Skylark

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest ;
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest ;
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star in heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody :

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged thieves :

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? What ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?
We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.
Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !
Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then as I am listening now.
Percy Bysshe Shelley

Keats's Nightingale

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South !
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth ;

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :
 Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few sad last grey hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs ;
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.
 Away ! Away ! For I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.
 I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.
 Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.
 Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn :
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.
Forlorn ! The very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music : Do I wake or sleep ?

*Written by Keats after listening
to the nightingale at Hampstead*

The Vision of Queen Elizabeth

LET me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant (Heaven still move about her !)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes, living with her
And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be. All princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her.
She shall be loved and feared. Her own shall bless her,
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim her greatness, not by blood.

*Spoken by Archbishop Cranmer on the birth of
Queen Elizabeth, in Shakespeare's Henry the Eighth*

The Words of Socrates

Alcibiades, the most fashionable and unscrupulous young man in Athens, is here describing the effect upon him of the words of Socrates.

WHEN we hear any other speaker he produces no effect upon us, or not much ; whereas the mere fragments of Socrates and his words amaze and possess the soul of every man.

My heart leaps within me and my eyes rain tears when I hear them. I have heard Pericles and other great orators, and I think they speak well, but my soul was not stirred by them. But Socrates has often brought me to such a pass that I have felt as if I could hardly endure the life I am leading, and I know that if I did not shut my ears against him he would transfix me, and I should grow old sitting at his feet. For he makes me confess that I ought not to live as I do, neglecting the wants of my own soul ; therefore I hold my ears and tear myself away from him.

He is the only person who ever made me ashamed, for I know that I cannot answer him ; but when I leave his presence the love of popularity gets the better of me, and therefore I run away and fly from him, and am ashamed of what I have confessed to him. Many a time have I wished that he were dead, and yet I know that I should be much more sorry than glad if he were to die.

The Death of Socrates

In these words Socrates addressed his judges, in whose hands was the power over his life. He was charged with corrupting the youth of Athens.

IF you say to me : Socrates, this time you shall be let off upon one condition—that you are not to inquire and speculate in this way any more, I should reply : Men of Athens, I honour and love you, but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the teaching of philosophy, saying to any one—You, my friend, a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens, are you not ashamed of heaping up the greatest amount of money and honour and reputation and caring so little about wisdom and truth and the improvement of the soul, which you never regard at all.

For I do nothing but go about persuading you all, old and young alike, that virtue is not given by money, but from virtue comes money and every other good of man. This is my teaching, and if this is a doctrine which corrupts youth I am a mischievous person.

And now, Athenians, I am not going to argue for my own sake, but for yours, that you may not sin against God by condemning me, who am his gift to you. For if you kill me you will not easily find a successor to me, who am a sort of gadfly given to the State by God, and the State is a great and noble steed, moving slowly

owing to his size, and requiring to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has attached to the State, all day long and in all places fastening upon you, arousing and persuading you, and reproaching you. You will not easily find another like me, and therefore I would advise you to spare me.

When I say that I am given to you by God the proof of my mission is this: if I had been like other men I should not have neglected all my concerns during all these years and have been doing yours, coming to you like a father or a brother, exhorting you to regard virtue. If I had gained anything there would have been some sense in my doing so, but not even my accusers dare to say that I have sought pay of any one. My poverty is witness to the truth of what I say.

Well, Athenians, this and the like of this is all the defence I have to offer. Yet a word more. Perhaps there may be someone who is offended at me when he calls to mind how he himself, on a similar occasion, entreated the judges with many tears, and produced his children in court, which was a moving spectacle; whereas I, who am probably in danger of my life, will do none of these things. To him I may fairly reply, but I feel such conduct would be discreditable to myself, and to you, and to the State. One who has reached my years and has a name for wisdom ought not to demean himself. Such things are a dishonour to the State, and should not be done by those of us who have a reputation. If they are done you ought not to permit them; you ought rather to show that you are more disposed to condemn the man who gets up a doleful scene than him who holds his peace.

To you and to God I commit my cause, to be determined by you as is best for you and me.

Socrates to His Judges

*Socrates was now condemned by his judges to die,
and afterwards addressed his judges in these words:*

NOT much time will be gained, O Athenians, in return for the evil name you will get from the detractors of the city, who will say that you killed Socrates. If you had waited a little while your desire would have been fulfilled in the course of nature, for I am advanced in years, and not far from death.

I would fain prophesy to you, O men who have condemned me, for I am about to die, and in the hour of death men are gifted with prophetic power. I prophesy that immediately after my departure punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you.

Friends who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about the thing which has come to pass. I should

like to tell you all a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the divine faculty has constantly been in the habit of opposing me if I were going to make a slip or error in any matter; but, now that there has come upon me that which may be thought to be the last and worst evil, the Oracle made no sign. What do I take to be the explanation of this silence? I will tell you. It is an intimation that what has happened to me is a good, and that those who think death is an evil are in error.

Let us reflect in another way. Either death is a state of nothingness, or there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. If death be nothing, then to die is gain, for eternity is only a night. But if death is a journey to another place where all the dead abide, what good can be greater than this? If indeed, when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Hesiod and Homer?

Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I shall have a wonderful interest in meeting Palamedes and Ajax, and any other ancient hero who has suffered through an unjust judgment. What would not a man give to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition, or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others! What infinite delight would there be in asking them questions! In another world they do not put a man to death for asking questions; assuredly not.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty that to a good man no evil thing can happen.

I have a favour to ask of you. When my sons are grown up I would ask you to punish them, to trouble them as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches more than virtue, or if they pretend to be something when they are nothing.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways, I to die and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

Socrates to His Friends

The last day of Socrates arrived. We are told of it by Plato, in this report of a conversation between Phaedo and Echecrates.

ECHECRATES. Were you yourself, Phaedo, in the prison with Socrates when he drank the poison?

PHAEDO. Yes, Echecrates, I was.

ECHECRATES. I should so like to hear about his death. What did he say in his last hours?

PHAEDO. I had a singular feeling at being in his company, for I could hardly believe that I was present at the death of a friend,

and therefore I did not pity him, Echeocrates. He died so fearlessly, and his words and bearing were so noble and gracious, that to me he appeared blessed. I thought that in going to the other world he could not be without a divine call, and that he would be happy, if any man ever was, when he arrived there. Therefore I did not pity him, as might have seemed natural at such an hour, for I had the pleasure which I usually feel in philosophical discourse. Yet in the pleasure there was also a strange mixture of pain, and this double feeling was shared by us all; we were laughing and weeping by turns.

On our arrival at the prison on this last morning the jailer who answered the door came out and told us to stay until he called us, for the Eleven, he said, were now with Socrates, taking off his chains and giving orders that he was to die that day. He soon returned and said we might come in.

On entering we found Socrates just released from chains, and Xanthiope sitting by him holding his child in her arms. When she saw us she uttered a cry and said, as women will: "O Socrates, this is the last time you will converse with your friends or they with you!" Socrates turned to Crito and said to him: "Crito, let someone take her home." Some of Crito's people accordingly led her away, crying out and beating herself, and when she was gone Socrates, sitting up on the couch, observed that Crito was wishing to say something.

"Only this, Socrates," replied Crito. "The attendant who is to give you the poison has been telling me, and he wants me to tell you, that you are not to talk much. Talking, he says, increases heat, and this is apt to interfere with the poison; persons who excite themselves are sometimes obliged to take a second or a third dose. "Then," said Socrates, "let him mind his business and be prepared to give the poison twice or even thrice; that is all."

"Never mind him (he said); I desire to prove to you that the philosopher has reason to be of good cheer when he is about to die, and that after death he may hope to attain the greatest good in the other world. Like children, you are haunted with the fear that when the soul leaves the body the wind may blow her away and scatter her, specially if a man may happen to die in a great storm and not when the sky is calm."

Cebes answered with a smile: "Then, Socrates, you must argue us out of our fears, and yet they are not our fears, but there is a child within us to whom death is a sort of hobgoblin—him, too, we must persuade not to be afraid when he is alone in the dark."

"Very good," replied Socrates. "Must we not ask ourselves what it is about which we fear, and what it is that is liable to be scattered? Now the compound or composite may be supposed to

be capable, if of being compounded, so also of being dissolved; but that which is uncompounded must be indissoluble; also the uncompounded may be assumed to be the same and unchanging, whereas the compound is always changing and never the same."

"I agree (said Cebes); the essence must be always the same."

"And what would you say of the many beautiful things, whether men or horses or garments—are they all unchanging and the same always, or may they not rather be described as almost always changing and hardly ever the same?"

"They are always in a state of change," said Cebes.

"And these you can touch and see and perceive with the senses, but the unchanging things you can only perceive with the mind—they are invisible and are not seen?"

"That is very true," he said.

"Well then," added Socrates, "let us suppose that there are two sorts of existences, the seen and the unseen. The seen is the changing, and the unseen is the unchanging. Were we not saying long ago that the soul, when using the senses of the body, is dragged by the body into the region of the changeable, and wanders and is confused; the world spins round her and she is like a drunkard when she touches change. But when returning into herself she reflects, and passes into the other world, the region of purity and eternity and immortality and unchangeableness, which are her kindred, and with them she ever lives when she is by herself and is not hindered. Then she ceases from her erring ways, and, being in communion with the unchanging, *is* unchanging. And this state of the soul is called wisdom.

Consider the matter in another light. When the soul and the body are united, then Nature orders the soul to rule and govern, and the body to obey and serve. Now which of these two functions is akin to the divine and which to the mortal? Does not the divine appear to you to be that which naturally orders and rules, and the mortal that which is subject and servant?"

"True."

"And which does the soul resemble?"

"The soul resembles the divine and the body the mortal; there can be no doubt of that, Socrates."

"Then reflect, Cebes; is not this the conclusion of all that has been said—that the soul is in the very likeness of the divine and immortal and intellectual and indissoluble and unchangeable, and that the body is in the very likeness of the human and unintellectual and dissoluble and changeable? Can this be denied?"

"It cannot."

"The body is liable to dissolution, and the soul is indissoluble?"

"Certainly."

"And do you further observe that, after a man is dead, the body, which is lying in the visible world, may remain even for a long time, and, if embalmed, may remain for infinite ages?"

"Yes."

"And is it likely that the soul, which is invisible, in passing to the other world on her way to the good and wise God, will be blown away and destroyed immediately on quitting the body? That can never be. The truth rather is that the soul which is pure at departing, and draws after her no bodily taint (having never voluntarily during life had connection with the body, which she is ever avoiding), departs to the invisible world, to the divine and immortal and rational. Thither arriving, she is secure of bliss and is released from the error and folly of men, their fears and wild passions and all other human ills, and for ever dwells in company with the gods.

"But the soul which has been polluted and is impure at the time of her departure, and is the companion and servant of the body always, in love with the desires and pleasures of the body—do you suppose that such a soul will depart pure and unalloyed? Such souls, Cebes, are compelled to wander in payment of the penalty of their evil way of life. No one who is not entirely pure at the time of his departure is allowed to enter the company of the gods. But the lovers of knowledge are conscious that the soul was simply fastened to the body; until Philosophy received her she could only view existence through the bars of a prison, not in and through herself.

"This was her original state; and then Philosophy, seeing how terrible was her confinement, comforted her and sought to release her, pointing out that the eye and the ear and the other senses are full of deception, and persuading her to retire from them, bidding her to trust in herself and to mistrust whatever comes to her through other channels. For such things are visible and tangible, but what the soul sees in her own nature is intelligible and invisible. And the soul of the true philosopher thinks that she ought not to resist this deliverance, and therefore abstains from pleasures and desires and pains and fears as far as she is able. For each pleasure and pain is a sort of nail which rivets the soul to the body, until the soul becomes like the body and believes that to be true which the body affirms to be true, and, from agreeing with the body and having the same delights, she is obliged to have the same habits and haunts, and is not likely to be pure at her departure; and so she sinks into another body and there grows, having no part in the communion of the pure and simple and divine. The soul of a philosopher will calm passion and follow reason, and dwell in the contemplation of wisdom. Never fear that a soul thus nurtured will at her depar-

be capable, if of being compounded, so also of being dissolved; but that which is uncompounded must be indissoluble; also the uncompounded may be assumed to be the same and unchanging, whereas the compound is always changing and never the same."

"I agree (said Cebes); the essence must be always the same."

"And what would you say of the many beautiful things, whether men or horses or garments—are they all unchanging and the same always, or may they not rather be described as almost always changing and hardly ever the same?"

"They are always in a state of change," said Cebes.

"And these you can touch and see and perceive with the senses, but the unchanging things you can only perceive with the mind—they are invisible and are not seen?"

"That is very true," he said.

"Well then," added Socrates, "let us suppose that there are two sorts of existences, the seen and the unseen. The seen is the changing, and the unseen is the unchanging. Were we not saying long ago that the soul, when using the senses of the body, is dragged by the body into the region of the changeable, and wanders and is confused; the world spins round her and she is like a drunkard when she touches change. But when returning into herself she reflects, and passes into the other world, the region of purity and eternity and immortality and unchangeableness, which are her kindred, and with them she ever lives when she is by herself and is not hindered. Then she ceases from her erring ways, and, being in communion with the unchanging, is unchanging. And this state of the soul is called wisdom.

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ture from the body be scattered and blown by the winds, and be nowhere and nothing.

"But then, O my friends, if the soul is really immortal, what care should be taken of her. The wise and orderly soul follows in the straight path and is conscious of her surroundings; but the soul that desires the body, which has long been fluttering about the lifeless frame and the world of sight, is after many struggles and sufferings carried away by her attendant genius, and from that soul everyone flees and turns away; alone she wanders in evil and is borne irresistibly to her own habitation.

"A man of sense ought not to say (nor will I be very confident), that the description I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true; but I do say that, as the soul is shown to be immortal, we may think that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and a man ought to comfort himself with words like these. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who, having cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him and working harm rather than good, has sought after the pleasures of knowledge, and has arrayed the soul, not in some foreign attire, but in her own proper jewels, temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth: in these adorned she is ready to go on her journey when her hour comes.

"You and all other men will depart at some time or other; me already, as the tragic poet would say, the voice of Fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison, and I think I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead."

When he had done speaking Crito said: "And have you any commands for us, Socrates—anything to say about your children or any other matter in which we may serve?"

"Nothing particular, Crito," he replied; "only, as I have always told you, take care of yourselves. But if you have no thought for yourselves, and care not to walk according to the rule I have prescribed for you, it will be of no avail."

"We will do our best," said Crito. "And in what way shall we bury you?"

"In any way you like," said he, "but first you must see that I do not run away from you."

Then he turned to us and added with a smile: "I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates that have been talking, but he fancies that I am the other Socrates that he will soon see, and he asks how shall he bury me!"

When he had spoken these words he rose and went into a chamber to bathe. Crito followed him and told us to wait, so we remained

behind, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved. When he had taken a bath his children were brought to him, and the women of the family also came, and he talked to them, and then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out he sat down with us again, and not much was said. Soon the jailer entered and stood by him, saying: "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I beg them to drink the poison; indeed, I am sure you will not be angry with me, for others and not I are to blame. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand." Then, bursting into tears, he turned away.

Socrates looked at him and said: "I return your good wishes and will do as you bid." Then, turning to us, he said: "How charming the man is! Since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me and was as good to me as could be, and see how generously he now sorrows on my account. We must do as he says, Crito, and therefore let the cup be brought."

"Yet (said Crito), the sun is still upon the hilltops; do not hurry—there is time enough."

"Yes, Crito (said he), but I do not think that I should gain by sparing a life which is already forfeit; please not to refuse me."

Crito made a sign to the servant who was standing by, and he went out, and returned with the jailer carrying the cup.

Socrates said: "You, my friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed." The man answered: "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy and then to lie down, and then the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who, in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of colour or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, took the cup and said: "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or may I not?" The man answered: "We only prepare, Socrates, just as much as we deem enough." "I understand (he said) but I may and must ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to the other world." Then, raising the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully, he drank off the poison.

Hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow, but now when we saw him drinking, and saw that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my tears were

falling fast, so that I covered my face and wept—not for him, but at the thought of my own calamity at having to part with such a friend. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up, and I followed, and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate cry which made cowards of us all.

Socrates alone retained his calmness. "What is this strange outcry?" he said. "I sent away the women that they might not behave in this way, for I have been told that a man should die in peace. Be quiet, then, and have patience."

When we heard his words we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail; and then he lay on his back according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs, and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No. He felt them himself and said: "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold about the groin when he uncovered his face (for he had covered himself up) and said (they were his last words): "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius: will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "is there anything else?" There was no answer to this question, but in a minute or two a movement was heard and the attendants uncovered him. His eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

From Plato

Death, Thou Shalt Die

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou thinkest thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go:
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou, then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more. Death, thou shalt die!

*By Dr. John Donne, Dean of St.
Paul's soon after Shakespeare's death*

It is Pleasant to Stand on the Hill of Truth

WHAT is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting freewill in thinking as well as in acting; and, though the sect of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in finding out truth, nor again that when it is found it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies into favour; but a natural, though corrupt, love of the lie itself.

A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? . . . But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and setteth in it, that doth the hurt.

But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth (which is the love-making or wooing of it), the knowledge of truth (which is the presence of it), and the belief of truth (which is the enjoying of it), is the sovereign good of human nature.

The first creature of God, in the works of the Days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and His Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of His Spirit. First He breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos; then He breathed light into the face of man; and still He breatheth and inspireth light into the face of His chosen.

It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and to see ships tossed on the sea, a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see the battle and the adventure thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth, a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene, and to see the errors and wanderings and mists and tempests in the vale below, so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of silver and gold which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious, and therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he

inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge—saith he : “ If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth is as much as to say that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men, for a lie faceth God and shrinks from man.”

Francis Bacon

Build Thee More Stately Mansions, O My Soul

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,
The venturous barque that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
While on mine ear it rings
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings :

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

The Chambered Nautilus, by Oliver Wendell Holmes

The Marseillaise

YE sons of France, awake to glory,
 Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise,
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears and hear their cries !
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band
 Affright and desolate the land
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding ?

To arms, to arms, ye brave !

The avenging sword unsheath !

March on, march on, all hearts resolved,

To victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is scowling
 Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise ;
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And, lo ! our fields and cities blaze.
 And shall we basely view the ruin
 While lawless force, with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 With crimes and blood his hands embruing ?

With luxury and pride surrounded
 The vile, insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore.
 But man is man, and who is more ?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us ?

O Liberty, can man resign thee
 Once having felt thy generous flame ?
 Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee,
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield ;
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.

*Song of the French Revolution, written by
 Rouget de Lisle, and sung by the Marseilles men*

At the Gate of Paradise

A POOR man watched a thousand years before the gate of Paradise. Then, while he snatched a little sleep, it opened and shut.

Persian

Did the God Come Down ?

SAY, Phidias, did the god come down to thee ?
 Or didst thou mount to heaven his form to see ?
From ancient Greece

The Poet to the Locust

THOU locust, soother of my love, whose music slumber brings ;
 Thou locust, minstrel of the fields, endowed with shrilly wings ;
 Thou artless mimic of the lyre, some song of beauty sing,
 By striking with thy pliant feet each music-speaking wing.
 Thou locust, trill me from thy chords a love-releasing strain,
 That thus thou may'st remove my care, my ever-wakeful pain ;
 And I'll the evergreens to thee as morning gifts assign,
 And dewdrops split in parts to fit that little mouth of thine.
From an old Greek poet

The Last Fight of All

FEAR death ? To feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe ;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go :
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last !
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the element's rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest !

*Prospice (looking forward), by Robert Browning,
 thinking of death and the meeting with his wife*

Serene, I Fold My Hands and Wait

The spirit of John Burroughs's beautiful poem "Serene, I fold my hands and wait" is in this eloquence of Cicero, written nineteen centuries ago, when the Roman orator sought rest and peace in philosophy after the turmoil of Caesar's death. He belonged to the faction that had murdered Caesar, and retribution was on his track. It caught him in the end, and his peace was broken, for he was executed as a rebel by order of Augustus.

SCIPIO. I have often admired your consummate wisdom, O Cato. It is shown in many ways, but in none more perfectly than in the cheerfulness with which you bear the weight of years.

CATO. There is nothing to wonder at in that. Those who have no interior source of happiness are afflicted by miseries at every stage of their life; but nothing in the course of nature is troublesome to the man who seeks his felicity within himself.

It is usual for men to complain, at this season of life, that old age has stolen upon them before they had expected it; but it is certain that the true grievance, when there is one, lies in the man, and not in the age. Those whose desires are properly regulated, who have nothing morose or petulant in their temper and manners, will find old age a very tolerable state indeed; but unsubdued passions and a froward disposition will embitter this, as they embitter every other stage of life. Therefore cultivate the virtues, and you will find that they yield an astonishing harvest for your latest years.

When I consider the disadvantages old age is generally supposed to bring I find that they may be reduced to four general charges: that it incapacitates a man for taking part in the affairs of the world; that it produces bodily infirmities; that it disqualifies him for the enjoyment of sensual pleasures; and that it brings him to the threshold of death. Let us examine these in order.

Old age disqualifies us from taking an active part in affairs, certainly, so far as the strength and vivacity of youth are required; yet there are public services which can be rendered only in advanced life. Is the pilot useless in the ship because, while the crew are running about and sweating at their tasks, the old man sits quietly at the helm? Why is our supreme council called the Senate but because age qualifies a man for public affairs, and not disqualifies him? You will find many an instance in history of a flourishing community well-nigh ruined by young and impetuous politicians, and restored by the more sober administration of the aged.

It is often said that old age impairs the memory; but I never heard of any aged person who forgot where he had concealed his treasure. Mental powers become blunted chiefly when they are disused. Old as I am, it is only lately that I took up the study

of Greek, and you will remember that Socrates learnt to play the lyre when he was past middle life.

The second complaint is that old age impairs our strength, and this, it must be acknowledged, is true enough. But, for my part, I no more regret the vigour of my youth than I regretted then that I had not the strength of an elephant. It is enough if we exert with spirit, on every proper occasion, the degree of strength which still remains with us.

It is said that Milo of Croton, watching athletes in the arena, burst into tears because his muscles were wasted and impotent. The old man should have deplored the weakness rather of his mind than of his body, and that he had made his reputation by merely animal feats and not by the nobler excellences of man.

It is true that oratorical power is enfeebled by age ; yet there is a certain melody of utterance which is not impaired by years. There is a calm and composed delivery that is exceedingly gracious, and I have often seen an eloquent old man captivating an audience.

After all, however, weakness of body is more often the result of dissipations than of long life. If a man be temperate, the decay of his strength will be gentle and not intolerable. Mine has remained sufficient for my duties in public assemblies, and for the service of my friends. I am not as strong as you young men ; but neither are you as strong as Pontius the athlete, yet you do not think him a more valuable man on that account. Nature leads us almost insensibly through the different seasons of human life.

Then, too, we must combat the infirmities of old age as we resist the onset of a disease. We have to attend somewhat to our health, take moderate exercise, and be somewhat abstemious ; we have to take care not to let our minds fall into sloth, dullness, and dotage. Believe me, dotage is not a weakness incidental to old age, but is the nemesis of frivolous days spent in idleness and folly. Age is truly worthy of respect in the man who guards himself from becoming the property of others, vindicates his just rights, and maintains his authority to his dying day.

Just as I like to see a young man touched a little with the gravity of age, I am pleased with any youthful quality that I find in the old. That is why I am working at the seventh book of my *Origins*, revising all my old speeches, and writing a treatise on the augural, pontifical, and civil law. To practise my memory I run over every evening all that I have done, said, and heard during the day. I still plead for my friends in the courts, and make mature speeches in the Senate ; and even if I could not do these things I would lie on my couch at home and meditate on them. Thus the candle burns down to the last flicker, and is not prematurely extinguished.

We come to the third disadvantage, that old age is without

pleasures. Oh, what an admirable advantage, that we should at length be free from these temptations !

I have never forgotten the sayings of the wise Archytas of Tarentum on this point. He said that no more deadly pestilence had been inflicted on man than these pleasures ; that their insatiable appetite was the source of political treachery and of civil catastrophes ; and that there was no crime to which passions do not lead. It is from these dangers that old age delivers us, and very grateful we ought to be to old age.

But old men are not, like the young, nervously sensitive to pleasure. Although the spectator in the front row of the stalls enters more keenly into the acting, yet another away at the back enjoys it, too, in his way ; and, though youth has a closer view of pleasure, old age, more detached from it, gets as much as it desires.

I do not know any part of life that is passed more agreeably than the learned leisure of a virtuous old age. When I think of many learned and studious old men who have carried on their literary and scientific labours through calm and happy years to the very end of life, I wonder that the gaiety of the theatre, the luxury of feasts, or the caresses of a lover, can be compared for pleasure with these serene delights.

The occupations of the country, too, are open even to the oldest. The work of the vineyard, the woodlands, arable ground and pastures, orchards, kitchen garden and flower garden, the feeding of cattle and tending of bees, the operations of grafting, are pleasure enough for me. There is not a more delightful scene than that of a well-cultivated farm.

But remember I am praising only that old age which has been built on the foundations of a well-spent life. That is no true old age which deserves not reverence ; but, where that reverence exists, what bodily advantages can be compared with the rewards which it brings ? Those who deserve and attain it seem to me to have consummated the drama of life.

But there remains a fourth reason why men are often filled with anxiety at the approach of old age. Death is coming nearer and nearer.

Quite true ; but the man is unhappy indeed who has not learnt in all his many years that there is nothing to be afraid of in death. If it means extinction it is not worth troubling about ; if it means a transition to immortality it is only to be desired. Again, death is as common to other periods of life as it is to old age, and there is no young man who can promise himself that he shall live until sunset. Again, though the young may only hope for long life, the old have already possessed it, and if long life be an advantage the advantage is with the old.

But who are we to speak of long life ? A wise and good man

will be content with the allotted measure, remembering that an actor may be equally approved though his part runs not to the end of the play ; it is enough that he support the character assigned him with dignity. A very short time is enough for the purposes of honour and virtue. But as youth is the time of flower, so old age is the harvest of the fruit, the autumnal season which the wise will welcome and not lament.

Every event that is agreeable to nature is a real good, and nothing is more natural than for an old man to die. The fire goes out because the fuel is burnt away. Death is a change which we must undergo, perhaps at this very moment ; and we can only secure an undisturbed repose and serenity of mind by heartily accepting it.

The nearer death comes to me the more clearly I seem to discern its real nature. I believe that our fathers have not ceased to live, but that the state which they now enjoy is the only one that can truly be called life. The native seat of the soul is in heaven ; confined within this prison of a body she is doomed to a severe penance. But I am persuaded that the gods have thus widely disseminated immortal spirits, and clothed them with human bodies, in order that there may be a race of intelligent creatures to contemplate the host of heaven, and to imitate in their conduct the same beautiful order and harmony. I cannot believe that our ancestors would have so ardently endeavoured to deserve honourable remembrance if they had not been persuaded that they had a real interest in the verdict of future generations.

For my own part, I am transported with impatience to join the society of my departed friends, and to be with mighty men of the past of whom I have read. To this glorious assembly I am quickly advancing ; and if some divinity should offer me my life over again I would reject the offer. This world is a place which Nature never designed for my permanent abode ; and I look upon my departure, not as being driven from my home, but as leaving my inn.

From Cicero's Essay on Old Age, written in his last year

Sayings of Alfred

POWER is never good unless he be good who has it.

A good name is better than wealth. No sword can slay it ; no rope can bind it.

Wisdom hath four virtues : prudence, temperance, courage, and righteousness.

We underworth ourselves when we love that which is lower than ourselves.

He that will have eternal riches, let him build the house of his mind on the footstone of lowliness, not on the highest hill where the raging wind of trouble blows or the rain of measureless anxiety falls.

From the writings of Alfred



CONSTABLE'S FAMOUS PICTURE OF FLATFORD MILL



THE LAKE—BY JEAN BAPTISTE COROT



THE WINDMILL—BY JOHN CROME



THE WINDMILL—BY JACOB VAN RUYSDAEL

The Isles of Greece

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sire's Islands of the Blest.

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free ;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations ; all were his !
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
My country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now,
The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
For what is left the poet here ?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
Must *we* but blush ? Our fathers bled.
Earth ! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead !
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?
 Ah ! no ; the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, " Let one living head,
 But one arise ; we come, we come ! "
 Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,
 How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet ;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave :
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 We will not think of themes like these !
 It made Anacreon's song divine :
 He served—but served Polycrates,
 A tyrant ; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
 That tyrant was Miltiades !
 Oh ! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind !
 Such claims as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
 They have a king who buys and sells ;
 In native swords and native ranks
 The only hope of courage dwells :
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
Our virgins dance beneath the shade :
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine :
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !
From Childe Harold by Lord Byron

The Destruction of Sennacherib

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves in the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

Perhaps the finest example of Byron in a serious mood

The Highway of Mortality

IF on the great theatre of this Earth, among the numberless number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then, undoubtedly, thou hadst reason to grudge at so severe and partial a law. But since it is a necessity, from which never an age by-past hath been exempted, why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nothing-availing stubbornness, oppose to so inevitable and necessary a condition ?

This is the highway of mortality, our general home : behold what millions have trod it before thee ! what multitudes shall after thee, with them which at that same instant run ! In so universal a calamity (if death be one) private complaints cannot be heard : with so many royal palaces it is small loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels and hold still Time to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee ? Thy death is a piece of the order of this *All*, a part of the life of this world ; for while the world is the world some creatures must die, and others take life. Eternal things are raised far above this orb of generation and corruption, where the first matter, like a still flowing and ebbing sea, with diverse waves but the same water, keepeth a restless and never-tiring current.

This Earth is as a table-book, and men are the notes ; the first are washen out that new may be written in. Who, being admitted to see the exquisite rarities of some antiquary's cabinet, is grieved to have the curtain drawn and give place to new pilgrims ? And when the Lord of this universe hath showed us the various wonders of his amazing frame should we take it to heart when he thinketh time to dislodge ? This is his unalterable and inevitable decree : as we had no part of our will in our entrance into this life, we should not presume of any in our leaving it, but soberly learn to will that which he wills, whose very willing giveth being to all that it wills ; and, adoring the orderer, not repine at the order and laws, which allwhere and always are so perfectly established that who would essay to alter and amend any of them he should either make them worse, or desire things beyond the level of possibility. All that is necessary and convenient for us they have bestowed upon us and freely granted, and what they have not bestowed nor granted us, neither is it necessary nor convenient that we should have it. *William Drummond*

The Fame of Homer's Name

SOONER shall heaven put out its starry light,
The sun with noonday splendour deck the night ;
Sooner the salt sea taste like fountains sweet,
Or to the living turn the dead their feet,
Than shall oblivion seize on Homer's name,
And of the page of old destroy the fame.

From a poet of old Greece

THE RETURN OF ODYSSEUS

We know nothing of Homer except that he was a blind, wandering old man who sang for the Greeks in words that will live for ever. The two works we have of his have never been surpassed in vigour, vividness, and freshness. They are the Iliad and the Odyssey, and the passages which follow are from the closing scenes of the Odyssey, the wonderful poem which tells the marvellous adventures of Ulysses (or Odysseus) on his way home from the wars to his island kingdom of Ithaca.

Disguised as a beggar, Odysseus makes friends with his old herdsman Eumæus, who does not know him, and tells him he has met his master Odysseus. His son Telemachus, who has been seeking him abroad, comes to see the wandering beggar who has met his father, and his guardian goddess Athene transforms the beggar to his true likeness, so that the king makes himself known to his son. They agree that he shall remain disguised until the palace has been cleared of the intruders who are seeking the hand of Penelope, the faithful queen, and Odysseus enters his home as a beggar. Only his old dog recognises him, and then dies. At last Odysseus and Penelope are united.

These passages are from the famous translation by Butcher and Lang.

The Meeting with Telemachus

NOW, these twain, Odysseus and the goodly swineherd, within the hut had kindled a fire, and were making ready breakfast at the dawn, and had sent forth the herdsmen with the droves of swine. And round Telemachus the hounds, that love to bark, fawned and barked not as he drew nigh. And goodly Odysseus took note of the fawning of the dogs, and the noise of footsteps fell upon his ears. Then straight he spake to Eumæus winged words :

Eumæus, verily some friend or some other of thy familiars will soon be here, for the dogs do not bark, and I catch the sound of footsteps.

While the word was yet on his lips his own dear son stood at the entering in of the gate. Then the swineherd sprang up in amazement, and out of his hands fell the vessels wherewith he was busied in mingling the dark wine. And he came over against his master and kissed his head and both his beautiful eyes and both his hands, and he let a great tear fall. And even as a loving father welcomes his son that has come in the tenth year from a far country, his only son and well-beloved, for whose sake he has had great sorrow and travail, even so did the goodly swineherd fall upon the neck of godlike Telemachus, and kiss him all over as one escaped from death, and he wept aloud and spake to him winged words :

Thou art come, Telemachus, sweet light of mine eyes ; methought I should see thee never again.

Homer's Odyssey

Telemachus Recognises His Father

THE swineherd took his sandals in his hands and bound them beneath his feet and departed for the city.

Now, Athene noted Eumæus the swineherd pass from the standing, and she drew nigh in the semblance of a woman fair and tall,

and skilled in splendid handiwork. And she stood in presence manifest to Odysseus over against the doorway of the hut ; but it was so that Telemachus saw her not before him and marked her not ; for the gods in no wise appear visibly to all. But Odysseus was ware of her and the dogs likewise (which barked not, but with a low whine shrank cowering to the far side of the stading). Then she nodded at him with bent brows, and goodly Odysseus perceived it, and came forth from the room, past the great wall of the yard, and stood before her, and Athene spake to him, saying :

“ Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, now is the hour to reveal thy word to thy son, and hide it not, that ye twain, having framed death and doom for the wooers, may fare to the famous town. Nor will I be long away from you, being right eager for battle.”

Therewith Athene touched him with her golden wand. First she cast about his breast a fresh linen robe and a doublet, and she increased his bulk and bloom. Dark his colour grew again, and his cheeks filled out, and the black beard spread thick around his chin.

Now she, when she had so wrought, withdrew again, but Odysseus went into the hut, and his dear son marvelled at him and looked away for very fear lest it should be a god, and he uttered his voice and spake to him winged words :

“ Even now, stranger, thou art other in my sight than that thou wert a moment since, and other garments thou hast, and the colour of thy skin is no longer the same. Surely thou art a god of those that keep the wide heaven. Nay then, be gracious, that we may offer to thee well-pleasing sacrifices and golden gifts, beautifully wrought ; and spare us, I pray thee.”

Then the steadfast goodly Odysseus answered him, saying :

“ Behold, no god am I ; why likenest thou me to the immortals ? Nay, thy father am I, for whose sake thou sufferest many pains and groanest sore, and submittest thee to the despoite of men.”

At the word he kissed his son, and from his cheeks let a tear fall to earth (before, he had stayed the tears continually). But Telemachus (for as yet he believed not that it was his father) answered in turn, and spake, saying :

“ Thou art not Odysseus my father, but some god beguiles me, that I may groan for more exceeding sorrow. For it cannot be that a mortal man should contrive this by the aid of his own wit, unless a god were himself to visit him, and lightly of his own will to make him young or old. For truly, but a moment gone, thou wert old and foully clad, but now thou art like the gods who keep the wide heaven.”

Then Odysseus of many counsels answered him saying :

“Telemachus, it fits not to marvel overmuch that thy father is come home, or to be amazed. Nay, for thou shalt find no other Odysseus come hither any more ; but lo, I, all as I am, after sufferings and much wandering, have come in the twentieth year to mine own country. Behold, this is the work of Athene, who makes me such manner of man as she will (for with her it is possible), now like a beggar, and now again like a young man, and one clad about in rich raiment. Easy it is for the gods who keep the wide heaven to glorify or to abase a mortal man.”

With this word then he sat down again ; but Telemachus, flinging himself upon his noble father's neck, mourned and shed tears, and in both their hearts arose the desire of lamentation. And they wailed aloud, more ceaselessly than birds whose younglings the country folk have taken from the nest ere they are fledged. Even so pitifully fell the tears beneath their brows. *Homer's Odyssey*

The Hound at the Palace Gate

ODYSSEUS and the goodly swineherd drew near and stood by, and the sound of the hollow lyre rang around them, and Odysseus caught the swineherd by the hand and spake, saying :

“Eumaeus, verily this is the fair house of Odysseus, and right easily might it be known and marked even among many. There is building beyond building, and the court of the house is cunningly wrought with a wall and battlements, and well-fenced are the folding doors ; no man may hold it in disdain. And I see that many men keep revel within.”

Thus they spake one to the other. And lo, a hound raised up his head and pricked his ears even where he lay, Argos, the hound of Odysseus, of the hardy heart, which of old himself had bred but had got no joy of him, for ere that he went to sacred Ilios.

Now, in time past the young men used to lead the hound against wild goats and deer and hares ; but then, despised, he lay in the deep dung of mules and kine, whereof an ample bed was spread before the doors, till the thralls of Odysseus should carry it away to dung therewith his wide demesne. There lay the dog Argos. Yet even now, when he was ware of Odysseus standing by, he wagged his tail and dropped both his ears, but nearer to his master he had not now the strength to draw. But Odysseus looked aside and wiped away a tear that he easily hid from Eumaeus, and straightway he asked him, saying :

“Eumaeus, verily this is a great marvel, this hound lying here in the dung. Truly he is goodly of growth, but I know not if he have speed with this beauty, or if he be comely only, like as are men's trencher dogs that their lords keep for the pleasure of the eye.”

Then didst thou make answer, swineherd Eumæus : " In very truth this is the dog of a man that has died in a far land. If he were what once he was in limb and in the feats of the chase, when Odysseus left him to go to Troy, soon wouldst thou marvel at the sight of his swiftness and his strength. There was no beast that could flee from him in the deep places of the wood when he was in pursuit ; for even on a track he was the keenest hound. But now he is holden in an evil case, and his lord hath perished far from his own country, and the careless women take no charge of him. Nay, thralls are no more inclined to honest service when their masters have lost the dominion, for Zeus, of the far-borne voice, takes away the half of a man's virtue when the day of slavery comes upon him."

Therewith he passed within the fair-lying house, and went straight to the hall, to the company of the proud wooers. But upon Argos came the fate of black death even in the hour that he beheld Odysseus again, in the twentieth year. *Homer's Odyssey*

The Beggar in the Hall

ODYSSEUS entered the house in the guise of a beggar, a wretched man and an old, leaning on his staff, and clothed with sorry raiment. And he sat down on the ashén threshold within the doorway, leaning against a pillar of cypress wood, which the carpenter had deftly planed. Telemachus called the swineherd to him, and took a whole loaf out of the fair basket and of flesh so much as his hands could hold in their grasp, saying :

" Take and give this to the stranger, and bid him go about and beg himself of all the wooers in their turn, for shame is an ill mate of a needy man."

So he spake, and the swineherd went when he heard that saying, and stood by, and spake to him winged words :

" Stranger, Telemachus gives thee these and bids thee go about and beg of all the wooers in their turn, for, he says, shame ill becomes a beggar man."

Then Odysseus of many counsels answered him and said : " King Zeus, grant me that Telemachus may be happy among men, and may he have all his heart's desire ! "

Therewith he took the gift in both hands, and set it there before his feet on his unsightly scrip. Then he ate meat so long as the minstrel was singing in the halls. When he had done supper, and the divine minstrel was ending his song, then the wooers raised a clamour through the halls ; but Athene stood by Odysseus and moved him to go gathering morsels of bread among the wooers, and learn which were righteous and which unjust. Yet not even

so was she minded to redeem one man of them from an evil fate. So he set out, beginning on the right, to ask of each man, stretching out his hand on every side, as though he were a beggar from of old. And they pitied him.

Homer's Odyssey

The Meeting with Penelope

PENELOPE spake to Eumaeus winged words :

“Go, call me the stranger. If I shall find that he has spoken nought but truth I will clothe him with goodly raiment.”

The steadfast goodly Odysseus answered him, saying : “Eumaeus, bid Penelope tarry in the halls, for all her eagerness, till the going down of the Sun, and then let her ask me concerning her lord, as touching the day of his returning, and let her give me a seat yet nearer to the fire.”

Then the wise Penelope answered : “The stranger deems as a man of understanding, and it may well be even so.”

Then the fair lady went aloft to her upper chamber, and her attendant maidens bare for her the lovely gifts, while the wooers turned to dancing and the delight of song, and therein took their pleasure, and awaited the coming of eventide. And dark evening came on them at their pastime. Anon they set up three braziers in the halls, to give them light, and on these they laid firewood all around, faggots seasoned long since and sere, and new split with the axe, and to them they set burning pine-brands. And the maids of Odysseus, of the hardy heart, were rousing the light of the flames.

Then the prince Odysseus himself spake among them, saying :

“Ye maidens of Odysseus, the lord so long afar, get ye into the chambers where the honoured queen abides, and twist the yarn at her side, and gladden her heart as ye sit in the chamber, or card the wools with your hands ; but I will minister light to all these that are here. For even if they are minded to wait the throned Dawn they shall not outstay me, so long enduring am I.”

So he spake, but they laughed and looked one at the other ; and the fair Melantho chid him shamefully, Melantho that Dolius begat but Penelope reared, and entreated her tenderly as she had been her own child, and gave her playthings to her heart's desire. Yet, for all that, the sorrow of Penelope touched not her heart. Now she chid Odysseus with railing words :

“Stranger, wilt thou still be a plague to us here, wandering through the house in the night, and spying on the women ?”

Then Odysseus looked askance on her and said : “Good woman, what possesses thee to assail me thus out of an angry heart ? Is

it because I go filthy and am clothed about in sorry raiment, and beg through the land, for necessity is laid on me? This is the manner of beggars and of wandering men. For I too once had a house of mine own among men, a rich man with a wealthy house, and many a time would I give to a wanderer, what manner of man soever he might be, and in whatsoever need he came. And I had countless thralls, and all else in plenty whereby folk live well and have a name for riches. But Zeus, the son of Cronos, made me desolate of all, for surely it was his will."

Thus he spake, and the wise Penelope heard him, and rebuked the handmaid, and spake and hailed her :

"Thou shameless thing and unabashed, thy great sin is in nowise hidden from me, and thy blood shall be on thine own head. For thou knewest right well, in that thou hadst heard it from my lips, how that I was minded to ask the stranger in my halls for tidings of my lord, for I am grievously afflicted."

Therewith she spake to the house-dame, Eurynome, saying :

"Eurynome, bring hither a settle with a fleece thereon, that the stranger may sit and speak with me and hear my words, for I would ask him all his story."

So she spake, and the nurse made haste and brought a polished settle, and cast a fleece thereon ; and then the steadfast goodly Odysseus sat him down, and the wise Penelope spake first, saying :

"Stranger, I will make bold first to ask thee this : Who art thou of the sons of men, and whence ? Where is thy city, and where are they that begat thee ? "

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her, and said : " Lady, no one of mortal men in the wide world could find fault with thee, for thy fame goes up to the wide heaven, as doth the fame of a blameless king. Wherefore do thou ask me now in thy house all else that thou wilt, but inquire not concerning my race and mine own country, lest as I think thereupon thou fill my heart the more with pains, for I am a man of many sorrows."

Then wise Penelope answered him, and said : " Stranger, surely my goodness both of face and form the gods destroyed in the day when the Argives embarked for Ilios, and with them went my lord Odysseus. If but he might come and watch over this my life, greater and fairer thus would be my fame. But now am I in sorrow, such a host of ills some god has sent against me, for all the noblest that are princes in the isles, and they that dwell around even in clear-seen Ithaca, these are wooing me against my will, and devouring the house. Wherefore I take no heed of strangers, nor suppliants, nor at all of heralds, the craftsmen of the people ; but I waste my heart away in longing for Odysseus.

Homer's Odyssey

Penelope Recognises Her Lord

THEN the ancient woman went up into the upper chamber, laughing aloud, to tell her mistress how her dear lord was within, and her knees moved fast for joy, and her feet stumbled one over the other ; and she stood above the lady's head and spake to her, saying :

"Awake, Penelope, dear child, that thou mayest see with thine own eyes that which thou desirest day by day. Odysseus hath come, and hath got him to his own house, though late hath he come, and hath slain the proud wooers that troubled his house, and devoured his substance, and oppressed his child."

Then wise Penelope answered her : "Dear nurse, the gods have made thee distraught, the gods that can make foolish even the wisdom of the wise, and that stablish the simple in understanding. They it is that have marred thy reason, though heretofore thou hadst a prudent heart. Why dost thou mock me, who have a spirit full of sorrow, to speak these wild words, and rousest me out of sweet slumber, that had bound me and overshadowed mine eyelids ? "

Then the good nurse Eurycleia answered her : "I mock thee not, dear child, but in very deed Odysseus is here, and hath come home, even as I tell thee. He is that guest on whom all men wrought such dishonour in the halls."

Thus she spake, and then was Penelope glad, and, leaping from her bed, she fell on the old woman's neck, and let fall the tears from her eyelids, and spake to her winged words : "Come, dear nurse, I pray thee, tell me all the truth."

Then the good nurse answered her : "Even now hath thy long desire been fulfilled. Thy lord hath come alive to his own hearth, and hath found both thee and his son in the halls, and the wooers that wrought him evil he hath slain, every man in his own house."

Then wise Penelope made answer to her : "Dear nurse, it is hard for thee, how wise soever, to spy out the purposes of the everlasting gods. None the less let us go to my child, that I may see the wooers dead and him that slew them."

With that word she went down from the upper chamber, and much her heart debated whether she should stand apart and question her dear lord, or draw nigh and clasp and kiss his head and hands. But when she had come within she sat down over against Odysseus, in the light of the fire, by the farther wall.

Now he was sitting by the tall pillar, looking down and waiting to know if perchance his noble wife would speak to him, when her eyes beheld him ; but she sat long in silence, and amazement came upon her soul, and now she would look upon him steadfastly with her eyes, and now again she knew him not, for he was clad in vile raiment. And Telemachus rebuked her, and spake and hailed her :

"Mother mine, ill mother, of an ungentle heart, why dost not sit by him and question him and ask him all? No other woman in the world would harden her heart to stand thus aloof from her lord, who after much travail and sore had come to her in the twentieth year to his own country. But thy heart is harder than stone."

Then wise Penelope answered him, saying: "Child, my mind is amazed within me, and I have no strength to speak, nor to ask him aught; nay, nor to look on him face to face. But if in truth this be Odysseus, and he hath indeed come home, verily we shall be ware of each other, for we have tokens that we twain know."

So she spake, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus smiled, and quickly he spake to Telemachus winged words: "Telemachus, leave now thy mother to make trial of me within the chamber; so shall she soon come to a better knowledge than heretofore. But now I am clad in vile raiment, wherefore she has me in dishonour."

So they went to the bath and arrayed them, and the women were apparelled, and the divine minstrel took the hollow harp, and aroused in them the desire of sweet song and of the happy dance. Then the great hall rang round them with the sound of the feet of dancing men and of fair-girdled women; and whoso heard it from without would say: "Surely some one has wedded the queen of many wooers. Hard of heart was she, nor had she courage to keep the great house of her gentle lord continually till his coming."

Even so men spake, and knew not how these things were ordained. Meanwhile, the house-dame Eurynome had bathed the great-hearted Odysseus within his house, and anointed him with olive-oil, and cast about him a goodly mantle and a doublet; and forth from the bath he came, in form like to the Immortals. Then he sat down again on the high seat whence he had arisen, over against his wife, and spake to her, and her heart melted within her, and she cast her arms about his neck, and kissed his head, and spake, saying:

"Murmur not against me, Odysseus, for thou wert ever at other times the wisest of men. It is the gods that gave us sorrow, the gods who were jealous that we should abide together and have joy of our youth, and come to the threshold of old age. So now be not wroth with me hereat, nor full of indignation because I did not welcome thee gladly as now when first I saw thee; for always my heart within my breast shuddered, for fear lest some man should deceive me, for many they be that devise gainful schemes and evil."

Thus she spake, and in his heart she stirred yet a greater longing to lament, and he wept as he embraced his beloved wife and true. And even as when the sight of land is welcome to swimmers whose well-wrought ship Poseidon hath smitten on the deep, all driven with the wind and swelling waves, and but a remnant hath escaped, so welcome to her was the sight of her lord.

Homer's Odyssey

The Last Dream of Ulysses

IT little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
Life to the lees ; all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea : I am become a name ;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honoured of them all ;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met ;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use !
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains : but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of humanⁿthought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle :
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail :
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
 Death closes all : but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks ;
 The long day wanes ; the slow moon climbs : the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides ; and though
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are we are :
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Tennyson

The Realms of Gold

*In this immortal sonnet, written on first looking into
 Chapman's Homer, Keats makes an odd mistake. It
 was Balboa, not Cortez, who stared at the Pacific.*

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly States and Kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne :
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien. *Keats*

The Land of Ease

Homer described the fabled Lotus Land as one of the places at which Ulysses called. It is the Land of Ease, where whoever eats of the fruit becomes enchanted and forgets his home. Tennyson's Lotus Eaters lost their sense of duty in a dreary forgetfulness, and his verses seem to fit the mood of the traveller who sinks into drowsiness and loses his hold on life. It is interesting to read it with his other poem of Ulysses. Rarely has one poet given us a greater contrast. In one the brave traveller sinks into slothfulness ; in the other, defying age, he yearns to be voyaging again.

COURAGE ! he said, and pointed toward the land,
This mountain wave will roll us shoreward soon.

In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemèd always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;
And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land : far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flushed : and, dewed with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.
The charmed sunset lingered low adown
In the red West : through mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale ;
A land where all things always seemed the same !
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed, melancholy Lotus-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;

And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.
 They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore
 Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then someone said, We will return no more ;
 And all at once they sang, Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam.

The Song of the Lotus Eaters

There is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
 Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes ;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
 Here are cool mosses deep,
 And through the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.
 Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness ?
 All things have rest : Why should we toil alone ?
 We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings,
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
 Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
There is no joy but calm !
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?
 Lo ! in the middle of the wood,
 The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed ; and, turning yellow,
 Falls, and floats adown the air.
 Lo ! sweetened with the summer light,
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,



THE GOWER FAMILY—BY GEORGE ROMNEY



ADAM WALKER AND HIS FAMILY—BY GEORGE ROMNEY



THE DICE PLAYERS



THE PASTRY-EATERS



THE LITTLE FRUIT-SELLER
THE MERRY CHILDREN OF MURILLO

Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life ; ah, why
Should life all labour be ?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last ?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil ? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence ; ripen, fall, and cease :
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream !
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;
To hear each other's whispered speech ;
Eating the Lotus day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears : but all hath suffered change
For surely now our household hearths are cold :
Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes, over-bold,
Have ate our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.

Is there confusion in the little isle ?
Let what is broken so remain.
The gods are hard to reconcile :
Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore tasks to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill,
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave through the thick-twined vine,
To watch the emerald-coloured water falling
Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine !
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine.

The Lotus blooms below the barren peak :
The Lotus blows by every winding creek :
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
Through every hollow cave and alley lone,
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotus Land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world :
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery
sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying
hands,
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong ;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest, with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil ;

Till they perish, and they suffer—some, tis whispered, down in hell,
 Suffer endless anguish ; others in Elysian valleys dwell,
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
 Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
 Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar ;
 Oh, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

The Lotus Eaters, by Tennyson

The Prayer of the Little Boat

THEY say that I am small and frail,
 And cannot live in stormy seas.
 It may be so ; yet every sail
 Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze.
 Not strength nor size can then hold fast ;
 But Fortune's favour, Heaven's decree :
 Let others trust in oar and mast,
 But may the gods take care of me.

*A prayer of the Third Century
 B.C. by Leonidas of Tarentum*

It Does Not Die

A GREEK comes to speak to Leonidas in his tomb after Thermopylae :
this is the conversation.

THE GREEK. Xerxes has given to thee, Leonidas, this purple robe, through respect for the deeds of thy valour.

LEONIDAS. I do not accept it. This is a favour granted to traitors. Wealth is no funeral dress for me.

THE GREEK. But thou art dead, Leonidas. Why dost thou even among the dead feel so great a hatred of the Persians ?

LEONIDAS. The love of liberty dies not. *Greek Anthology*

Milton Comes

AGES elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
 And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard :
 To carry nature lengths unknown before,
 To give a Milton birth, asked ages more.
 Thus genius rose and set at ordered times,
 And shot a dayspring into distant climes,
 Ennobling every region that he chose.
 He sank in Greece, in Italy he rose,
 And, tedious years of Gothic darkness past,
 Emerged all splendour in our isle at last.
 Thus lovely Halcyons dive into the main,
 Then show far off their shining plumes again.

William Cowper

Horatius

LARS PORSENA of
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men ;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten :
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright :
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways ;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands ;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain ;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached and fast it beat
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all ;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River Gate ;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly :
“ The bridge must straight go down ;
For since Janiculum is lost
Nought else can save the town.”

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate :
“ To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late ;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods ?

“ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three :
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ? ”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,
A Ramnian proud was he :
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.”
And out spake strong Herminius,
Of Titian blood was he :
“ I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.”

“ Horatius (quoth the Consul),
As thou sayest, so let it be,”
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party,
Then all were for the State ;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great ;

Then lands were fairly portioned,
Then spoils were fairly sold ;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose ;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array ;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields and flew
To win the narrow way.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three :
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea ;
And Arnus of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields and slaughtered men
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Arnus ;
Lartius laid Ocnus low ;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
" Lie there (he cried), fell pirate !
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursèd sail."

And now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark ! the cry is Astur :
And lo ! the ranks divide ;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;
It missed his helm but gashed his thigh ;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space ;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face ;
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
" And see (he cried), the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here !
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer ? "

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
“Come back, come back, Horatius !”
Loud cried the Fathers all.
“Back, Lartius ! Back, Herminius !
Back, ere the ruin fall !”

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
Herminius darted back ;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack,
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream.
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him !” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

*Oh, Tiber ! Father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day !*

So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with the harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place ;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

“ Curse on him ! ” quoth false Sextus
“ Will not the villain drown ?
But for this stay ere close of day
We should have sacked the town ! ”
“ Heaven help him ! ” quoth Lars Porsena,
“ And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom,
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night ;

And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see ;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee :
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home :
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;
When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;
When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

Thomas Babington Macaulay

I Shall Not Want

THE Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. *23rd Psalm*

From Everlasting to Everlasting

BLESS the Lord, O my soul : and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits : who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases ; who redeemeth thy life from destruction ; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies ; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed. He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide : neither will he keep his anger for ever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the Heaven is high above the Earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass : as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone ; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them. The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts ; ye ministers of his that do his pleasure. Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion : bless the Lord, O my soul. *103rd Psalm*

*Roll on, Thou Deep and Dark Blue
Ocean, Roll*

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For Earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth : there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee :
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey

The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts—not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers ; they to me
Were a delight, and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

Byron

She Walks in Beauty

SHE walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent !

Byron

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men

LET us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.
The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning :

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies ; leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions ; such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing ; rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations :

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported ; and some there be which have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been, and are become as though they had never been born, and their children after them.

But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant. Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes. Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace ; but their name liveth for evermore.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise.

*The Forty-fourth Chapter of
Ecclesiasticus in the Apocrypha*

The Village Preacher

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or (tales of sorrow done)
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, and prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service passed, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

From Oliver Goldsmith's Deserted Village

The Struggle of Jean Valjean

In his story of Jean Valjean, Victor Hugo has given the world a remarkable picture of a man's struggle with the unseen power that rules within him.

Jean Valjean, sent to the galleys for stealing bread to feed his sister's children, escapes and becomes a real thief. He robs a bishop, but the good bishop pardons him, and Jean redeems his past. In twenty years, changing his name and now unrecognised, he is mayor of his town, and a powerful and respected employer. One day a workman is arrested for theft, and identified by the police as the escaped Valjean. He will suffer for Valjean's past unless the real Valjean reveals himself. What is the mayor to do?

THE mental eye can nowhere find greater brilliancy or greater darkness than within man ; it cannot dwell on anything more formidable, complicated, mysterious, or infinite.

There is a spectacle grander than the ocean, and that is the sky ; there is a spectacle grander than the sky, and it is the interior of the soul. To write the poem of the human conscience, were the subject only one man, and he the lowest of men, would be reducing all epic poems into one supreme and final epos.

Jean Valjean, since his adventure with Little Gervais, had become another man, and he made himself what the Bishop wished to make him. It was more than a transformation, it was a transfiguration. He succeeded in disappearing, managed to make himself unseizable and inaccessible, and henceforth lived peacefully, reassured and trusting, and having but two thoughts—to hide his name and sanctify his life ; escape from men and return to God.

But never had the two ideas which governed the unhappy man whose sufferings we are describing entered upon so serious a struggle. He felt that quivering which precedes great storms. He felt the shadows full of thunder and lightning collecting over his head ; he had a thought of running off, denouncing himself, taking Champmathieu out of prison, and occupying his place. This was painful, like an incision in the flesh, but it passed away, and he said to himself, We will see ! He repressed this first generous movement, and recoiled before his heroism.

What carried him away first was the instinct of self-preservation. He collected his ideas, stifled his emotion, adjourned any resolution with the firmness of terror, deadened himself against what he had to do, and resumed his calmness as a gladiator puts up his buckler. For the remainder of the day he was in the same state—a hurricane within, a deep tranquillity outside—and he only took what may be called conservative measures.

He dined with considerable appetite, and reflected. He examined his situation and found it extraordinary—so extraordinary that, through some almost inexplicable impulse of anxiety, he rose from his chair and bolted his door. He was afraid lest something might



THE GOVERNORS OF ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL—BY FRANK HALS



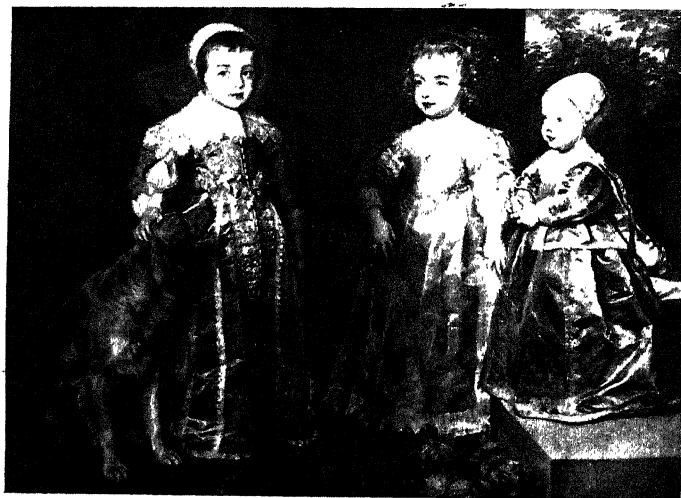
A GROUP OF OLD LADIES—BY FRANK HALS



THE SYNDICS—BY REMBRANDT



A HAPPY FAMILY—BY JAKOB JORDAENS



VAN DYCK'S CHILDREN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

enter, and he barricaded himself against the possible. A moment after he blew out his light, for it annoyed him, and he fancied that he might be overseen. By whom? Alas, what he wanted to keep out had entered; what he wished to blind was looking at him. It was his conscience, that is to say, God. Still, at the first moment he deceived himself; he had a feeling of security and solitude. When he put in the bolt he thought himself impregnable; when the candle was out he felt himself invisible. He then regained his self-possession; and he put his elbows on the table, leant his head on his hand, and began dreaming in the darkness.

The first hour passed away thus, but gradually vague features began to shape themselves, and become fixed in his thoughts. It seemed to him that he had just awakened from a dream, and that he was descending an incline in the middle of the night, shuddering and recoiling in vain from the brink of an abyss. He saw in the shadows an unknown man, a stranger, whom destiny took for him, and thrust into the gulf in his place. In order that the gulf should close, either he or another must fall in. He had no necessity to do anything. . . . At this moment he had a substitute; it seemed a man of the name of Champmathieu had this ill-luck.

All this was so strange that he suddenly felt within him that species of indescribable movement which no man experiences more than twice or thrice in his life, a sort of convulsion of the conscience, which disturbs everything doubtful in the heart, which is composed of irony, joy, and despair, and what might be called an internal burst of laughter. He relit his candle.

"Well, what am I afraid of? (he said to himself); what reason have I to have such thoughts? I am saved, and all is settled. There was only one open door through which my past could burst in upon my life, and that door is now walled up for ever. On my word, any people who saw me would believe that a catastrophe had befallen me. After all, if some people are rendered unhappy, it is no fault of mine. Providence has done it all, and apparently decrees it. Have I the right to derange what He arranges?"

He spoke this in the depths of his conscience, while leaning over what might be called his own abyss. He got up and walked about the room. But he felt no joy. It is no more possible to prevent thought from reverting to an idea than the sea from returning to the shore. With the sailor this is called the tide; with the culprit it is called remorse: God heaves the soul like the ocean. After a few moments, whatever he might do, he resumed the gloomy dialogue in which it was he who spoke and he who listened, saying what he wished to be silent about, listening to what he did not desire to hear, and yielding to that mysterious power which said to him *Think*, as it said two thousand years ago to another condemned man, *Go on*.

He continued to cross-question himself. He allowed that his life had an object, but what was its nature? Conceal his name! Deceive the police! Was it for so paltry a thing that he had done all that he had effected? Had he not another object which was the great and true one, to become once again honest and good? To be a just man! He must go to Arras, deliver the false Jean Valjean, and denounce the true one. Alas! this was the greatest of sacrifices, the most poignant of victories, the last step to take; but he must take it. Frightful destiny his! He could not obtain sanctity in the sight of Heaven unless he returned to infamy in the sight of man. "I will make up my mind; I will do my duty and save this man."

He uttered these words aloud without noticing he had raised his voice. He fetched his books and put them in order. He threw into the fire a number of claims he had upon embarrassed tradesmen. A thousand thoughts crossed his mind, but they continued to strengthen him in his resolution. At one moment he said to himself that he perhaps regarded the matter too seriously; at another the idea occurred to him that the heroism of his deed might perhaps be taken into consideration, as well as his life of honesty during the last seven years, and the good he had done the town; and that he would be pardoned. But this supposition soon vanished. He turned away from all illusions, detached himself more and more from Earth, and sought consolation and strength elsewhere. He said to himself that he must do his duty; that, perhaps, he would not be more wretched after doing it than he would have been had he eluded it: that if he remained at M—— his good name, good deeds, wealth, popularity, and virtue would be tainted by a crime; while if he accomplished his sacrifice he would mingle a heavenly idea with the galleys, the chain, the green cap, the unrelaxing toil, and the pitiless shame. At last he said to himself that it was a necessity, that his destiny was shaped, that he had no power to derange the arrangements of Heaven, and that in any case he must choose either external virtue and internal abomination, or holiness within and infamy outside him.

His courage did not fail him in revolving so many mournful ideas, but his brain grew weary. He began thinking of other matters.

Then he fell back into his stupor, obliged to make a mighty effort to remember what he had been thinking of before midnight struck. At last he succeeded.

"Ah, yes," he said to himself. "I had formed the resolution to denounce myself. Wait a minute! Hitherto I have thought of myself and consulted my own convenience. Whether it suits me to be silent or denounce myself, be a contemptible and respected magistrate or an infamous and venerable convict, it is always self. Good heavens, all this is egotism! Suppose I were to think a little

about others ! It is the first duty of a Christian to think of his neighbour. Well, let me examine. When I am effaced and forgotten, what will become of all this ? Champmathieu will be set at liberty. I shall be sent back to the galleys, and what then ? What will occur here ? Here are a town, factories, a trade, work-people, men, women, old grandfathers, children, and poor people : I have created all this. I keep it all alive : wherever there is a chimney smoking I placed the brand in the fire and the meat in the saucepan ; I have produced easy circumstances, circulation, and credit. Before I came there was nothing of this ; I revived, animated, fertilised, and enriched the whole district. When I am gone the soul will be gone ; if I withdraw all will die. Come, let me see."

After asking himself this question he trembled slightly, but he answered himself calmly : " Well, this man will go to the galleys, it is true, but, hang it all, he has stolen. I remain here and continue my operations ; in ten years I shall have gained ten millions. I spread them over the country. I keep nothing for myself. I am not doing this for myself. The prosperity of all is increased ; trades are revived, factories and forges are multiplied, and thousands of families are happy ; the district is populated ; villages spring up where there are only farms, and farms where there is nothing ; wretchedness disappears, and with it debauchery, robbery, murder, all the vices, all the crimes. Why, I was mad when I talked about denouncing myself. What ! because it pleases me to play the grand and the generous, because I only thought of myself, and in order to save from a perhaps exaggerated though substantially just punishment a stranger, a thief, and an apparent scoundrel, a whole department must perish ! Why, it is abominable ! "

The voice within him, however, had not ended yet. " Jean Valjean ! there will be around you many voices making a great noise, speaking very loud and blessing you, and one which no one will hear, which will curse you in the darkness. Well, listen, infamous man ! All these blessings will fall back on the ground before reaching Heaven, and the curse alone will ascend to God ! "

This voice, at first very faint, and speaking from the obscurest nook of his conscience, had gradually become sonorous and formidable, and he now heard it in his ear. He fancied that it was not his own voice, and he looked round the room with terror. " Is there anyone here ? " he asked.

There was somebody ; but He was not of those the human eye can see. He resumed that melancholy, mournful walk which aroused the sleeper underneath him. At the end of a few moments he no longer knew what result to arrive at.

There was a moment during which he regarded his future. Denounce himself ! Great Heavens ! Give himself up ! He thought with immense despair of all that he must give up, of all that he

must resume. He would be forced to bid adieu to this good, pure, radiant life, to the respect of all classes, to honour, to liberty ! Instead of all this there would be the gang, the red jacket, the chain on his foot, fatigue, the dungeon, the camp-bed, and all the horrors he knew ! At his age, after all he had borne ! It would be different were he still young. But to be old, coarsely addressed by anybody, searched by the gaoler, and receive blows from the keeper's stick ! To endure the curiosity of strangers who would be told "That is the famous Jean Valjean." Oh, what misery ! Destiny, then, can be as wicked as an intelligent being, as monstrous as the human heart !

Whatever he might do, he ever fell back into this crushing dilemma : remain in paradise and become a demon there, or re-enter hell and become an angel ? What should he do, great God, what should he do ? He tottered both externally and internally ; he walked like a child allowed to go alone. At certain moments he struggled against his lassitude, and tried to recapture his intelligence ; he tried to set himself, for the last time, the problem over which he had fallen in a state of exhaustion : must he denounce himself, or must he be silent ? He felt that, however he resolved, and without any possibility of escape, something belonging to him was about to die ; he entered a sepulchre, whether on his right hand or his left, and either his happiness or his virtue would be borne to the grave. Thus the wretched soul writhed in agony !

Three a.m. had struck, and he had been walking about in this way for five hours without a break when he fell into his chair. He fell asleep, and had a dream. . . . He woke up chilled to the marrow. The fire had died away, the candle was nearly burned out, and it was still black night. He rose and went to the window ; there were no stars in the sky. From his window he could see the yard, and his street, and a dry, sharp sound on the ground below him induced him to look out. He saw two red stars whose rays lengthened and shortened curiously in the gloom. As his mind was half submerged in the mist of dreams, he thought, "There are no stars in the sky ; they are on the earth now." A second sound like the first completely woke him, and he perceived that those two stars were carriage lamps, and by the light which they projected he could distinguish the shape of the vehicle—it was a tilbury, in which a small white horse was harnessed.

There was a gentle tap at his bedroom door ; he shuddered from head to foot, and shouted in a terrible voice, "Who's there ?"

Someone replied, "I, sir," and he recognised his old servant's voice. "The ostler says that he has come to fetch M. le Maire."

"Ah, yes."

"M. le Maire, what answer am I to give ?"

"Say it is quite right, and that I shall be down directly."

Victor Hugo in Les Misérables

Time Takes Them Home that We Loved

I n the garden of death, where the singers whose names are deathless
 One with another make music unheard of men,
 Where the dead sweet roses fade not on lips long breathless,
 And the fair eyes shine that shall weep not or change again,
 Who comes now, crowned with the blossom of snow-white years ?
 What music is this that the world of the dead men hears ?

Belovèd of men, whose words on our lips were honey,
 Whose name in our ears and our fathers' ears was sweet,
 Like summer gone forth of the land his songs made sunny,
 To the beautiful veiled bright world where the glad ghosts meet,
 Child with father, and bridegroom with bride, and anguish with rest,
 No soul shall pass of a singer than this more blest.

Blest for the year's sweet sake that were filled and brightened,
 As a forest with birds, with the flowers and the fruits of his song,
 For the soul's sake blest that heard, and their cares were lightened,
 For the heart's sake blest that have fostered his name so long,
 For the living and dead lives' blest that have loved his name,
 And clothed with their praise, and crowned with their love for fame.

Ah, fragrant his fame as flowers that close not,
 That shrink not by day for heat, or for cold by night,
 As a thought in the heart shall increase when the heart's self knows not,
 Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our eyes as a light ;
 Shall wax with the years that wane, and the seasons' chime,
 As a white rose thornless that grows in the garden of Time.

The same year calls, and one goes hence with another,
 And men sit sad that were glad for their sweet song's sake,
 The same year beckons and younger with elder brother
 Takes mutely the cup from his hand that we all shall take,
 And they pass ere the leaves be past or the snows be come,
 And the birds are loud, but the lips that outsang them are dumb.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous,
 To the soft long sleep, to the broad, sweet bosom of death,
 But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame us,
 Nor the lips lack song for ever that now lack breath,
 For with us shall the music and perfume that die not dwell,
 Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we farewell.

*Algernon C. Swinburne in memory of Bryan Waller Procter, the
 poet known as Barry Cornwall, father of Adelaide Anne Procter*

Remember and Forget

ALL hail, Remembrance and Forgetfulness !
 Trace, Memory, trace whate'er is sweet or kind :
 When friends forsake us or misfortunes press,
 Oblivion, raise the record from our mind. *An old Greek poet*

To the North-east Wind

WELCOME, wild North-easter !
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr ;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter !
O'er the German foam ;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming
Through the lazy day :
Jovial wind of winter,
Turn us out to play !
Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark ! The brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you ?
Let the horses go !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go ! and rest tomorrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs.

While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard Englishmen.
What's the soft South-wester ?
Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas :
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Viking's blood,
Bracing brain and sinew :
Blow, thou wind of God !

Charles Kingsley

I Nothing Lack if I am His

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

And so through all my length of days
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever. *H. W. Baker*

A Day in the Age of Chivalry

Ivanhoe, after receiving a grievous wound in winning a great tournament, fell into the hands of the Norman Front-de-Boeuf and was imprisoned in the castle of Torquilstone, where the Jewish maiden Rebecca was also a prisoner. This is an unforgettable scene from Sir Walter Scott.

IN finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure she experienced, even at a time when all around them was danger if not despair. As she felt his pulse and inquired after his health her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself and reminded her that the sensations she felt could not be mutual. A sigh escaped but it was scarce audible. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was better than he could have expected—"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse, his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess!"

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which even now despatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Boeuf. If so how will this end?"

She hastened to give Ivanhoe what information she could, but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert and the Baron Front-de-Boeuf were commanders within the castle, and that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not.

The noise within the castle, occasioned by defensive preparations, increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful events they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled although the blood fled from her cheeks as she repeated the sacred text, half whispering and half speaking to her companion—"The quiver rattleth, the glittering spear and the shield, the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window that I might see how this brave game is like to go! If I had but a bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike, were it but a single blow, for our deliverance! It is in vain, it is in vain!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Ivanhoe, impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will soon be a mark for the archers; some random shaft——"

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps which led to the window.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations the assailants were making for the storm. These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed! Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca. "They appear even now preparing to advance. God of Zion protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by a signal for assault, which was given by a blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din.

It was not, however, by clamour that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The whizzing of shafts and other missiles was only interrupted by the shouts which arose as either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes and hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca. "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad above the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Boeuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring.

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Boeuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" Then she uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down! He is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness: "But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! He is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken, he snatches an axe from a yeoman, he presses Front-de-Boeuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls! They drag Front-de-Boeuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?"

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca, "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other; down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe. The thundering blows which he deals you may hear above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion; he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes, it is splintered by his blows; they rush in—the outwork is won. O God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer! Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca.

"Our friends," said Ivanhoe, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. O nò! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron. Seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him farther, but methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow he deals upon his enemies. It is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero. I swear by the honour of my house, I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action, this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health."

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest or a woman when they are acting deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live. We wish not to live longer than while we are victorious and renowned. Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas," said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering to vainglory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch? What remains to you as the prize for all the blood you have spilled?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe. "Glory, maiden; glory which guilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory!" continued Rebecca. "Alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb, is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness are so wildly bartered to

become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca, and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprise. Chivalry! Why, maiden, she is the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant. Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword."

"I am indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight; until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabeus, it ill beseemeth a Jewish damsel to speak of battle or war."

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow. "How little he knows this bosom," she reflected, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guests because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes! Would to heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the vainest Nazarene maiden that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north."

The burning of the castle from the inside made any further assault unnecessary, and Ivanhoe was rescued by the Black Knight, who proved to be Richard Coeur de Lion in disguise.

If All the Pens that Poets Ever Held

IF all the pens that poets ever held,
 Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
 And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
 Their minds, and muses on admired themes;
 If all the heavenly quintessence they still
 From their immortal flowers of poesy,
 Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
 The highest reaches of a human wit;
 If these had made one poem's period,
 And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
 Yet should there hover in their restless heads
 One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least
 Which into words no virtue can digest.

Christopher Marlowe on Beauty

Shakespeare's Sonnets

The 154 Sonnets of Shakespeare, from which eleven are given here, were all addressed to a young man whom he desired to have as a patron, and to whom he offered in return, as was the fashion of poets then, the immortality which noble verse can give. The promise was fulfilled. The young man will always be remembered as the friend of Shakespeare. Yet in his immortality he remains unknown, for his name is one of the secrets of literature. Probably he was Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day ?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate ;
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
 Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
 And every fair from fair sometimes declines.
 By chance or Nature's changing course untrimmed.
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see.
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

When to the Sessions of Sweet Silent Thought

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste ;
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before :
 But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

Full Many a Glorious Morning have I Seen

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ;
 But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath masked him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

Being Your Slave, what Should I Do but Tend ?

BEING your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require ;
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save, where you are how happy you make those.
 So true a fool is love that in your will,
 Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

His Verse Shall Stand

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
 Feeds on the rarities of Nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

The Hand of Time

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age ;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay ;
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè :
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

No Longer Mourn for Me

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world, that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell ;
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O if, I say, you look upon this verse,
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay ;
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

Bare Ruined Choirs

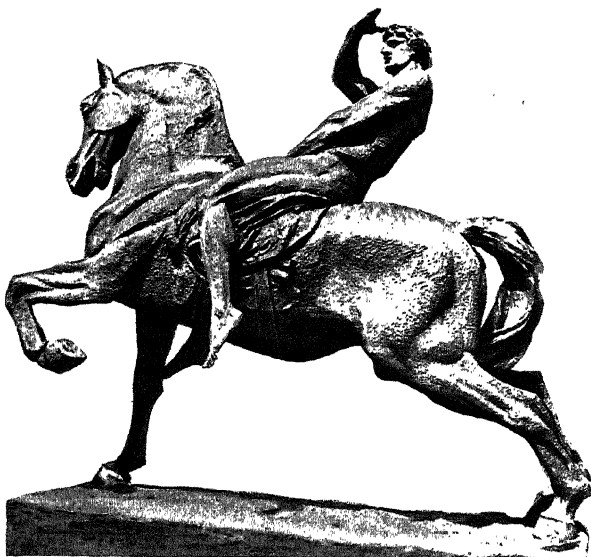
THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west ;
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth die,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire
 Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Some Glory in Their Birth

SOME glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;



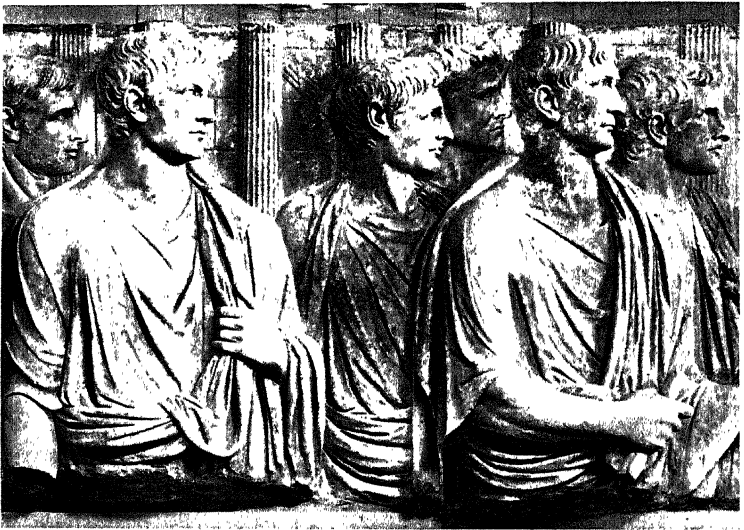
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TRAJAN WITH HIS OFFICERS OF STATE—FROM A ROMAN SCULPTURE

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest :
 But these particulars are not my measure ;
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garment's cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
 And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast ;
 Wretched in this alone, that thou mayest take
 All this away and me most wretched make.

To Me You Never Can be Old

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned,
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
 Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
 Steal from his figure and no pace perceived ;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived :
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred ;
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

Eyes to Wonder but no Tongue to Praise

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have expressed
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring :
 And, for they looked but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Shakespeare

Think on These Things

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest,
 whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely,
 whatsoever things are of good repute, if there be any virtue, and if
 there be any praise, think on these things. *Saint Paul*

The Ancient Mariner

In its weirdness of conception and its triumphant simplicity this masterpiece of Coleridge stands alone. The moral purpose of this dramatic story told to a wedding guest at the door of the church is to impress us with the love of all things great and small. The poem was written at Nether Stowey in Somerset.

I^T is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?
The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

*He holds him with his skinny hand;
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, greybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.*

*He holds him with his glittering eye,
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.*

*The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.*

*The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.*

*And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.*

*And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.*

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

" God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !
Why look'st thou so ? "—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross !

THE Sun now rose upon the right
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah ! well-a-day, what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

On this fearsome sea the spell-bound ship meets a phantom vessel, whose spectral crew gamble for the life of the Ancient Mariner, who lives on as one dead, while all the rest die.

The Sun's rim dips : the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-barque.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !

*(I fear thee ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.
I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.)*

Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropped not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful ;
And they all dead did lie ;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gushed.
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide ;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside,

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire ;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware !
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I woke it rained.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessèd ghost.

*The ship, now borne away by favourable winds, is worked
by the bodies of the dead crew animated by friendly spirits.
The Mariner swoons, and wakes hearing two voices.*

“ Is it he ? (quoth one), Is this the man ?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low,
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who abideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew ;
Quoth he, " The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

*So journeying the Mariner arrives home
with this bitter heaviness on his soul.*

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray :
*O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.*

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

*Rescued by the pilot's boat, bringing with it a hermit who
loved to talk with mariners from afar, the ship sank,
and the uncanny traveller landed, concluding his tale in
a strain of beauty which almost banishes its weirdness.*

And now, all in my own countree
I stood on the firm land !
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

" O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !"
The Hermit crossed his brow.

" Say quick (quoth he), I bid thee say,
What manner of man art thou ? "

Forthwith this frame of mind was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns :

And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

I pass like night from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
To know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea :
So lonely 'twas that God Himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest :
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

*The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.*

*He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.*

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

The Appeal of the Savage Chief

I HEARD in my youth a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. "Who is it (said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure), who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter and calms them again in summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters gave ours to us, and by this title we will defend it," said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation.

Baron Erskine at the trial of Warren Hastings

The Spires of El Dorado

OF making books there is no end, complained the Preacher; and did not perceive how highly he was praising letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed, to making books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to problem. We may study for ever, and we are never as learned as we would.

We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And where we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the farther side. In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence, and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even in a corner of it, in a private park, or in the neighbourhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something new to startle and delight us.

There is only one wish realisable on the Earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: *Death*. And we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

A strange picture we make on our way to our chimeras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries, and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end.

O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither. Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way farther, against the setting Sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Demosthenes to the Men of Athens

This is one of the most famous of all speeches. Demosthenes is answering the charges brought against him by Aeschines, his great rival in oratory and statesmanship. Sent as an ambassador to Philip of Macedon, Aeschines had been won over by him against the interests of Athens, but his eloquence secured his acquittal. On the proposal to award Demosthenes a gold crown, Aeschines accused him of disloyalty. Demosthenes triumphed in a great speech, claiming the crown of honour from the State, and Aeschines went into exile.

I BEGIN, men of Athens, by praying to every deity that the goodwill I have ever cherished to you may be requited to me on this trial. It is painful and grievous to be deprived of anything, but your goodwill and affection are the heaviest loss, as they are the greatest prize to gain. As I am to render an account of my life and measures I would call the gods to my aid.

With your malice, Aeschines, it was very simple to suppose that I should turn from the discussion of measures and policy to notice your scandal. I will do no such thing. Your calumnies about my political life I will examine forthwith; for that loose ribaldry I shall have a word hereafter if the jury desire to hear it.

The crimes I am accused of are many and grievous. When the Phocian war had broken out you wished the Phocians to be saved, though you saw they were not acting right; and would have been glad for the Thebans, with whom for a just reason you were angry, to suffer anything; for they had not borne with moderation their good fortune at Leuctra. Offended with them, you lent a willing ear to Philip when he offered you peace and them succour, after they had been long harassed by other States. The peace was not brought about by me, as Aeschines calumniously charged. Not a word of truth on the subject has Aeschines spoken. It is the country that he most traduces by his falsehoods. For if you were at the same time calling on the Greeks to take arms, and sending your own ambassadors to treat with Philip for peace, you were performing the part of a trickster, not the act of a commonwealth, or of honest men. But it is false—it is false!

For what purpose could you have sent for them at that period? For peace? They all had it. For war? You were yourselves deliberating about peace. It appears, therefore, that I was not the author of the original peace, and none of his other calumnies against me is true. I moved the decree to sail for whatever place Philip was in, and receive his oath without delay; yet this decree he neither mentions nor reads, though the resolution was carried by the Senate and five ambassadors were chosen.

Notwithstanding that I had passed this decree for the advantage not of Philip but of Athens, our worthy ambassadors so little regarded it as to sit down in Macedonia three months until Philip

returned from Thrace after subjugating the country ; though they might in three days have reached the Hellespont and saved the fortresses by receiving his oath before he reduced them. Thus he would have lost the peace, and not have obtained both the peace and the fortresses. When you had been deceived by Philip through the agency of these men, who sold themselves in the embassies and reported not a word of truth, you and the rest of the Greeks (all alike cheated) observed the peace ; for what else could be done ? And when Philip was marching about achieving his successes certain citizens of the States (Aeschines among them), took advantage of the peace to follow a corrupt and venal policy, and the people, as a result, have lost their liberty ; while the statesmen (traitors and miscreants as they are) find that, while they imagined they were selling everything but themselves, they had sold themselves first.

Read the indictment brought against me by this hireling. From the very clauses of the decree which Aeschines prosecutes I shall make it clear that my whole defence will be just. I proceed to my actual measures.

Philip started, men of Athens, with an immense advantage. In all the Greek States alike there sprang up a crop of unexampled traitors and wretches whom he secured for his agents and his supporters. Ought Athens to have cast off her dignity, helped to acquire for Philip the dominion of Greece, and extinguished the rights of our ancestors ? What was I, your statesman, to advise or move ? The only course was resistance to all his attacks on you. Such a course you took, and I assisted you from the beginning. When you crowned me for those services Aeschines neither opposed it nor indicted the mover.

When Philip was driven out of Euboea, with arms by you, with counsels and decrees by me, he sought some new position of attack on Athens. Who, then, succoured the Byzantines ? You, men of Athens. But who advised you and framed the measures of State ? I ! That salvation and the honours bestowed on this country were the effects of my policy and my administration. In reply to the falsehoods of Aeschines, and to his many hard words, I must mention who he is. Accursed one ! What have you or yours to do with virtue ? How should you discern what is honourable or otherwise ? You are so ungrateful and wicked by nature that, after being raised by the people from beggary to affluence, instead of returning their kindness you work against them as a hireling politician. I could produce many cases where Aeschines was discovered assisting the enemy and harassing me. But one last act he achieved, O Athenians, which crowned all he had done before. The Amphissian war, which brought Philip to Elatea, which ruined everything in Greece, was his contrivance. He is the single author of all our calamities. I protested at the time, and cried out in the assembly :

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

"You are bringing a war, Aeschines, into Attica," but his party would not let me be heard.

The mention of this man's treasonable acts brings me to the part I have myself taken in opposition to him. When Philip came with his army and seized Elatea, I alone, of all your orators and statesmen, deserted not the patriot's post in the hour of danger. Do not impute it to me as a crime that Philip chanced to conquer in battle; that issue depended not on me, but on the gods.

By the slander of this man I am forced to discuss my fortune and circumstances. I had the advantage in my boyhood of going to proper schools. Arrived at man's estate, I lived suitably to my breeding; was choirmaster, ship-commander, ratepayer. When I entered on State affairs my policy was such that I have been crowned many times.

But you, Aeschines, the man of dignity, who spit upon others, what sort of fortune is yours compared with mine? You were reared in abject poverty, waiting with your father on the school, grinding the ink, sponging the benches, sweeping the room. Then you hired yourself to ranting players with whom you acted third parts, collecting figs and grapes and olives like a fruiterer from other men's farms, and getting more from them than from the playing. Then, when you espoused politics, you lived the life of a hare, fearing and ever expecting to be scourged for your crimes; though all have seen how bold you were at the misfortunes of the rest. A man who took courage at the death of a thousand citizens—what does he deserve at the hands of the living?

Contrast now your career and mine, Aeschines, and then ask these people whose fortune they would prefer. You have worked for the enemy; I for my country. This very day I am on my probation for a crown, and am acknowledged to be innocent of all offence; while you are already judged to be a pettifogger.

Come now, let me read the evidence of public services which I have performed, and by way of comparison do you recite me the verses which you murdered: *From Hades and the dusky realms I come, and ill news, believe me, I am loth to bear.* Ill betide thee, and may the gods, or at least the Athenians, confound thee for a vile citizen and a third-rate actor.

Many great and glorious enterprises has the commonwealth undertaken and succeeded in through me, and she did not forget them. Wherefore, then, execrable man, do you reproach me? He that charges me with Philippising (O Heaven and Earth!), what would he not say? By Hercules and the gods, if one had honestly to inquire who the persons really are on whom the blame of what has happened may justly be thrown, it would be found that they are persons of various States like Aeschines, who sacrificed the general interest for selfish lucre, deceiving and corrupting their

countrymen, until they made them slaves. The day will not last me to recount the names of the traitors.

All these, O Athenians, are men of the same politics in their own countries as this party among you—profligates, parasites, and miscreants, who have each of them crippled their fatherlands, toasted away their liberty, first to Philip and last to Alexander; who measure happiness by their stomach and all that is base; while freedom and independence, which the Greeks of olden time regarded as the test and standard of well-being, they have annihilated.

Of this base and infamous conspiracy, of this betrayal of Grecian liberty, Athens is by all mankind acquitted owing to my counsels; and I am acquitted by you. Then do you ask me, Aeschines, for what merit I claim to be honoured? I will tell you. Because, while all the statesmen in Greece, beginning with yourself, have been corrupted formerly by Philip and now by Alexander, me neither opportunity, nor fair speeches, nor large promises, nor hope, nor fear, nor anything else could tempt to betray aught that I considered just and beneficial to my country.

As to this fortification of the wall and fosse for which you ridiculed me, I regard them as deserving of thanks and praise, and so they are; but I place them nowhere near my acts of administration. Not with stones nor with bricks did I fortify Athens, nor is this the ministry on which I most pride myself. Would you view my fortifications aright you will find arms, and posts, and harbours, and galleys, and horses, and men for their defence. These are the bulwarks with which I protected Attica, as far as was possible by human wisdom; with these I fortified our territory. Nay more; I was not beaten by Philip in estimates or preparations; far from it.

But if the power of some deity, or of fortune, or the worthlessness of commanders, or the wickedness of you that betrayed your countries, or all these things together, injured and eventually ruined our cause, of what is Demosthenes guilty? Had there in each of the Greek cities been one such man as I (had Thessaly possessed one single man, and Arcadia one), none of the Greeks either beyond or within Thermopylae would have suffered these calamities, all would have been free and independent, living prosperously in their own countries with safety and security.

These and the like measures, Aeschines, are what become an honourable citizen. By their success (O Earth and Heaven!) we should have been the greatest people incontestably, and deserved to be so: even under their failure the result is glory, and no one blames Athens or her policy; all condemn fortune that so ordered things. But never will the honourable citizen desert the interests of the commonwealth, nor hire himself to her adversaries; no, nor keep himself in a criminal and treacherous retirement, as you so often do. There is indeed a retirement just and beneficial to the State, such as

you, the bulk of my countrymen, innocently enjoy ; that, however, is not the retirement of Aeschines ; far from it. Withdrawing himself from public life when he pleases (and that is often) he watches for the moment when you are tired of a constant speaker, or when some reverse of fortune has befallen you, or anything untoward has happened (and many are the casualties of human life), and at such a crisis he springs up an orator, rising from his retreat like a wind ; in full voice, with words and phrases collected, he rolls them out breathlessly, to no advantage or good purpose whatsoever, but to the detriment of some or other of his fellow-citizens and to the general disgrace.

Yet from this labour and diligence, Aeschines, if it proceeded from an honest heart, solicitous for your country's welfare, the fruits should have been rich and noble and profitable to all—alliances of States, supplies of money, conveniences of commerce, enactment of useful laws, opposition to our declared enemies. But what alliance has come to the State by your procurement ? What succours, what acquisition of goodwill or credit ? What embassy or agency is there of yours by which the reputation of the country has been increased ? What concern, domestic or foreign, of which you have had the management, has improved under it ? What galleys ? what ammunition ? what arsenals ? what repair of walls ? what cavalry ? *What in the world are you good for ?* What assistance in money have you ever given, either to the rich or the poor, out of public spirit or liberality ? None. But, good sir, if there is nothing of this, there is at all events zeal and loyalty. Where ? When ? You infamous fellow ! Even at a time when all who ever spoke upon the platform gave something for the public safety, and Aristonicus gave the sum which he had amassed to retrieve his franchise, you neither came forward nor contributed a mite. On what occasions do you show your spirit ? When do you shine out ? When ought it to be spoken against your countrymen ! Then it is you are splendid in voice, perfect in memory, an admirable actor.

You say that I am nothing like the ancients. Are you like them, Aeschines ? I assert that none is. But pray, my good fellow (that I may give you no other name), try the living with the living and with his competitors, as you would in all cases—poets, dancers, athletes. Compare me with the orators of the day, with yourself, with any one you like : I yield to none.

Two things, men of Athens, are characteristic of a well-disposed citizen. In authority his constant aim should be the dignity and pre-eminence of the commonwealth ; in all times and circumstances his spirit should be loyal. This depends upon nature ; power and might upon other things. Such a spirit, you will find, I have ever sincerely cherished. From the very beginning I chose an honest and straightforward course in politics, to support the honour, the power, the glory of my fatherland : these to exalt, in these to have

my being. I do not walk about the market-place gay and cheerful because the stranger has prospered, holding out my right hand and congratulating those who I think will report it yonder, and on any news of our own success shudder and groan and stoop to the earth, like these impious men who rail at Athens, who look abroad, and if the foreigner thrives by the distresses of Greece are thankful for it, and say we should keep him so thriving to all time.

Never, O ye gods, may those wishes be confirmed by you ! If possible, inspire even in these men a better sense and feeling ! But, if they are indeed incurable, destroy them by themselves ; exterminate them on land and sea ; and, for the rest of us, grant that we may speedily be released from our present fears, and enjoy a lasting deliverance !

From Demosthenes on the Crown

The Patriot

IT was roses, roses, all the way,
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad ;
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
 The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
 A year ago on this very day !
 The air broke into a mist with bells,
 The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
 Had I said, " Good folk, mere noise repels ;
 But give me your Sun from yonder skies ! "
 They had answered, *And afterward, what else ?*
 Alack, it was I who leaped at the Sun
 To give it my loving friends to keep !
 Naught man could do have I left undone :
 And you see my harvest, what I reap
 This very day, now a year is run.
 There's nobody on the house-tops now,
 Just a palsied few at the windows set ;
 For the best of the sight is, all allow,
 At the Shambles Gate ; or, better yet,
 By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.
 I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind ; :
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.
 Thus I entered, and thus I go !
 In triumphs people have dropped down dead.
Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me ? God might question ; now, instead,
 Tis God shall repay : I am safer so.

Robert Browning

The Day Thou Gavest

THE day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
 The darkness falls at thy behest ;
 To thee our morning hymns ascended,
 Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
 While Earth rolls onward into light,
 Through all the world her watch is keeping,
 And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
 The dawn leads on another day,
 The voice of prayer is never silent,
 Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The Sun that bids us rest is waking
 Our brethren neath the western sky,
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making
 Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord, thy throne shall never,
 Like Earth's proud empires, pass away ;
 Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
 Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

Canon Ellerton

If Winter Comes, Can Spring be Far Behind ?

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
 The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill :
 Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
 Destroyer and preserver ; hear, oh, hear !

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
 Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine aery surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : oh, hear !

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : oh, hear

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !
 And, by the incantation of this verse,
 Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth
 The trumpet of a prophecy ! O, Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

Shelley

The Lovely Autumn Days

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
 Think not of them ; thou hast thy music too.
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Keats

The King of Righteousness

More than twenty centuries before the Roman Empire began, farther back from Christianity than the birth of Christianity is from us, Hammurabi reigned in Babylon, and framed a Code of Laws from which this passage comes. It is solemn and strange to read these words, remembering that nothing made by man in Europe had been heard of when they were written.

HAMMURABI, the perfect king, am I. I was not careless, nor was I neglectful of the people whose rule Marduk delivered to me. I provided them with a peaceful country. I opened up difficult barriers and lent them support. I expelled the enemy to the North and South; I made an end of their raids; I brought health to the land; I made the populace to rest in security.

The great gods proclaimed me, and I am the guardian governor, whose sceptre is righteous and whose beneficent protection is spread over my city. In my bosom I carried the people of the land of Sumer and Akkad; under my protection I brought their brethren into security; in my wisdom I restrained them, that the strong might not oppose the weak, and that they should give justice to the orphan and the widow.

Pre-eminent among city kings am I. My words are precious, my wisdom is unrivalled. By the command of Shamash, the great judge of Heaven and Earth, may I make righteousness to shine forth on the land. By the order of Marduk, my lord, may no one efface my statues, may my name be remembered with favour in Esagila for ever. Let any oppressed man who has a cause come before my image as king of righteousness.

In the days that are yet to come, for all future time, may the king who is in the land observe the words of righteousness I have written upon my monument. May he not alter the judgments of the land. Hammurabi, the king of righteousness, whom Shamash has endowed with justice, am I. My words are weighty; my deeds are unrivalled.

If that man pay attention to my words which I have written upon my monument, do not efface my judgments, do not overrule my words, and do not alter my statues, then will Shamash prolong that man's reign, as he has mine, that he may rule his people in righteousness.

If that man do not pay attention to my words which I have written upon my monuments; if he forget my curse and do not fear the curse of god; if he abolish the judgments I have formulated, overrule my words, alter my statues, efface my name thereon and write his own; or on account of these curses commission another to do so—as for that man, be he king or lord, may the great god, the father of the gods, who has ordained my reign, take from him the glory of his sovereignty, may he break his sceptre and curse his fate!

May Bel, the lord who determines destinies, whose command cannot be altered, drive him out from his dwelling through a revolt which his hand cannot control; the destruction of his city, the dispersion of his people, the wresting away of his dominion, the blotting out of his name and memory from the land, may Bel order with his potent command! May Ea, the great prince whose decrees take precedence, the leader of the gods who knows everything, who prolongs the days of my life, deprive him of knowledge and wisdom! May he bring him to oblivion, and dam up his rivers at their sources! May he not permit corn, the life of the people, to grow in his land! May the blighting curse of Shamash come upon him quickly! May he cut off his life above! May Sin, the lord of heaven, my divine creator, whose scimitar shines among the gods, take away from him the crown and throne of sovereignty!

May Adad, the lord of abundance, deprive him of the rain from heaven and the water-floods from the springs! May he bring his land to destruction through want and hunger! May he break loose furiously over his city and turn his land into a heap left by a whirlwind!

From the Code of Hammurabi

The Pagan Dream at the Time of the Birth of Jesus

NOW has come the latest age of the Cumean hymn; the mighty line of cycles begins its round anew. Now the maiden Astrea returns, the reign of Saturn returns; now a new generation of man is sent down from the height of heaven. Only be thou gracious to the birth of the child.

Then for you, O Child, the earth shall begin to pour forth far and wide, without aught of tillage, its simple gifts, straggling ivy twined with foxglove, and the Egyptian lily blended with smiling acanthus. Of themselves the she-goats shall bring back home their udders swollen full with milk, and the herds shall not fear mighty lions; of itself the ground that is your cradle shall pour forth flowers to please you.

The serpent shall perish and the treacherous poisonous plant shall perish; Assyrian spice shall spring up everywhere. But as soon as you shall be able to read of the glorious exploits of heroes, and the deeds of your sire, and to learn what virtue is, slowly the plain shall grow yellow with gently waving corn, and on wild brambles shall hang the ruddy grape, and hard oak-trunks exude the honey-dew.

Yet a few traces of ancient guile shall still be left behind, to prompt men to provoke the main with barques, to circle towns with walls, to cleave the earth with furrows. Then shall be a second Tiphys, and a second Argo shall carry the flower of the heroes, and a great Achilles shall again be sent to Troy.

Next, when your age, grown to its strength, has now made you a man, even the merchant shall quit the sea, and the pine-built ship shall not exchange its wares ; every land shall every produce bear. The soil shall not feel the hoe, nor the vineyard the pruning-hook ; also the stout ploughman shall now unloose his oxen from the yoke. *Ye ages, be such your career*, the Destinies to their spindles said, agreeing in the steadfast will of Fate.

Virgil on the birth of a son to Augustus

The Makers of Marcus Aurelius

THE example of my grandfather Verus taught me to be candid and to control my temper. By the memory of my father's character I learnt to be modest and manly.

My mother taught me regard for religion, to be generous and open-handed, and neither to do an ill turn to anyone nor even to think of it. She bred me also to a plain and inexpensive way of living.

I owe it to my grandfather that I had not a public education, but had good masters at home. From my tutor I learnt not to identify myself with popular sporting interests, but to work hard, endure fatigue, and not to meddle with other people's affairs. Diognetus taught me to bear freedom and plain dealing in others, and gave me a taste for philosophy. Rusticus set me to improve my character, and saved me from running after the vanity of the Sophists.

Apollonius showed me how to give my mind its due freedom, to disregard everything that was not true and reasonable and to maintain an equable temper under the most trying circumstances. Sextus taught me good humour, to be obliging, and to bear with the ignorant and thoughtless. From Maximus I learnt to command myself and to do business efficiently, without drudging or complaint.

From my adoptive father I learnt a smooth and inoffensive temper, and a greatness proof against vanity and the impressions of pomp and power ; I learnt that it was the part of a prince to check flattery, to have his exchequer well furnished, to be frugal in his expenses, not to worship the gods to superstition, but to be reserved, vigilant, and well poised.

I thank the gods that my grandfathers, parents, sister, preceptors, relatives, friends, and domestics were almost all persons of probity, and that I never happened to disoblige any of them. By the goodness of the gods I was not provoked to expose my infirmities. I owe it to them also that my wife is so deferential, affectionate, and frugal ; and that when I had a mind to look into philosophy I did not spend too much time in reading or logic-chopping. All these points could never have been guarded without a protection from above.

Marcus Aurelius, Emperor of Rome

I Remember, I Remember

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn ;
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day ;
 But now I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,
 The roses red and white,
 The violets and the lily-cups,
 Those flowers made of light ;
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birthday :
 The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing.
 My spirit flew in feathers then
 That is so heavy now ;
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember,
 The fir trees dark and high ;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky :
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from Heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

Tom Hood

The Conquest

THE garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
 Upon death's purple altar now,
 See where the victor-victim bleeds :
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

James Shirley

Caesar's Counsel to a Roman

REMEMBER that you are a man and a Roman, and let your actions be done with dignity, gravity, humanity, freedom, and justice ; let every action be done as though it were your last. Have neither insincerity nor self-love. Man has to gain but few points to live a happy and godlike life.

What, after all, is there to be afraid of in death ? If the gods exist you can suffer no harm ; if they do not exist, or take no care of us mortals, a world without gods or Providence is not worth a man's while to live in. But the being of the gods, and their concern in human affairs, is beyond dispute ; and they have put it in every man's power not to fall into any calamity.

Do not spend your thoughts upon other people, nor pry into the talk, fancies, and projects of another, nor guess at what he is about, or why he is doing it. Think upon nothing but what you could willingly tell about, so that if your soul were laid open there would appear nothing but what was sincere, good-natured, and public-spirited.

If, in the whole compass of human life, you find anything preferable to justice and truth, temperance and fortitude, or to a mind self-satisfied with its own rational conduct and entirely resigned to fate, then turn to it as to your supreme happiness. But if there be nothing more valuable than the divinity within you, if all things are trifles in comparison with this, then do not divide your allegiance. Let your choice run all one way, and be resolute for that which is best.

It is the custom of people to go to unfrequented places and to the seashore and to the hills for retirement ; but it is in your power to withdraw into yourself whenever you have a mind to it. One's own heart is a place the most free from crowd and noise in the world if only one's thoughts are serene and the mind well ordered.

Mankind are poor, transitory things : one day in life, and the next turned to ashes. Therefore manage this minute wisely and part with it cheerfully ; and like a ripe fruit, when you drop, make your acknowledgments to the tree that bore you.

The best way of revenge is not to imitate the injury. Be always doing something serviceable to mankind ; and let this constant generosity be your pleasure, not forgetting a due regard to God.

The world is either an aggregation of atoms or it is a unity ruled by law and Providence. If the first, what should I stay for, where nature is a chaos and things are blindly jumbled together ? But if there is a Providence, I adore the great Governor of the world, and am at ease and cheerful in the prospect of protection. It is enough to do my duty ; as for other things, I will not be disturbed about them.

Every man has three relations to acquit himself in : his body, God, and his neighbours.

Do not take your whole life into your head at a time, nor burden yourself with the weight of the future. Neither what is past nor what is to come need afflict you, for you have only to deal with the present; and this is strangely lessened if you take it singly and by itself. Chide your fancy, therefore, if it grow faint.

Throw me into what climate or state you please, for all that I will keep my soul content. Is any misadventure big enough to ruffle my peace, or to make my mind mean, craving, and servile?

Be not heavy in business, nor disturbed in conversation, nor rambling in thought. Do not burden yourself with too much employment. Do men curse you? This cannot prevent you from keeping a wise, temperate, and upright mind. If a man standing by a lovely spring should rail at it, the water is none the worse for his foul language; and if he throw in dirt it will soon disappear and the fountain will be as wholesome as ever. How are you to keep your springs always running, that they may never stagnate? You must persevere in the virtues of freedom, sincerity, moderation, and good nature.

Do not drudge like a galley-slave, nor do business in a laborious manner as if you wish to be pitied or wondered at. As virtue and vice consist in action, and not in the impressions of the senses, so it is not what they feel, but what they do, that makes mankind happy or miserable. This man prays he may gain such a woman; but do you rather pray that you may have no such inclination. Another invokes the gods to set him free from some troublesome circumstance; but let it be your petition that your mind may not be set upon such a wish. Let this be the rule for your devotions.

Put it out of the power of all men to give you a bad name, and if anyone reports you not to be an honest or a good man let your practice give him the lie. A man of integrity and good nature can never be concealed, for his character is wrought into his countenance. Gentleness and good humour are invincible, provided they are of the right stamp and without hypocrisy.

Listen, friend! You have been a burgher of this great city. What matters though you have lived in it fewer years or more? If you have kept the laws of the corporation the length or shortness of the time makes no difference. Where is the hardship, then, if Nature, that planted you here, orders your removal? You cannot say you are sent off by an unjust tyrant. No! You quit the stage as fairly as a player does who has his discharge from the master of the revels. You say: *But I have only gone through three acts, and not held out to the end of the fifth!* True; but in life three acts may complete the play. He is the only judge of completeness who first ordered your entrance and now orders your exit; you are accountable for neither the one nor the other. Retire, therefore, in serenity, as He who dismisses you is serene.

Marcus Aurelius, Emperor of Rome



THE LAUGHING CAVALIER—BY FRANK HALS



NELLY O'BRIEN WITH HER DOG—BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS



MONSIEUR SERIZIÂT—FROM THE WONDERFUL PAINTING BY JACQUES LOUIS DAVID



THE VELASQUEZ PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS MARGARET OF SPAIN

In Memoriam

It was the sublime height he reached in In Memoriam that established Tennyson's fame and will remain his lasting monument. His friend Arthur Hallam, who was engaged to the poet's sister, died travelling abroad, and In Memoriam is the shrine of Tennyson's grief. But it is more. In this series of 131 short poems, written through nine years and crowned with an introduction seven years later, the poet traces the passing of his sorrow and its purifying effect on his faith. The final emancipation from his deep sorrow is reached in the joy of wedding bells, when Tennyson, thinking back across the years, feels Love to be the lord of all, and declares his profound faith that through sorrow and suffering and doubt mankind and all Creation move to some far-off, divine event.

STRONG Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest, manhood thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock thee when we do not fear :
But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me ;
What seemed my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth ;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom made me wise.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

OLD Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock ;
And in the dusk of thee the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold :
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

ONE writes that *Other friends remain,*
That *Loss is common to the race :*
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.
That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more :
Too common ! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailed the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.
Sphere all your lights around, above ;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow ;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love ;
My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widowed race be run ;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

Tis well, tis something, we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

Tis little ; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

THE Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more ;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills ;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hushed nor moved along,
 And hushed my deepest grief of all,
 When filled with tears that cannot fall,
 I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
 Is vocal in its wooded walls ;
 My deeper anguish also falls,
 And I can speak a little then.

THE path by which we twain did go,
 Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
 Through four sweet years arose and fell,
 From flower to flower, from snow to snow :

And we with singing cheered the way,
 And, crowned with all the season lent,
 From April on to April went,
 And glad at heart from May to May :

But where the path we walked began
 To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
 As we descended following Hope,
 There sat the Shadow feared of man,

Who broke our fair companionship,
 And spread his mantle dark and cold,
 And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
 And dulled the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
 Nor follow, though I walk in haste,
 And think, that somewhere in the waste
 The Shadow sits and waits for me.

I ENVY not in any moods
 The captive void of noble rage,
 The linnet born within the cage,
 That never knew the summer woods :

I envy not the beast that takes
 His licence in the field of time,
 Unfettered by the sense of crime,
 To whom a conscience never wakes ;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
 The heart that never plighted troth
 But stagnates in the weeds of sloth ;
 Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
I feel it when I sorrow most ;
Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ :
The moon is hid ; the night is still ;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound :

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wished no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again :

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controlled me when a boy ;
They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

WITH trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth ;
A rainy cloud possessed the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambolled, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused : the winds were in the beech :
We heard them sweep the winter land ;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Rise, happy morn ; rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night ;
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

OH yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;
That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;
That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.
Behold we know not any thing ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

WHEN I contemplate all alone
The life that had been thine below,
And fix my thoughts on all the glow
To which thy crescent would have grown ;
I see thee sitting crowned with good,
A central warmth diffusing bliss
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
On all the branches of thy blood ;
Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine ;
For now the day was drawing on,
When thou should'st link thy life with one
Of mine own house, and boys of thine
Had babbled *Uncle* on my knee ;
But that remorseless iron hour
Made cypress of her orange flower,
Despair of hope, and earth of thee.
This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it when I sorrowed most,
Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all :
The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there

And led him through the blissful climes,
And showed him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remained, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts, were little worth,
To wander on a darkened earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, though left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine.

And so my passion hath not swerved
To works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind,
And in my grief a strength reserved.

I PASSED beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown ;
I roved at random through the town.
And saw the tumult of the halls ;

And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophet blazoned on the panes ;

And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows ; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same ; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door :
I lingered ; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crashed the glass and beat the floor ;

Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land ;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string ;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there ;

And last the master-bowman, he
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The god within him light his face.

And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise ;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ :
The moon is hid, the night is still ;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, and frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite ;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

WHO loves not Knowledge ? Who shall rail
 Against her beauty ? May she mix
 With men and prosper ! Who shall fix
Her pillars ? Let her work prevail.

A higher hand must make her mild,
 If all be not in vain ; and guide
 Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child :

For she is earthly of the mind,
 But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
 O, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
 Who grewest not alone in power
 And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.
 O Earth, what changes hast thou seen !
 There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
 From form to form, and nothing stands ;
 They melt like mist—the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
 And dream my dream, and hold it true ;
 For though my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, though as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompassed by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

O LIVING will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them pure,
That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquered years
To one that with us works, and trust,
With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

TRUE and tried, so well and long,
Demand not thou a marriage lay ;
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

Regret is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are flown,
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before ;

Which makes appear the songs I made
As echoes out of weaker times,
As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower,
That must be made a wife ere noon ?
She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower :

On me she bends her blissful eyes
And then on thee ; they meet thy look
And brighten like the star that shook
Betwixt the palms of paradise.

O happy hour, behold the bride
With him to whom her hand I gave.
They leave the porch, they pass the grave
That has today its sunny side.

Today the grave is bright for me,
For them the light of life increased,
Who stay to share the morning feast,
Who rest tonight beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance
To meet and greet a whiter sun ;
My drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays,
And hearts are warmed and faces bloom,
As drinking health to bride and groom
We wish them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance, among the rest,
And, though in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws on,
And those white-favoured horses wait ;
They rise, but linger ; it is late ;
Farewell ; we kiss ; and they are gone.

Again, the feast, the speech, the glee,
The shade of passing thought, the wealth
Of words and wit, the double health,
The crowning cup, the three-times-three,

And last the dance, till I retire ;
Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,
And high in heaven the streaming cloud,
And on the downs a rising fire :

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
Till over down and over dale
All night the shining vapour sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
 And catch at every mountain head,
 And o'er the friths that branch and spread
 Their sleeping silver through the hills ;

And touch with shade the bridal doors,
 With tender gloom the roof, the wall ;
 And breaking let the splendour fall
 To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
 And, star and system rolling past,
 A soul shall draw from out the vast
 And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved through life of lower phase,
 Result in man, be born and think,
 And act and love, a closer link
 Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
 On knowledge ; under whose command
 Is Earth's and Earth's, and in their hand
 Is Nature like an open book ;

No longer half-akin to brute,
 For all we thought and loved and did,
 And hoped, and suffered, is but seed
 Of what in them is flower and fruit ;

Whereof the man that with me trod
 This planet was a noble type,
 Appearing ere the times were ripe,
 That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
 One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine event,
 To which the whole Creation moves.

From Tennyson's In Memoriam

Is it so Small a Thing ?

Is it so small a thing
 To have enjoyed the sun,
 To have lived light in the spring,
 To have loved, to have thought, to have done ;
 To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes ?

Matthew Arnold

Sir Walter Raleigh's Farewell

This letter was written by Sir Walter Raleigh to his wife on the night before he expected to die at Winchester in 1603

YOU shall now receive, my dear wife, my last words. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead, and my counsel that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not by my will present you with sorrows, dear Bessie ; let them go into the grave with me and be buried in the dust. And, seeing it is not the will of God that I should see you any more in this life, bear it patiently with a heart like thyself.

I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive or my words express for your many travails and care taken for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less, but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself many days after my death, but seek to help your miserable fortunes and the right of your poor child. Thy mournings cannot avail me ; I am but dust.

Thirdly you shall understand that my land was conveyed to my child, and I trust my blood will quench the malice that has thus cruelly murdered me, and that they will not seek also to kill thee and thine with extreme poverty.

To what friend to direct thee I know not, for all mine have left me in the time of trial, and I plainly see that my death was determined from the first day. Most sorry I am, God knows, that being thus surprised at death I can leave you in no better estate. But God hath prevented all my resolutions, the great God that ruleth all in all ; but if you can live free from want, care for no more : the rest is but vanity.

Love God, and begin betimes to repose yourself on him. Therein shall you find true and everlasting riches and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have wearied all your thoughts over all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall but sit down by sorrow in the end.

Teach your son also to live and fear God while he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow up with him.

I have much money owing me ; for my soul's sake pay all poor men. When I am gone no doubt you shall be sought by many, for the world thinks that I was very rich. But take heed of the pretences of men and their affections ; no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey and afterwards despised. I speak not this, God knows, to dissuade you from marriage which will be best for you.

As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine ; death has cut us asunder. Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who chose you and loved you in his happiest times.

I cannot write much. God knows how hardly I steal this time while others sleep, and it is high time I should separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body which living was denied thee, and bury it at Sherborne or in Exeter by my father and mother. I can say no more. Time and death call me away. The everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipotent God, that Almighty God who is goodness itself, the true life and true light, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers, and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom.

My dear wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy, pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in his arms.

Mankind's Song of Freedom

Look on who will in apathy, and stifle they who can
The sympathies, the hopes, the words, that make man truly man ;
Let those whose hearts are deadgeoned up with interest or with ease
Consent to hear, with quiet pulse, of loathsome deeds like these !

I first drew in New England's air, and from her hardy breast
Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk that will not let me rest ;
And if my words seem treason to the dullard and the tame,
Tis but my Bay State dialect—our fathers spake the same !

Shame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone
To those who won our liberty, the heroes dead and gone,
While we look coldly on and see law-shielded ruffians slay
The men who fain would win their own, the heroes of today !

Are we pledged to craven silence ? O fling it to the wind,
The parchment wall that bars us from the least of human kind,
That makes us cringe and temporise, and dumbly stand at rest,
While Pity's burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast !

Though we break our fathers' promise, we have nobler duties first ;
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed ;
Man is more than Constitutions ; better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to Church and State while we're doubly false to God !

We owe allegiance to the State ; but deeper, truer, more,
To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's core ;
Our country claims our fealty ; we grant it so, but then
Before Man made us citizens great Nature made us men.

He's true to God who's true to man ; wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us ; and they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves and not for all their race.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain range or sea.
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric thrill.

Chain down your slaves with ignorance, ye cannot keep apart,
With all your craft of tyranny, the human heart from heart :
When first the Pilgrims landed on the Bay State's iron shore,
The word went forth that slavery should one day be no more.

Out from the land of bondage tis decreed our slaves shall go,
And signs to us are offered, as erst to Pharaoh ;
If we are blind, their exodus, like Israel's of yore,
Through a Red Sea is doomed to be, whose surges are of gore.

Tis ours to save our brethren, with peace and love to win
Their darkened hearts from error, ere they harden it to sin ;
But if before his duty man with listless spirit stands,
Ere long the Great Avenger takes the work from out his hands.

Written during the Civil War by James Russell Lowell

Attired with Stars, We shall For Ever Sit

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross ;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain,
For when as each thing bad thou hast entombed,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss ;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of Him t' whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this Earthly grossness quit,
Attired with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time.

John Milton

A Distant Corner of the Roman Empire

BRITAIN, of all the islands known to the Romans, is the largest. On the east it extends towards Germany ; on the west towards Spain ; and on the south it lies opposite to the coast of Gaul. The northern extremity is lashed by the billows of a prodigious sea, and no land is known beyond it. By Agricola's order the Roman fleet sailed round the northern point, and made the first certain discovery that Britain is an island.

The cluster of isles called the Orkneys, till then wholly unknown, was in this expedition added to the Roman Empire. Thule, which had lain concealed in the gloom of winter and a depth of eternal snows, was also seen by our navigators. The sea in those parts is said to be a sluggish mass of stagnated water, hardly yielding to the stroke of the oar, and never agitated by winds and tempests.

The natural cause may be that high lands and mountains, which occasion commotions in the air, are deficient in those regions ; not to mention that such a prodigious body of water, in a vast and boundless ocean, is heaved and impelled with difficulty. There is not in any other part of the world an expanse of water that rages with such uncontrollable dominion, now receiving the discharge of various rivers, and at times driving their currents back to their sources.

Nor is it on the coast only that the flux and reflux of the tide are perceived : the swell of the sea forces its way into the recesses of the land, forming bays and islands in the heart of the country, and foaming amid hills and mountains as in its natural channel.

Whether the first inhabitants of Britain were natives of the island, or adventitious settlers, is a question lost in the mists of antiquity. The Britons, like other barbarous nations, have no monuments of their history. The strength of their armies consists in their infantry, though some of their warriors take the fields in chariots. The person of highest distinction guides the reins, while his martial followers, mounted in the same vehicle, annoy the enemy.

The climate is unfavourable, always damp with rains and overcast with clouds. Intense cold is never felt. The days are longer than in our southern regions, the nights remarkably bright, and, towards the extremity of the island, so very short that between the last gleam of day and the returning dawn the interval is scarcely perceptible. In a serene sky, when no clouds intervene to obstruct the sight, the Sun, we are told, appears all night long, neither setting in the west nor rising in the east, but always moving above the horizon. The cause of this phenomenon may be that, the surface of the Earth towards the northern extremities being flat and level, the shade never rises to any considerable height, and, the sky still retaining the rays of the Sun, the heavenly bodies continue visible.

The soil does not afford either the vine, olive, or the fruits of

warmer climates ; but it is otherwise fertile, and yields corn in great plenty. Vegetation is quick in shooting up, and slow in coming to maturity. Both are reducible to the same cause—the constant moisture of the atmosphere and the dampness of the soil.

Britain contains, to reward the conqueror, mines of gold and silver and other metals. The sea produces pearls, but of a dark and livid colour. This defect is ascribed by some to want of skill in this kind of fishery ; the people employed in gathering content themselves in gleaning what happens to be thrown upon the shore, whereas in the Red Sea the shellfish are found clinging to the rocks and taken alive. For my part, I am inclined to think that the British pearl is of an inferior quality.

The Britons are willing to supply our armies with new levies. They pay their tribute without a murmur, and they perform all the services of government with alacrity, provided they have no reason to complain of oppression. When injured their resentment is quick, sudden, and impatient ; they are conquered, not broken-hearted ; reduced to obedience, not subdued to slavery. Even Julius Caesar, the first of the Romans who set his foot in Britain at the head of an army, can only be said by a prosperous battle to have struck the natives with terror, and to have made himself master of the seashore.

From the Roman historian Tacitus

The Lament for a Noble Roman

This passage is from the Roman historian Tacitus, on Agricola, the noblest of all Romans who ruled Britain after the days of Boadicea

THE end of his life, a deplorable calamity to us and a grief to his friends, was regretted with concern even by those who knew him not. The common people and the busy population continually inquired at his house and talked of him in public places and in private gatherings. No man when he heard of Agricola's death could at once forget it.

Should posterity wish to know something of his appearance, it was graceful rather than commanding ; one could easily believe him a good man and willingly believe him to be great. Those blessings consisting in virtue he had fully attained, and on one who had reached the honours of a consulate and a triumph, what more had fortune to bestow ? Immense wealth had no attractions for him, and wealth he had, even to splendour. It may be thought that he was even fortunate, seeing that while his fame was at its height, while his kindred and friends still prospered, he escaped from the evil to come. He had this mighty compensation for his premature death, that he was spared those latter years in which Domitian drained the lifeblood of a commonwealth. He did not see the Senate House besieged, or the Senate hemmed in by armed men, or so many of Rome's noblest ladies exiles and fugitives.

Thou wast indeed fortunate, Agricola, not only in the splendour of thy life, but in the moment of thy death . . . yet with too few tears thou wast laid to thy rest, and in the light of thy last day there was something for which thine eyes longed in vain.

If there is any dwelling-place for the spirits of the just, if noble souls do not perish with the body, rest thou in peace and call us, thy family, from weak regrets and womanish laments to the contemplation of thy virtues, for which we must not weep nor beat the breast. Let us honour thee, not so much with transitory praises as with our reverence, that will be true respect, the true affection of thy nearest kin. It is not that I would forbid the likeness wrought in bronze or marble, but the faces of men are perishable things while the soul is everlasting. Whatever we loved in Agricola survives and will survive in the hearts of men, in the succession of the ages, in the fame that waits on noble deeds. Over many of those who have gone before the waves of oblivion will roll, but Agricola will live for ever.

Tacitus

Pliny's Appeal to Caesar

It was Pliny, who left the world the only account by an eye-witness of the destruction of Pompeii, who left us also the first mention of Christianity in secular history. The Roman scholar and ruler is troubled by the strange new sect calling themselves Christians, and writes concerning them to Trajan. These are the letters, written about 103 A.D., soon after the Gospel of Saint John. Trajan's answer must always be famous for its spirit of toleration.

Pliny to Trajan

IT is my invariable rule to refer to you in all matters about which I feel doubtful. Who can better remove my doubts or inform my ignorance?

I have never been present at any legal examination of Christians, so that I do not know what is the nature of the charge against them, or what is the usual punishment. Whether any difference or distinction is made between the young and persons of mature years, whether repentance of their fault entitles them to pardon, whether the very profession of Christianity unaccompanied by any criminal act is a subject of punishment—on all these points I am in great doubt. Meanwhile, as to those who have been charged before me with being Christians, I have observed the following method.

I asked them whether they were Christians; if they admitted it I repeated the question twice; if they persisted I ordered them at once to be punished. I could not doubt that, whatever might be the nature of their opinions, such inflexible obstinacy deserved punishment. Some were brought before me, with the same infatuation, who were Roman citizens; these I took care should be sent to Rome.

An anonymous information was laid before me containing a great number of names. Some said they neither were and never had been

Christians ; they repeated after me an invocation of the gods, and offered wine and incense before your statue (which I had ordered to be brought for that purpose, together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ ; whereas there is no forcing (it is said) of those who are really Christians into any of these acts. These I thought ought to be discharged.

Some among them, who were accused by a witness in person at first confessed themselves Christians but immediately after denied it. They declared that their offence was summed up in this, that they met on a stated day before daybreak, and addressed a form of prayer to Christ, as to a divinity, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for any wicked purpose, but never to commit fraud, robbery, theft ; never to break their word, or to deny a trust when called upon to deliver it up ; after which it was their custom to separate, and then reassemble to eat together a harmless meal. From this custom, however, they desisted after the proclamation of my edict, by which, according to your command, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies.

In consequence of their declaration I judged it necessary to try to get at the real truth by putting to the torture two female slaves who were said to officiate in their religious rites ; but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition. And so I adjourned all further proceedings in order to consult you. It seems to me a matter deserving your consideration, more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have extended to persons of all ranks and ages, and of both sexes.

The contagion of the superstition is not confined to the cities, and has spread into the villages and the country. Still, I think it may be checked. At any rate, the temples which were almost abandoned begin to be frequented again, and the sacred rites so long neglected are revived. There is also a general demand for victims for sacrifice, which till lately found very few purchasers. From all this it is easy to conjecture what numbers might be reclaimed if a general pardon were granted to those who repent of their error.

Trajan to Pliny

You have adopted the right course, my dear Pliny, in investigating the charges made against the Christians who were brought before you. It is not possible to lay down any general rule for all such cases.

Do not go out of the way to look for them. If they are brought before you, and the offence is proved, you must punish them, but with this restriction—that when the person denies he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not by invoking the gods, he is to be pardoned, notwithstanding any former suspicion against him.

Anonymous informations ought not to be received in any sort of prosecution. It is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and is quite foreign to the spirit of our age.

Toll for the Brave

*Cowper's version of the foundering of the flagship
of Admiral Kempenfelt at Spithead in 1782*

TOLL for the brave,
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset :
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

William Cowper

The Friend of Ours Called Death

MEN fear death as children fear to go in the dark ; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly the contemplation of death as the wages of sin and passage to another world is holy and religious, but the fear of it as a tribute due unto Nature is weak.

It is worthy the observing that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death. Revenge triumphs over death. Love slights it. Honour aspireth to it. Grief flieth to it. Fear pre-occupateth it. A man would die though he were neither valiant nor miserable only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over.

It is as natural to die as to be born, and to a little infant perhaps the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who for the time scarce feels the hurt ; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of death.

But above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also—that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy.

I know many wise men that fear to die, for the change is bitter, and flesh would refuse to prove it. Besides, the expectation brings terror, and that exceeds the evil. But I do not believe that any man fears to be dead, but only the stroke of death.

Why should man be in love with his fetters, though of gold ? Art thou drowned in security ? Then I say thou art perfectly dead. For though thou movest, yet thy soul is buried within thee, and thy good angel either forsakes his guard or sleeps. There is nothing under heaven, saving a true friend (who cannot be counted within the number of movables) into which my heart doth lean ; and this dear freedom hath begotten me this peace—that I mourn not for that end which must be, nor spend one wish to have one minute added to the uncertain date of my years.

It was no mean apprehension of Lucien, who says of Menippus that in his travels through hell he knew not the kings of the earth from other men, but only by their louder cryings and tears, which was fostered in them through the remorseful memory of the good days they had seen, and the fruitful havings which they so unwillingly left behind them. He that was well-seated looked back at his portion and was loth to forsake his farm ; and others, either minding marriages, pleasures, profit, or preferment, desired to be excused from Death's banquet. They had made an appointment with earth, looking at the blessings, not the hand that enlarged them, forgetting how unclothedly they came hither, or with what naked ornaments they were arrayed.

But, were we not become benighted with this seeming felicity, we should enjoy it as men prepared to lose, and not wind up our thoughts upon so perishing a fortune. He that is not slackly strong as the servant of pleasure, how can he be found unready to quit the veil and false visage of his perfection? The soul having shaken off her flesh doth then set up for herself.

Death finds not a worse friend than an alderman, to whose door I never knew him welcome—but he is an importunate guest and will not be said nay; and, though they themselves shall affirm that they are not within, yet the answer will not be taken.

Death arrives gracious only to such as sit in darkness, or lie heavy burdened with grief and irons; to the poor Christian that sits bound in the galley; to despairful widows, pensive prisoners, and deposed kings; to them whose fortune runs back and whose spirit mutinies. Unto such death is a redeemer and the grave a place for rest. These wait upon the shore of death and waft into him to draw near, wishing above all others to see his star that they might be led to his place, wooing the remorseless sisters to wind down the watch of their life and to break them off before the hour.

I am not one of those that dare promise to pine away myself in vain-glory, and I hold such to be but feat boldness, and them that dare commit it to be vain; yet for my part I think Nature should do me great wrong if I should be so long in dying as I was in being born. To speak truth, no man knows the lists of his own patience; nor can divine how able he shall be in his sufferings till the storm come, the perfectest virtue being tried in action. But I would, out of a care to do the best business well, ever keep a guard, and stand upon keeping faith and a good conscience. And if wishes might find place I would die together—and not my mind often and my body once. I consent with Caesar that the suddenest passage is easiest, and there is nothing more awakens our resolve and readiness to die than the quieted conscience. What is more heavy than evil fame deserved? Or, likewise, who can see worse days than he that yet living doth follow at the funerals of his own reputation? I have laid up many hopes that I am privileged from that kind of mourning, and could wish the like peace to all those with whom I wage love.

I might say much of the commodities that death can sell a man. But, briefly, Death is a friend of ours, and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at home. While I am, my ambition is not to fore-flow the tide. I would wish nothing but what might better my days, nor desire any greater place than the front of good opinion.

I make not love to the continuance of days, but to the goodness of them; nor wish to die, but refer myself to my hour, which the great Dispenser of all things hath appointed me.

From Bacon's two essays on Death

A Footprint

One of the most famous passages in the literature of imagination is Robinson Crusoe's discovery of a footprint on his lonely island

IT happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition.

I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground, to look farther. I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy, but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts.

When I came to my castle I fled into it like one pursued. Never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night. The farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were. I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil, and reason joined in with me upon this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it but to leave the print of his foot behind, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it; this was an amusement the other way.

I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous creature, some of the savages of the mainland who had wandered out to sea in their canoes.

While these reflections were rolling upon my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would

have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here ; and that if so I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers and devour me ; that, if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my enclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope. All that former confidence in God, which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness, now vanished, as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto could not preserve by His power the provision He had made for me by His goodness. I reproached myself with my easiness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground. And this I thought so just a reproof that I resolved to have two or three years' corn beforehand, so that I might not perish for bread.

I then reflected that God, who was not only righteous but omnipotent, as He had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so was able to deliver me. These thoughts took me up many hours, days, nay, I may say, weeks and months ; and one particular effect of my cogitations on this occasion I cannot omit. One morning early lying in my bed, filled with thought about my danger from the appearance of savages, I found it discomposed me very much ; upon which those words of the Scriptures came into my thoughts : " Call upon Me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee."

In the middle of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thought one day that all this might be a mere chimera of my own ; and that this foot might be the print of my own foot, when I came on shore from my boat. This cheered me up a little too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion, that it was nothing else but my own foot ; and why might I not come that way from the boat, as well as I was going that way to the boat ? Again, I considered also that I could by no means tell, for certain, where I had trod and where I had not ; and that if, at last, this was only the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools who strive to make stories of spectres and apparitions, and then are frightened at them more than anybody.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again, for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provision ; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley-cakes and water. Then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion ; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it ; and, indeed, it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk.

Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and so I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house to milk my flock. But to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready to lay down my basket and run for my life, would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had lately been most terribly frightened ; and so, indeed I had.

Daniel Defoe

Why All the World Followed After Him

WHILE St. Francis was abiding at the friary of the Porziuncula with Friar Masseo of Marignano, a man of great holiness and discernment and grace, in discoursing of God (and therefore much beloved of him), he was returning one day from prayer in the wood, and was already on the point of issuing therefrom when Friar Masseo, desiring to prove his humility, made towards him and said, half jestingly, "Why after thee ? Why after thee ?"

And St. Francis answered, "What meanest thou ?"

Said Friar Masseo : "I mean why doth all the world follow after thee, and why doth every man desire to see thee and to hear thee and to obey thee ? Thou art not fair to look upon ; thou art not a man of great parts ; thou art not of noble birth. Whence cometh it, then, that all the world followeth after thee ?"

When St. Francis heard this he rejoiced exceedingly in spirit, and, raising his face to heaven, remained for a great space with his soul uplifted to God. And then, returning to himself, he knelt down and gave praise and thanks to God. Then with great fervour of spirit he turned to Friar Masseo and said : "Wouldst thou know why after me ? Know that this I have from those eyes of the Most High God, that everywhere behold the righteous and the wicked, and forasmuch as those most holy eyes have beheld among sinners none more vile, more imperfect, nor a greater sinner than I, therefore, since He hath found no viler creature on Earth to accomplish the marvellous work He intendeth, He hath chosen me to confound the nobility, the majesty, the might, the beauty, and the wisdom of the world, in order to make manifest that every virtue and every good thing cometh from Him the Creator and not from the creature and that none may glory before Him : but that he that glories shall glory, in the Lord, to whom belong all glory and all honour for ever."

Then Friar Masseo waxed sore afraid at this lowly answer given with great fervour, and knew of a surety that St. Francis was grounded in humility.

*From the Little Flowers of Saint Francis
written during the Thirteenth Century*

Beyond

WHEN youthful faith hath fled,
Of loving take thy leave ;
Be constant to the dead :
The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet modest flowers of Spring,
How fleet your balmy day !
And man's brief year can bring
No secondary May :

No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom,
Fond hope and vision vain
Ungrateful to the tomb.

But tis an old belief
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more.

Beyond the sphere of Time,
And Sin and Fate's control,
Serene in endless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll not forego ;
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so !

John Gibson Lockhart

Sun of My Soul

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned today the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep tonight,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble

*All Things Fair and Bright
are Thine*

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see :
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee :
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye :
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

Thomas Moore

Nothing Good Shall be Lost

THERE shall never be one lost good ! what was shall live as before ;
 The evil is naught, is silence implying sound ;
 What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more ;
 On the Earth the broken arcs ; in the Heaven a perfect round.

Robert Browning

From the Frozen North to the Glowing South

IF you come to a matter of sympathy with the South, or recognition of the South, or mediation or intervention for the benefit of the South, you should consider : *What are the ends of the South ?*

Is there a man here who doubts for a moment that the object of the war on the part of the South is to maintain in bondage four millions of human beings ? That is only a small part of it. The farther object is to perpetuate for ever the bondage of all the posterity of those four millions of slaves. The object is that a handful of white men on that continent shall lord it over many millions of blacks, made black by the very Hand that made us white.

The object is that they should have the power to breed Negroes, to work Negroes, to lash Negroes, to chain Negroes, to buy and sell Negroes, to deny them the commonest ties of family, or to break their hearts by rending them at their pleasure, to close their mental eye to but a glimpse even of that knowledge which separates us from the brute—for in their laws it is criminal and penal to teach the Negro to read—to seal from their hearts the book of our religion, and to make chattels and things of men and women and children.

Now it would be unreasonable that we should object to trade with a country merely because it happened to have within its borders the institution of slavery, hateful as that institution is ; but in this case it is a new State intending to set itself up on the sole basis of slavery. Slavery is blasphemously declared to be its chief corner-stone.

I cannot believe that such a fate will befall that fair land, stricken though it now is with the ravages of war. I cannot believe that civilisation, in its journey with the Sun, will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

Wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main—and I see one people and one language, one law and one faith, and over all that wide continent the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime.

John Bright on the Slave War, in 1862

When They Shall Learn War No More

The voice of John Bright rang through the House of Commons, and in the great halls of England, in passionate protest against the Crimean War. There has been no more eloquent plea for peace than in these three passages from his speeches.

IF you go into war now you will have more banners to decorate your cathedrals and churches. Englishmen will fight now as well as they ever did, and there is ample power to back them if the country can be but sufficiently excited and deluded. You may raise up great generals. You may have another Wellington, and another Nelson too, for this country can grow men capable for every enterprise. Then there may be titles and pensions and marble monuments to eternise the men who have thus become great. *But what becomes of you, and your country, and your children?*

Rely on it that injustice of any kind, be it bad laws, or be it an unjust and unnecessary war, of necessity creates perils to every institution in the country. I confess, when I think of the perils into which unthinking men (who do not intend to fight themselves) are willing to drag this country, I am amazed how they can trifle with interests so vast, and consequences so much beyond their calculation.

I think I may put before you higher considerations even than those of property and the institutions of your country. I may remind you of duties more solemn, and of obligations more imperative. You profess to be a Christian nation. You make it your boast that you are a Protestant people, and you draw your rule of doctrine and practice, as from a well pure and undefiled, from the living oracles of God, and from the direct revelation of the Omnipotent. You have even conceived the magnificent project of illuminating the whole Earth, even to its remotest and darkest recesses, by the dissemination of the New Testament, in whose every page are written for ever the words of peace.

Is this a reality? Or is your Christianity a romance? Is your profession a dream? No, I am sure that your Christianity is not a romance; your profession is not a dream. It is because I believe this that I appeal to you with confidence, and that I have hope and faith in the future. I believe that we shall see, and at no very distant time, sound economic principles spreading much more widely among the people; a sense of justice growing up in soil which hitherto has been deemed unfruitful; and, which will be better than all, the churches of Great Britain awaking as it were from their slumbers, and girding up their loins to more glorious work, when they shall not only accept and believe in the prophecy but labour earnestly for its fulfilment, that there shall come a time, a blessed time, a time which shall last for ever, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

John Bright in the autumn of 1853

The Angel of Death

I CANNOT but notice that an uneasy feeling exists as to the news that may arrive by the very next mail from the East.

I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea ; but I am certain that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land ; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on ; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly ; and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.

I am sure the noble lord is not inaccessible to appeals made to him from honest motives and with no unfriendly feeling. The noble lord has been for more than forty years a member of this House. Before I was born he sat upon the Treasury bench, and he has devoted his life in the service of his country. He is no longer young, and his life has extended almost to the term allotted to man. I would entreat him to take a course which, when he looks back upon his whole political career (whatever he may therein find to be pleased with, whatever to regret), cannot but be a source of gratification to him. By adopting that course he would have the satisfaction of reflecting that, having obtained the object of his laudable ambition, having become the foremost subject of the Crown, the director, it may be, of the destinies of his country and the presiding genius in her councils, he had achieved a still higher and nobler ambition—that he had returned the sword to the scabbard, that at his word torrents of blood had ceased to flow, that he had restored tranquillity to Europe, and saved this country from the indescribable calamities of war.

John Bright in Parliament

A Voice Amid the Din of Arms

WHEN I look at gentlemen on that bench and consider all their policy has brought about within the past twelve months I scarcely dare trust myself to speak of them.

We all know what we have lost in this House. Here, sitting near me, very often sat the member for Frome. I met him a short time before he went out, at Mr. Westerton's, the bookseller near Hyde Park Corner. I asked him whether he was going out. He answered he was afraid he was ; not afraid in the sense of personal fear (he knew not that) ; but he said, with a look and a tone I shall never forget, "It is no light matter for a man who has a wife and

five little children." The stormy Euxine is his grave ; his wife is a widow, his children fatherless.

On the other side of the House sat a member, with whom I was not acquainted, who has lost his life, and another of whom I knew something. Who is there that does not recollect his frank, amiable, and manly countenance ? I doubt whether there were any men on either side of the House who were more capable of fixing the goodwill and affection of those with whom they were associated. Well, the place that knew them shall know them no more for ever.

I am not, nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman. I have not enjoyed for thirty years, like these noble lords, the honours and emoluments of office. I have not set my sails to every passing breeze. I am a plain simple citizen sent here by one of the foremost constituencies of the Empire, representing (feebly perhaps but honestly I aver) the opinions of very many, and the true interests of all those who have sent me here. Let it not be said that I am alone in my condemnation of this war, and of this incapable and guilty Administration. But even if I were alone, if mine were a solitary voice raised amid the din of arms, I should have the consolation I have tonight, which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence—the priceless consolation that no word of mine has tended to promote the squandering of my country's treasure, or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood.

John Bright in Parliament in 1854

Eternal Ruler of the Ceaseless Round

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way ;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day ;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembleth into prayer,
One in the power that makes the children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

O clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine ;
Our inspiration be thy constant word ;
We ask no victories that are not thine :
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be ;
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

J. W. Chadwick

Adonais

His health broken by his devotion to a dying brother, John Keats died in Rome at twenty-five. He felt that his name was writ in water, but he left behind an imperishable legacy. In this impassioned Lament his friend Shelley pours out his sorrow, and for once attains the heights of sublimity.

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead !
 Oh, weep for Adonais ! though our tears
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head !
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
 And teach them thine own sorrow, say : “ With me
 Died Adonais ; till the Future dares
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity ! ”

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead !
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep !
 Yet wherefore ? Quench within their burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep ;
 For he is gone where all things wise and fair
 Descend ;—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
 Will yet restore him to the vital air ;
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

He will awake no more, oh, never more !
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place ;
 The external Hunger sits, but pity and awe
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
 So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
 Of change, shall o’er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh, weep for Adonais ! The quick dreams,
 The passion-wingèd ministers of thought,
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
 The love which was its music, wander not,
 Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
 But droop there, whence they sprung ; and mourn their lot
 Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
 They ne’er will gather strength, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries ;
“ Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead ;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some dream has loosened from his brain.”
Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise !
She knew not twas her own ; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them ;
Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem ;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak ;
And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music : the damp death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips ;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies ;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp ; the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed by the æreal eyes that kindle day ;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day ;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds : a drear
Murmur between their songs is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen year ?
To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais : wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears ; odour to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain ;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the Sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee : the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest !

Ah, woe is me ! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year ;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone ;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear ;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead season's bier ;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in fields and brere ;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos ; in its stream immersed,
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light ;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst ;
Diffuse themselves ; and spend in love's delight,
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath ;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath ;
Nought we know dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning ?—the intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas ! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal ! Woe is me !
Whence are we, and why are we ? of what scene
The actors or spectators ? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep :
He hath awakened from the dream of life :
Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel ; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again ;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—tis Death is dead, not he ;
Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone ;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair !

He is made one with Nature : there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird ;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
 Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
 All new successions to the forms they wear ;
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
 Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
 Rose pale,—his solemn agony had not
 Yet faded from him ; Sidney, as he fought
 And as he fell and as he lived and loved
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
 Arose ; and Lucan, by his death approved :
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reprovèd.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 "Thou art become as one of us," they cry,
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent alone amid a Heaven of Song.
 Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng !"

Who mourns for Adonais ? Oh, come forth,
Fond wretch ! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth ;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiates the void circumference : then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night ;
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh, not of him, but of our joy : tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought ;
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey ;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness ;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of grey access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread ;
And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilions the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble ; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause : these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each ; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou ! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become ?

The One remains, the many change and pass ;
 Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments. Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
 Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.
 Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart ?
 Thy hopes are gone before : from all things here
 They have departed ; thou shouldst now depart !
 A light is passed from the revolving year,
 And man, and woman ; and what still is dear
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
 The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near :
 Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither,
 No more let Life divide what Death can join together.
 That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which, through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.
 The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me ; my spirit's barque is driven,
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;
 The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven !
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar ;
 Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Shelley

Love, Lift Me Up

LOVE, lift me up upon thy golden wings,
 From this base world unto thy heaven's height,
 Where I may see those admirable things
 Which there thou workest by thy sovereign right,
 Far above feeble reach of earthly sight,
 That I thereof a heavenly hymn may sing
 Unto the God of Love, high heaven's king.

Edmund Spenser

A Letter to Dick Cromwell

From Oliver Cromwell to his beloved son Richard, at Hursley in Hampshire; written from Carrick on April 2, 1650

DICK CROMWELL,

I take your letters kindly. I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strained nor affected.

I am persuaded it's the Lord's mercy to place you where you are : I wish you may own it and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seek the Lord and His face continually ; let this be the business of your life and strength, and let all things be subservient and in order to this ! You cannot find nor behold the face of God but in Christ ; therefore labour to know God in Christ, which the Scripture makes to be the sun of all, even Life Eternal.

Take heed of an unactive vain spirit ! Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's History ; it's a Body of History, and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of story. Intend to understand the Estate I have settled : it's your concernment to know it all, and how it stands. I have heretofore suffered much by too much trusting others.

You will think, perhaps, I need not advise you to love your wife ! The Lord teach you how to do it, or else it will be done ill-favouredly. Though marriage be no instituted Sacrament, yet where love is this union aptly resembles that of Christ and His Church. If *you* can truly love your wife, what love doth Christ bear to His Church and every poor soul therein. Commend me to your wife ; tell her I entirely love her, and rejoice in the goodness of the Lord to her.

I have presented my love to my Sister and Cousin Ann in my Letter to my Brother Mayor. I would not have him alter his affairs because of my debt. My purse is as his ; my present thoughts are but to lodge such a sum for my two little girls ; it's in his hands as well as anywhere. I shall not be wanting to accommodate him to his mind ; I would not have him solicitous.

Dick, the Lord bless you every way. I rest, Your loving Father,
OLIVER CROMWELL

Cromwell Gone

TRULY it is a great scene of world-history, this in Old Whitehall : Oliver Cromwell drawing nigh to his end.

The exit of Oliver Cromwell and of English Puritanism ; a great Light, one of our few authentic Solar Luminaries, going down now amid the clouds of death, like the setting of a great victorious summer sun. He died, this Hero Oliver, in resignation to God, as the brave have all done. " We could not be more desirous he should abide," says the pious Harvey, " than he was once content and willing to be gone." The struggle lasted, amid hope and fear, for ten days. Some small miscellaneous traits and confused gleanings of last words ; and then our poor history ends.

When the morrow's Sun rose Oliver was speechless ; between three and four in the afternoon he lay dead. Friday, 3rd September, 1658. "The consternation and astonishment of all people," writes Fauconberg, "are inexpressible ; their hearts seem as if sunk within them. My poor wife—I know not what on Earth to do with her. When seemingly quieted she bursts out again into a passion that tears her very heart in pieces." Husht, poor weeping Mary ! Here is a Life-battle right nobly done. Seest thou not,

The storm is changed into a calm,

At His command and will ;

So that waves which raged before

Now quiet are and still !

Then are they glad—because at rest

And quiet now they be :

So to the haven He brings them

Which they desired to see.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord ; blessed are the valiant that have lived in the Lord. Amen, saith the Spirit, Amen. They do rest from their labours, and their works follow them.

Their works follow them—as, I think, this Oliver Cromwell's works have done and are still doing. We have had our Revolutions of Eighty-eight, officially called glorious ; and other revolutions not yet called glorious ; and somewhat has been gained for poor mankind. Men's ears are not now slit off by rash officiality ; Officiality will, for long henceforth, be more cautious about men's ears. The tyrannous Star-chambers, branding-irons, chimerical kings and surplises at All-hallowtide, they are gone, or with immense velocity going. Oliver's works do follow him. The works of a man, bury them under what you will, do not perish, cannot perish. What of heroism, what of eternal light, was in a man and his life is with very great exactness added to the Eternities ; remains forever a new divine portion of the Sum of Things ; and no owl's voice, this way or that, in the least avails in the matter.

Oliver is gone ; and with him England's Puritanism, laboriously built together by this man, and made a thing far-shining miraculous to its own century, and memorable to all the centuries, soon goes. Puritanism is kingless, anarchic ; falls into dislocation, self-collision ; staggers, plunges into ever deeper anarchy ; defender of the Puritan faith there can now none be found ; and nothing is left but recall the old disowned Defender with the remnants of his two centuries of hypocrisy (or play-acting), and put-up with all that, the best we may. The genius of England no longer soars sunward, world-defiant, like an eagle through the storms, "mewing her mighty youth," as John Milton saw her do ; the genius of England stands with its ostrich-head stuck into the readiest bush, of old church-tippetts, king-cloaks, and so awaits the issue. The issue has been



BALTHASAR CARLOS ON HIS HORSE—BY VELASQUEZ



THE MARSHAM CHILDREN—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH



THE CHERUB CHOIR—BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

slow ; but it is now seen to have been inevitable. No ostrich sticking its head into fallacies but will be awakened one day. Awake before it come to that ; gods and men bid us awake ! The voices of our Fathers bid us awake.

Thomas Carlyle

Cromwell and the King

THIS madness to resist or blame
 The force of angry heaven's flame ;
 And, if we would speak true,
 Much to the man is due
 Who from his private gardens, where
 He lived reservèd and austere,
 (As if his highest plot
 To plant the bergamot),
 Could by industrious valour climb
 To ruin the great work of Time,
 And cast the kingdoms old,
 Into another mould.
 What field of all the civil war,
 Where his were not the deepest scar ?
 And Hampton shows what part
 He had of wiser art ;
 Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
 He wove a net of such a scope,
 That Charles himself might chase
 To Carisbrooke's narrow case ;
 That thence the royal actor borne,
 The tragic scaffold might adorn.
 While round the armèd bands,
 Did clap their bloody hands,
 He nothing common did, or mean,
 Upon that memorable scene,
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try ;
 Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
 To vindicate his helpless right ;
 But bowed his comely head
 Down as upon a bed.

Andrew Marvell

The Hosts that Faced Each Other

There is not in existence any finer summing-up of the character and qualities of the men of the great Civil War than Macaulay's. Here are his two pictures of the Puritans and the Royalists, taken from his essay on Milton.

The Puritans

THE Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging in general terms an

over-ruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence.

They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions.

The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before Heaven and Earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when Heaven and Earth should have passed away.

Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen and flourished and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the Sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all Nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In

his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions and groans and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends.

He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself entrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him.

But when he took his seat in the Council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle.

These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

The Royalists

SUCH we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We now come to the Royalists.

We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candour. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horse-boys, gamblers, and bravoes whom the hope of license and plunder attracted from all the dens of Whitefriars to the Standard of Charles. We will select a more favourable specimen.

Thinking as we do that the cause of the King was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the

despots of other countries are compelled to employ, with the mutes who throng their antechambers and the Janissaries who mount guard at their gates.

Our Royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling courtiers, bowing at every step and simpering at every word. They were not machines for destruction dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valour, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honour, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell potent as that of Duessa ; and, like the Red-Cross Knight, they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress.

In truth they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous King or an intolerant Church that they fought, but for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life. With many of the vices of the Round Table they had also many of its virtues—courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness, and respect for women. They had far more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.

Thomas Babington Macaulay

Peace Hath Her Victories

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
 And on the neck of crownèd fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still ; peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than war : new foes arise
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

John Milton

The Character of the English People

THE sea is masculine, the type of active strength. Look what egg-shells are drifting all over it, each one filled with men in ecstasies of terror alternating with cockney conceit, as it is rough or smooth. But to the geologist the sea is the only firmament; the land is in perpetual flux and change. It has been said that the King of England would consult his dignity by giving audience to foreign ambassadors in the cabin of a man-of-war; and I think the white path of an Atlantic ship is the right avenue to the palace-front of this seafaring people.

England is a garden. Under an ash-coloured sky the fields have been combed and rolled till they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plough. Rivers, hills, valleys, the sea itself, feel the hand of a master.

What are the elements of that power which the English hold over other nations? If there be one test of national genius universally accepted it is Success; and if there be one successful country in the universe that country is England.

The culture of the day, the thoughts and aims of men, are English thoughts and aims. A nation considerable for a thousand years has in the last centuries obtained the ascendant, and stamped the knowledge, activity, and power of mankind with its impress.

The territory has a singular perfection. Neither hot nor cold, there is no hour in the whole year when one cannot work. The only drawback to industrial conveniency is the darkness of the sky. The night and day are too nearly of a colour.

England resembles a ship in shape, and if it were one its best admiral could not have anchored it in a more judicious or effective position. The shopkeeping nation has a good stand. It is anchored at the side of Europe, and right in the heart of the modern world.

In variety of surface Britain is a miniature of Europe, as if Nature had given it an artificial completeness. It is as if Nature had held counsel with herself and said:

My Romans are gone. To build my new empire I will choose a rude race, all masculine, with brutish strength. Sharp and temperate northern breezes shall blow to keep them alive and alert. The sea shall disjoin the people from others and knit them by a fierce nationality. Long time will I keep them on their feet, by poverty, border-wars, seafaring, sea-risks, and stimulus of gain.

The British Empire is reckoned to contain a fifth of the population of the globe, but what makes the British census important is the quality of the units that compose it. They are free, forcible men in a country where life has reached the greatest value. They have sound bodies and supreme endurance in war and in labour. They

have assimilating force, since they are imitated by their foreign subjects ; and they are still aggressive, enlarging the dominion of their arts and liberty. They have vigorous health and last well into middle and old age. They have more constitutional energy than any other people. They box, run, shoot, ride, row, and sail from Pole to Pole. They are the most voracious people of prey that have ever existed, and they have written the game-books of all countries.

These Saxons are the hands of mankind, the world's wealth-makers. They have that temperament which resists every means employed to make its possessor subservient to others. The English game is main force to main force, the planting of foot to foot, fair play and an open field ; a rough tug without trick or dodging till one or both comes to pieces. They hate craft and subtlety ; and when they have pounded each other to a poultice they will shake hands and be friends for the remainder of their lives.

Their realistic logic of coupling means to ends has given them the leadership of the modern world. Montesquieu said no people have true common sense but those who are born in England. This common sense is a perception of laws that can and of laws that cannot be stated, or that are learnt only by practice, with allowance for friction. The bias of the nation is a passion for utility. The Frenchman invented the ruffle ; the Englishman added the shirt. They think him the best dressed man whose dress is so fit for his use that you cannot notice or remember to describe it.

In war the Englishman looks to his means ; but, conscious that no better race of men exists, they rely most on the simplest means. They fundamentally believe that the best stratagem in naval war is to bring your ship alongside of the enemy's ship and bring all your guns to bear on him until you or he go to the bottom. This is the old fashion which never goes out of fashion.

The modern world is theirs. They have made and make it day by day. In every path of practical ability they have gone even with the best. There is no department of literature, of science, or of useful art, in which they have not produced a first-rate book. It is England whose opinion is waited for.

One secret of the power of this people is their mutual good understanding. Not only are good minds born among them, but all the people have good minds. An electric touch by any of their national ideas melts them into one family. The Chancellor carries England on his mace, the midshipman at the point of his dirk, the smith on his hammer, the cook in the bowl of his spoon, and the sailor times his oars to *God save the King* ! I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes.

The one thing the English value is pluck. The word is not beautiful, but on the quality they signify by it the nation is unanimous.

The cabmen have it ; the merchants have it ; the bishops have it ; the women have it ; the journals have it. They require you to dare to be of your own opinion, and they hate the practical cowards who cannot answer directly Yes or No.

Their vigour appears in the incuriosity and stony neglect each of the other. Each man walks, eats, drinks, shaves, dresses, gesticulates, and in every manner acts and suffers without reference to the bystanders ; he is occupied with his own affair and does not think of them. Every one of these islanders is an island himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable.

Born in a harsh and wet climate, which keeps him indoors whenever he is at rest, and being of an affectionate and loyal temper, the Englishman dearly loves his home. If he is rich he builds a hall and brings to it trophies of the adventures and exploits of the family till it becomes a museum of heirlooms.

The practical power of the English rests on their sincerity. Alfred, whom the affection of the nation makes the type of their race, is called by a writer at the Norman Conquest the *Truth-speaker*. The phrase of the lowest of the people is *Honour-bright*, and their praise, *His word is as good as his bond*.

The English race are reputed morose. They have enjoyed a reputation for taciturnity for six or seven hundred years. Cold, repressive manners prevail, and there is a wooden deadness in certain Englishmen which surpasses all other countrymen. In the power of saying rude truth no men rival them. They are proud and private.

They are good lovers, good haters, slow but obstinate admirers, and very much steeped in their temperament, like men hardly awaked from deep sleep which they enjoy.

The English have a mild aspect and ringing, cheerful voice. Of absolute stoutness of spirit no nation has more or better examples. They are good at storming redoubts, at boarding frigates, at dying in the last ditch, or any desperate service which has daylight and honour in it. They stoutly carry into every nook and corner of the earth their turbulent sense of inquiry, leaving no lie uncontradicted, no pretension unexamined.

They are very conscious of their advantageous position in history. I am afraid that the English nature is so rank and aggressive as to be a little incompatible with any other. The world is not wide enough for two. More intellectual than other races, when they live with other races they do not take their language, but bestow their own. They subsidise other nations, and are not subsidised.

The feudal character of the English State, now that it is getting obsolete, glares a little, in contrast with democratic tendencies. But the frame of society is aristocratic. Every man who becomes rich buys land and does what he can to fortify the nobility into which

he hopes to rise. The taste of the people is conservative. They are proud of their castles, of their language, and of their symbols of chivalry. English history is aristocracy with the doors open. Who has courage and faculty, let him come in.

All nobility in its beginnings was somebody's natural superiority. The things these English have done were not done without peril of life, nor without wisdom of conduct, and the first hands, it may be presumed, were often challenged to show their right to their honours, or yield them to better men. Comity, social talent, and fine manners no doubt have had their part also. The lawyer, the farmer, the silk mercer, lies *perdu* under the coronet and winks to the antiquary to say nothing. They were nobody's sons who did some piece of work at a nice moment.

The English names are excellent—they spread an atmosphere of legendary melody over the land. Older than epics and histories, which clothe a nation, this undershirt sits close to the body. What stores of primitive and savage observation it unfolds! Cambridge is the bridge of the Cam; Sheffield the field of the river Sheaf; Leicester the camp of Lear; Waltham is Strong Town; Radcliffe is Red Cliff, and so on—a sincerity and use in naming very striking to an American, whose country is whitewashed all over its surface with unmeaning names, the cast-off clothes of the country from which the emigrants came, or named at a pinch from a psalm tune.

England felt the full heat of the Christianity which fermented Europe and, like the chemistry of fire, drew a firm line between barbarism and culture. When the Saxon instinct had secured a service in the vernacular tongue the Church was the tutor and university of the people.

But the religion of England—is it the Established Church? No. Is it the sects? No. Where dwells the religion? Tell me first where dwells electricity, or motion, or thought? They do not dwell or stay at all. Electricity is passing, glancing, gesticular; it is a traveller, a newness, a secret. Yet, if religion be the doing of all good, and for its sake the suffering of all evil, that divine secret has existed in England from the days of Alfred to the days of Florence Nightingale, and in thousands who have no fame. *Emerson*

The Prayer of Charlemagne

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on humankind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

Attributed to Charlemagne, translated by Dryden

The Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

This poem by Thomas Gray is one of the most perfect in the English language. On the night before he took Quebec and died, General Wolfe declared that he would rather have written this poem than take Quebec.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !
Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :
*Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.*

*There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.*

*Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.*

*One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;*

*The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne ;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.*

Thomas Gray

The Last Act

THE last act is always tragedy, whatever fine comedy there may have been in the rest of life. We must all die alone. *Pascal*

Samson Agonistes

In these noble passages from Samson Agonistes is a powerful and pathetic picture of the closing scene in the life of the blind Israelite, written in the closing years of the blind John Milton.

SAMSON. A little onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little farther on ;
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade.
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
 Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,
 Where I, a prisoner chained, scarcely freely draw
 The air, imprisoned also, close and damp,
 Unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends,
 The breath of Heaven fresh-blowing, pure and sweet
 With day-spring born ; here leave me to respire.
 This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
 Laborious works. Hence, with leave
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease.
 Oh, wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
 Twice by an angel, if I must die
 Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
 To grind with brazen fetters under task
 With this heaven-gifted strength ?

O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !
 Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day !
 O first created beam, and thou great Word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all.
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?
 The Sun to me is dark
 And silent as the Moon,
 When she deserts the night,
 Hid in her vacant inter-lunar cave.

CHORUS. This, this is he ; softly a while ;
 Let us not break in upon him.
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief !
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,

With languished head unpropped,
As one past hope, abandoned,
And by himself given over ;
Which shall I first bewail,
Thy bondage or lost sight,
Prison within prison
Inseparably dark ?
Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !)
The dungeon of thyself ;
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.

SAMSON. I hear the sound of words ; their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

CHORUS. He speaks ; let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
The glory late of Israel, now the grief !
We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee.

SAMSON. Your coming, friends, revives me.
Tell me, friends,
Am I not sung and proverbied for a fool
In every street ?

CHORUS. Wisest men
Have erred, and by bad women been deceived,
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness.
But see ! Here comes thy reverend sire,
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoa : advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

MANOA. Brethren and men of Dan, if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
My son, now captive, hither hath informed
Your younger feet, while mine, cast back with age
Came lagging after, say if he be here.

CHORUS. As signal now in low dejected state
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

MANOA. O miserable change ! Is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renowned,
The dread of Israel's foes ?

SAMSON. Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me
But justly.

MANOA. True ; but thou bear'st

Enough, and more, the burden of that fault ;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains ;
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza, and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,
To Dagon, as their god who hath delivered
Thee, Samson, bound and blind, into their hands.

SAMSON. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought
To Dagon, and advanced his praises high
Among the heathen round. The contest is now
Twixt God and Dagon. Dagon hath presumed,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God.
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

MANOA. But for thee what shall be done ?
Thou must not in the meanwhile, here forgot,
Lie in this miserable, loathsome plight,
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom.

SAMSON. Spare that proposal, father ; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment
And expiate, if possible, my crime.

MANOA. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite ;
But act not in thy own affliction, son.
Repent the sin ; but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids.

SAMSON. Nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself ;
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

MANOA. I, however,
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else.

CHORUS. But who is this ? What thing of sea or land
(Female of sex it seems)
That, so bedecked, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing ?
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem ;

And now at nearer view no other certain
Than Dalila, thy wife.

SAMSON. My wife ! My traitress ! Let her not come near me.

DALILA. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson.

SAMSON. Out, out, hyena ! These are thy wonted arts
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray ;
Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
And reconciliation move with feigned remorse.

DALILA. Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care,
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age.

SAMSON. No, no ; of my condition take no care ;
It fits not ; thou and I long since are twain ;
Nor think me so unwary or accursed
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught ; thy warbling charms
No more on me have power : their force is nulled.

DALILA. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

SAMSON. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee ; go with that ;
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives.

DALILA. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers than winds and seas. Yet winds to seas
Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore.
My name, perhaps, among the circumcised
In Dan, in Judah and the bordering tribes,
To all posterity may stand defamed ;
But in my country, where I most desire,
I shall be named among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who, to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock bands ; my tomb
With odours visited and annual flowers.

CHORUS. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
Discovered in the end, till now concealed.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
 Labouring thy mind
 More than the working day thy hands.
 And yet, perhaps, more trouble is behind ;
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending ; in his hand
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears ;
 A public officer, and now at hand.
 His message will be short and voluble.

OFFICER. Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

CHORUS. His manacles remark him ; there he sits.

OFFICER. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say :
 This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games ;
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
 And now some public proof thereof require
 To honour this great feast and great assembly.
 Rise, therefore, with all speed, and come along,
 Where I will see thee heartened and fresh clad,
 To appear as fit before the illustrious lords.

SAMSON. Thou know'st I am a Hebrew ; therefore tell them
 Our law forbids at their religious rites
 My presence ; for that cause I cannot come.

OFFICER. This answer, be assured, will not content them.

SAMSON. Return the way thou cam'st ; I will not come.

OFFICER. Regard thyself ; this will offend them highly.

SAMSON. Can they think me so broken, so debased
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
 Will condescend to such absurd commands
 Joined with extreme contempt ? I will not come.

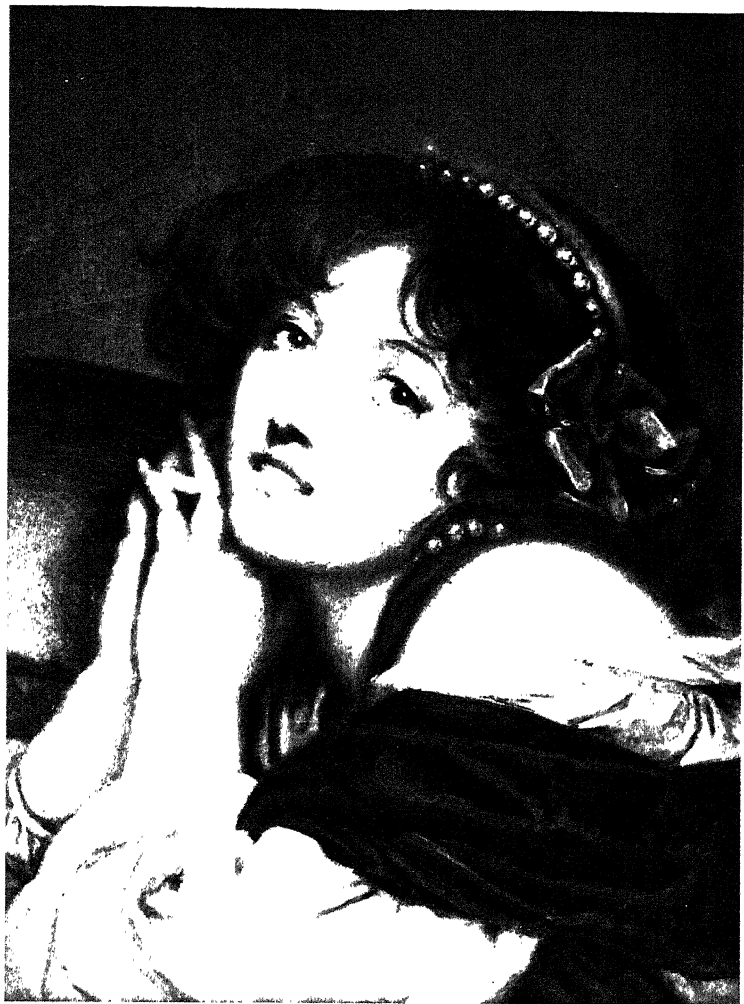
OFFICER. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

CHORUS. He's gone, and who knows how he may report
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame ?
 Expect another message more imperious.

SAMSON. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
 Of strength, again returning with my hair
 After my great transgression—so requite
 Favour renewed, and add a greater sin
 By prostituting holy things to idols ?

CHORUS. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

SAMSON. Be of good courage ; I begin to feel
 Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
 To something extraordinary my thoughts.
 I with this messenger will go along :



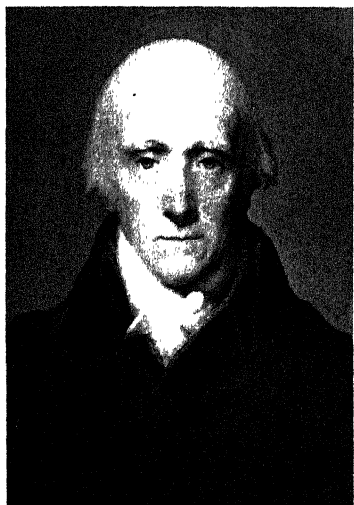
A GIRL WITH CLASPED HANDS—BY JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE



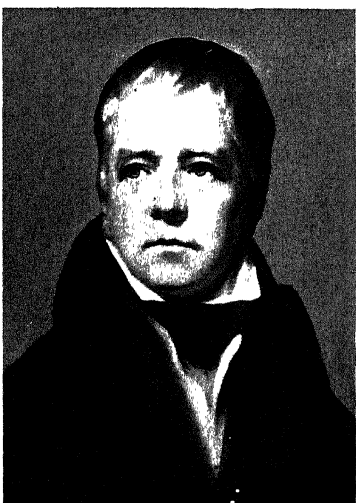
JOHN WESLEY—BY GEORGE ROMNEY



BONIFACE AMERBACH—BY HANS HOLBEIN



WARREN HASTINGS—BY LAWRENCE



SIR WALTER SCOTT—BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN

If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHORUS. In time thou hast resolved : the man returns.

OFFICER. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say : Art thou our slave,
And dar'st thou, at our sending and command,
Dispute thy coming ? Come without delay ;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fastened than a rock.

SAMSON. Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.

OFFICER. I praise thy resolution. Doff these links.
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

SAMSON. Brethren, farewell. Your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends.
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself.

CHORUS. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide.
But wherefore comes Manoa in such haste ?

MANOA. Peace with you, brethren ! My inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my son,
By orders of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came ; I had no will,
Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly,
But that which moved my coming now was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

CHORUS. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee.

MANOA. What noise or shout was that ? It tore the sky.

CHORUS. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

MANOA. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And numbered down. Much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest

And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fixed not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forgo
And quit. Not wanting him, I shall want nothing.
It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in his house, ennobled
With all those high exploits by him achieved.

CHORUS. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain,
Of his delivery.

MANOA. I know your friendly minds, and—Oh, what noise !
Mercy of Heaven ! What hideous noise was that,
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout ?

CHORUS. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perished ?
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise ;
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MANOA. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise.
Oh ! It continues ; they have slain my son.

CHORUS. Thy son is rather slaying them ; that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

MANOA. Some dismal accident it needs must be.
What shall we do—stay here, or run and see ?

CHORUS. Best keep together here, lest, running thither,
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the Philistines is fallen :
From whom could else a general cry be heard ?

MANOA. A little stay will bring some notice hither.

CHORUS. I see one hither speeding ;
A Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

MESSENGER. Oh, whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold ?

MANOA. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry ; yet what it was we hear not.
Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

MESSENGER. Gaza yet stands ; but all her sons are fallen,
All in a moment overwhelmed and fallen.

MANOA. Sad ! but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest,
The desolation of a hostile city.

MESSENGER. Feed on that first ; there may in grief be surfeit.
Ah ! Manoa, I refrain too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon,

Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

MANOA. Suspense in news is torture ; speak them out.

MESSENGER. Then take the worst in brief—Samson is dead.

MANOA. The worst indeed ! Oh, all my hope's defeated
To free him hence ! But Death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
How died he ?—Death to life is crown or shame.
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound ?

MESSENGER. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MANOA. Wearied with slaughter, then, or how ? Explain.

MESSENGER. By his own hands.

MANOA. Self-violence ! What cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes ?

MESSENGER. Inevitable cause,
At once both to destroy and be destroyed.
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half round on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold.
He, patient but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place ; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars ; he his guide requested,
As over-tired, to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspecting led him ; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined
And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved :
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud :
*Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld ;
Now, of my own accord, such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength yet greater*

As with amaze shall strike all who behold.

This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed ;
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsions to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnise this feast.
Samson, with these inmixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself ;
The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without.

CHORUS. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious !
Living or dying thou hast fulfilled
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now liest victorious
Among thy slain self-killed
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoined
Thee with thy slaughtered foes in number more
Than all thy life had slain before.

MANOA. Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame ; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go and find the body where it lies.
I, with what speed the while
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend,
With silent obsequy and funeral train,
Home to his father's house. There will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel evergreen and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts enrolled
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour and adventures high.

Milton

The Fall of Pompeii—By One Who Saw It

These two letters of the younger Pliny to the historian Tacitus are all the known literature in the world giving us an account of Pompeii by one who saw its destruction.

YOU ask me to write you an account of my uncle's end, in order that you may be able the more faithfully to transmit it to posterity. I thank you, as I see that his death, if commemorated by you, has an imperishable renown offered it. For though he fell amid the destruction of such fair regions, and seems destined to live for ever (like so many peoples and cities) through the memorable character of the disaster; though he himself was the author of many and enduring works, yet the immortality of your writings will add greatly to the uninterrupted continuance of his fame.

He was at Misenum, in personal command of the fleet. The ninth day before the Kalends of September, at about the seventh hour, my mother indicated to him the appearance of a cloud of unusual size and shape. He had sunned himself, and next gone into his cold bath; and after a light meal, which he took reposing, was engaged in study. He called for his sandals, and ascended to a spot from which this portent could best be seen. A cloud was rising, whose appearance and form would be represented by a pine better than any other tree, for, after towering upwards to a great height with an extremely lofty stem, so to speak, it spread out into a number of branches. It was at one time white, at another dingy and spotted, according as it carried earth or ashes. To a man of my uncle's attainments it seemed a remarkable phenomenon, and one to be observed from a nearer point of view. He ordered his fast-sailing cutter to be got ready, and, in case I wished to accompany him, gave me leave to do so. I replied that I preferred to go on with my studies, and it so happened that he had himself given me something to write out.

He was in the act of leaving the house when a note was handed him from Rectina. Caesius Bassus, frightened, together with the people there, at the imminence of the peril (for his villa lay under the mountain, and there was no escape for him except by taking ship), begged my uncle to rescue him from so critical a situation. Upon this he changed his plan, and, having started on his enterprise as a student, proceeded to carry it out in the spirit of a hero.

He launched his four-ranked galleys and embarked in person in order to carry assistance, not to Rectina only, but to many others, for the charms of the coast caused it to be much peopled. He hastened in the direction whence every one else was flying, holding a direct course, and keeping his helm set straight for the peril, so free from fear that he dictated and caused to be noted down, as fast as he seized them with his eyes, all the shiftings and shapes of the dreadful prodigy.

Ashes were already falling on the ships, hotter and thicker the nearer they approached ; and even pumice and other stones, black, and scorched, and cracked by the fire. There had been a sudden retreat of the sea, and the debris from the mountain made the shore unapproachable. Having hesitated for a moment whether to turn back, he shortly called out to the helmsman (who was urging him to do so), *Fortune favours the brave ! Make in the direction of Pomponianus*. The latter was at Stabiae, separated from him by the whole width of the bay, for the sea flows in by shores gradually winding and curving inwards. There, in view of the danger (which, though it had not yet approached, was nevertheless manifest, and must be upon them as soon as it extended itself), he had got his effects together on board ship, resolved to fly, if only the wind left off blowing from the opposite quarter. My uncle, brought to shore by this same wind, which precisely favoured him, embraced his trembling friend, consoling and exhorting him, and, in order to calm his fears, bade them conduct him to the bath. After bathing he took his place at table and dined gaily, or (which was equally heroic) with an air of gaiety.

Meanwhile, from many points of Mount Vesuvius, vast sheets of flame and tall columns of fire were blazing, the flashes and brightness of which were heightened by the darkness of night. My uncle, to soothe the terrors of those about him, kept telling them that these were fires which the frightened country people had left to burn, and that the deserted houses were blazing away all by themselves. Then he gave himself up to repose, and slept a perfectly genuine sleep, for his snoring (which in consequence of his full habit was heavy and loud) was heard by those about his door.

However, the courtyard from which this suite of rooms was approached was already so full of ashes mixed with pumice-stones that its surface was rising, and a longer stay in the bedchamber would have cut off all egress. On being aroused he came forth and rejoined Pomponianus and the others who had kept watching. They consulted together whether to remain under cover or wander about in the open, for the walls nodded under the repeated and tremendous shocks, and seemed as though dislodged from their foundations, swaying to and fro. On the other hand, in the open air there was the fall of the pumice-stones to be apprehended. However, with my uncle indeed it was a case of one reason getting the better of another ; while in the case of others fear overcame fear. They covered their heads with pillows tied round with cloths : this was their way of protecting themselves against the shower. By this time it was day elsewhere, but there it was night, the blackest and thickest of all nights. It was decided to make for the shore, in order to learn from the nearest point whether the sea was by this time at all available. A huge and angry sea still continued running.

Reclining on a cloth which had been thrown on the ground, my uncle more than once called for a draught of cold water and swallowed it. An outbreak of flame and smell of sulphur put some to flight and roused him. With the help of two slave-boys he rose from the ground, and immediately fell back, owing (as I gather) to the dense vapour obstructing his breath. When day returned (the third from that which he had looked upon for the last time) his body was found whole and uninjured, in the dress he wore; its appearance was that of one asleep rather than dead.

Meanwhile my mother and I at Misenum—however, this has nothing to do with history; so I will make an end. This alone I will add, that everything related by me has been either matter of personal observation or what I heard on the spot. Do you select what you choose, for a letter is a different matter from a history; it is one thing to write to a friend and another to write for the world.

The first letter of Pliny on Pompeii

A Roman's Escape from Pompeii

YOU say that the letter I wrote you, at your request, on the subject of my uncle's death has made you wish to know what I myself, when left behind at Misenum, had to go through.

After the departure of my uncle I devoted what time was left to study; the bath shortly followed, then dinner; then a short and troubled sleep. There had been heavings of the earth for many days before this, but they produced the less apprehension from being customary in Campania. On that night, however, they so much increased that everything seemed not so much to be in motion as to be turned upside down. My mother rushed into my room; I was similarly getting up with the intention of arousing her in case she were asleep.

We sat down in a courtyard attached to the house, which separated by a small space the dwelling from the sea. I do not know whether to style it intrepidity or imprudence on my part, seeing that I was only in my eighteenth year; however, I called for a volume of Livy, and read it as though quite at my ease, and even made extracts from it, as I had begun to do. Upon this a friend of my uncle's, who had lately come to him from Spain, when he saw my mother and me seated, and me reading, reproved her for her apathy and me for my insensibility to danger. None the less diligently did I devote myself to my book. It was now seven o'clock in the morning, yet still there was but a kind of sickly and doubtful light; now, too, that the surrounding buildings had been shaken, there was a great risk of our being overwhelmed. Then, at last, we decided on leaving the town. The mass of the inhabitants followed us terror-stricken, and, preferring the guidance of others to

their own, pressed on us as we were making off, and impelled us forwards with their crowded ranks.

When we had got beyond the buildings we stopped. There we experienced much that was strange, and many terrors. The vehicles which we had ordered to be brought out, though standing on a perfectly level plain, were rocking from one side to the other, and would not remain still in the same place even when propped with stones. Moreover, we saw the sea sucked back into itself, and repulsed as it were by the quaking of the earth. The shore had certainly encroached on the sea, and retained a number of marine animals on its dry sands. On the other side of us a black and terrible cloud, broken by the zigzag and tremulous careerings of the fiery element, was parting asunder in long trains of flame: these were like lightning, but on a larger scale.

Not long after, the cloud descended on the earth and covered the sea. Already it had enveloped Capreae, and blotted out the promontory of Misenum. Upon this my mother begged and prayed and even ordered me to make my escape as best I could, it being in my power as a young man to do so; as for herself, retarded by her years and her frame, she was well content to die, provided she had not been the cause of my death. I declared that I would not be saved except in her company, and, clasping her hand, compelled her to quicken her pace. She obeyed with reluctance, blaming herself for delaying me.

And now came a shower of ashes, though as yet but a thin one. I looked back. A dense mist was closing in behind us, and following us like a torrent as it streamed along the ground. "Let us turn aside," said I, "while we can still see, lest we be thrown down in the road and trampled upon in the darkness by the crowd which accompanies us." We had scarcely sat down when night came on, not such as it is when there is no moon, or when there are clouds, but the night of a closed place with the lights put out. One could hear the shrieks of the women, the cries for help of the children, the shouts of the men. Some were calling for their parents; others for their young ones, others for their partners, recognising them by their voices. Some were lamenting their own case, others that of those dear to them. There were those who, through fear of death, invoked death. Many raised their hands to the gods, but the greater number concluded that there were no longer gods anywhere, and that the last eternal night of story had settled on the world.

Nor were there wanting those who by imaginary and false alarms increased the real dangers. Some present announced that such and such a part of Misenum had been overthrown, or such another was in flames; falsely, yet to believing ears. There was a little light again, but this seemed to us not so much daylight as a sign of approaching fire. Accordingly there was fire, but it stayed at a

distance from us; then darkness again and a thick and heavy shower of ashes. We got up from time to time and shook these off us; otherwise we should have been covered with them and even crushed by their weight. I might make a boast of not having suffered to escape me, in the midst of such perils, either a groan or a word lacking in fortitude, were it not for the fact that I believed myself to be perishing in company with all things, and all things with me, a miserable and yet a mighty consolation in death.

At last this black mist grew thin, and went off into a kind of smoke or haze; soon came real day, and the sun even shone forth, luridly however, and with the appearance it usually wears under an eclipse. Our yet trembling eyes saw everything changed and covered with deep ashes as with snow. We returned to Misenum, and refreshed our persons as best we might, and there spent a night of suspense alternating between hope and fear. Fear prevailed, for the quaking of the earth continued, and many persons, crazy with terror, were sporting with their own and other's misfortunes by means of the most appalling predictions. Yet not even then, after experiencing and still expecting perils, did we think of going away till news came of my uncle.

All this, which is in no way worthy of history, will be for you to read, not to write about, and you must lay it to your own account if it should seem to you not even worthy of a letter.

The second letter of Pliny on Pompeii

The Heir of Great Adventure

A WORTHY merchant is the heir of adventure, whose hopes hang much upon wind.

Upon a wooden horse he rides through the world, and in a merry gale makes a path through the seas. He is a discoverer of countries and a finder out of commodities, resolute in his attempts and royal in his expenses. He is the life of traffic and the maintainer of trade, the sailor's master and the soldier's friend. He is the exercise of the exchange, the honour of credit, the observation of time, and the understanding of thrift. His study is number, his care his accounts, his comfort his conscience, and his wealth his good name. He fears not Scylla and sails close by Charybdis, and, having beaten out a storm, rides at rest in a harbour.

By his sea-gain he makes his land-purchase, and by the knowledge of trade finds the key of his treasure. Out of his travels he makes his discourses, and from his eye-observations brings the models of architectures. He plants the earth with foreign fruits, and knows at home what is good abroad. He is neat in apparel, modest in demeanour, dainty in diet, and civil in his carriage. In sum, he is the pillar of a city, the enricher of a country, the furnisher of a court, and the worthy servant of a king.

Nicholas Breton

A Letter from Dr. Johnson

This letter by Dr. Johnson, on the completion of the dictionary at which he toiled for so many years in a garret in Fleet Street, is one of the most famous documents in literature. It was addressed to Lord Chesterfield on February 7, 1755.

MY LORD,
I have been lately informed by the proprietor of The World that two papers in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*, that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord, Your lordship's most humble,
most obedient servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON

The Man Best Known to the World

JOHNSON grown old, Johnson in the fullness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history.

Everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge and the Negro Frank—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood.

But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life during which his character and his manners became immutably fixed. We know him, not as he was known to the men of his own generation, but as he was known to men whose father he might have been. That celebrated club of which he was the most distinguished member contained few persons who could remember a time when his fame was not fully established, and his habits completely formed. He had made himself a name in literature while Reynolds and the Wartons were still boys. Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, the two writers from whom we derive most of our knowledge respecting him, never saw him till long after he was fifty years old, till most of his great works had become classical, and till the pension bestowed on him by the Crown had placed him above poverty.

Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of patronage had passed away. The age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived. A writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. Nothing could be more deplorable than the state even of the ablest men who depended on their writings. Johnson, Collings, Fielding, and Thomson were certainly four of the most distinguished persons England produced during the eighteenth century. It is well known that they were all arrested for

Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-eighth year. From that time till he was three or four and fifty we have little information respecting him. He emerged at length from cock-lofts and sixpenny ordinaries into a society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him, and he came forth to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen or Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came among them as a companion. He came among them the solitary specimen of a past age, the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From Nature he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilised beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original.

An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects; but, if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for the most part, failings he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but when he did not fast he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine, but when he drank it he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. The roughness and violence he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of book-sellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that

bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command.

What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man ! To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion ! To receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity ! To be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries ! That kind of fame which is commonly the most transient is in his case the most durable. The reputation of those writings which he probably expected to be immortal is every day fading ; while those peculiarities of manner and that careless table-talk, the memory of which he probably thought would die with him, are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe. *Macaulay*

The Liberty of Every Man

THERE is a sphere of action in which society, as distinguished from the individual, has, if any, only an indirect interest ; comprehending all that portion of a person's life and conduct which affects only himself, or others only with their free, voluntary, and undeceived consent and participation. This, then, is the appropriate region of human liberty.

It comprises, first, the inward domain of consciousness ; demanding liberty of conscience in the most comprehensive sense ; liberty of thought and feeling ; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological. The liberty of expressing and publishing opinions may seem to fall under a different principle, since it belongs to that part of the conduct of an individual which concerns other people ; but, being almost of as much importance as the liberty of thought itself, and resting in great part on the same reasons, is practically inseparable from it.

Secondly, the principle requires liberty of tastes and pursuits, of framing the plan of our life to suit our own character, of doing as we like, subject to such consequences as may follow, without impediment from our fellow creatures, so long as what we do does not harm them, even though they should think our conduct foolish, perverse, or wrong.

Thirdly, from this liberty of each individual follows the liberty, within the same limits, of combination among individuals ; freedom to unite, for any purpose not involving harm to others, the persons combining being supposed to be of full age, and not forced or deceived.

No society in which these liberties are not on the whole respected, is free.

John Stuart Mill

Annie Laurie

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And it's there that Annie Laurie
 Gie'd me her promise true :
 Gie'd me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.
 Her brow is like the snowdrift,
 Her throat is like the swan,
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on :
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 And dark blue is her ee,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.
 Like dew on the gowan lying
 Is the fall of her fairy feet ;
 Like the winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet :
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's all the world to me ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Annie Laurie, born at Maxwellton in 1682, lies in Glencairn Churchyard. This song, said to have been written by William Douglas, was recast by Lady John Scott in the middle of last century.

The Earth is the Lord's

THE Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof ; the world and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ? Or who shall stand in his holy place ? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart ; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory ? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Who is this King of glory ? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Psalms 24

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

Nature Never Did Betray the Heart That Loved Her

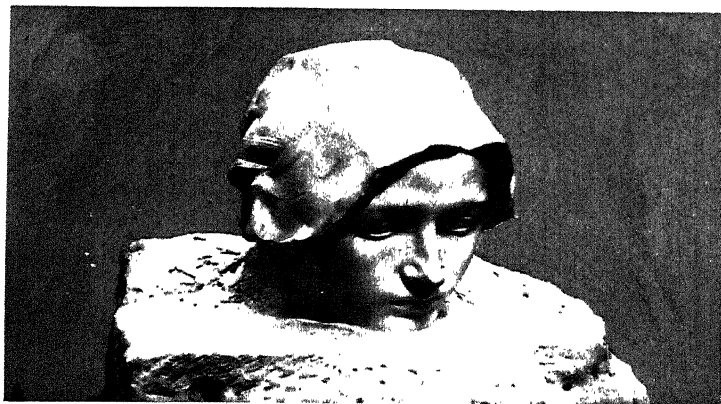
FIVE years have past ; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters ! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone. These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration ; feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure ; such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened ; that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on
Until (the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood

Almost suspended) we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul ;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things. If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft
(In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart)
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee !

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again,
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills ; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led : more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed ; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity.



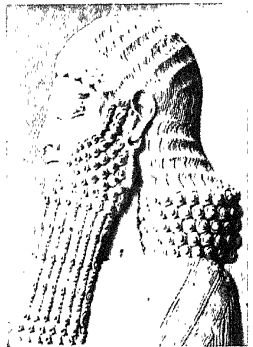
NEFERTITI, QUEEN OF EGYPT—ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FIGURES
OF ANTIQUITY



THOUGHT, BY RODIN—A BEAUTIFUL HEAD BY THE FAMOUS FRENCH
SCULPTOR



HEAD OF JUNO



AN ASSYRIAN OFFICER



APHRODITE



MICHAEL ANGELO'S DAVID



THE VENUS OF MILO

Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue ; and I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being. Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river ; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend ; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy : for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk,
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee : and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured

Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance,
 (If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence) wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together ; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service : rather say
 With warmer love—oh ! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !

*Written by Wordsworth after revisiting the
 Wye with his sister in the summer of 1798*

People and Realms of Every Tongue

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 For him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown his head ;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.
 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest ;
 And all the sons of want are blest.
 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And Earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts

The Funeral Oration of Pericles

This funeral oration was delivered at the burial of the fallen in the Golden Age of Athens. It was the Age of Pericles, early in the fifth century B.C. Nowhere in literature do we find, set out with more brevity and dignity, the principles of public spirit which made a small city in a small country powerful throughout the world and throughout the ages. We rightly claim for ourselves a sublime patriotism, but it is doubtful if the average Englishman loves his country as deeply as the average Greek.

MOST of my predecessors in this place have commended him who made this speech part of the law, telling us that it is well that it should be delivered at the burial of those who fall in battle. For myself, I should have thought the worth which had displayed itself in deeds would be sufficiently rewarded by honours also shown by deeds, such as in this funeral prepared at the people's cost ; and I could have wished that the reputations of many brave men were not to be imperilled in the mouth of a single individual, to stand or fall accordingly as he spoke well or ill. However, since our ancestors have stamped this custom with their approval, it becomes my duty to obey the law.

I shall begin with our ancestors. They dwelt in the country without break in the succession from generation to generation, and handed it down free to the present time by their valour. And, if our more remote ancestors deserve praise, much more do our own fathers, who added to their inheritance the empire we now possess. Lastly, there are few parts of our dominions that have not been augmented by those of us here, still more or less in the vigour of life ; while the Mother Country has been furnished by us with everything that can enable her to depend on her own resources.

Our constitution does not copy the laws of neighbouring States ; we are rather a pattern to others than imitators ourselves. Its administration favours the many instead of the few ; this is why it is called a democracy. If we look to the laws, they afford equal justice to all in their private differences ; if to social standing, advancement in public life falls to reputation for capacity, class considerations not being allowed to interfere with merit ; nor again does poverty bar the way ; if a man is able to serve the State, he is not hindered by the obscurity of his condition.

Further, we provide plenty of means for the mind to refresh itself from business. We celebrate games and sacrifices all the year round, and the elegance of our private establishments forms a daily source of pleasure and helps to banish the spleen ; while the magnitude of our city draws the produce of the world into our harbour, so that to the Athenian the fruits of other countries are as familiar a luxury as those of his own.

If we turn to our military policy, there also we differ from our antagonists. We throw open our city to the world, and never by

alien acts exclude foreigners from any opportunity of learning or observing (although the eyes of an enemy may occasionally profit by our liberality), trusting less in system and policy than to the native spirit of our citizens ; while in education, where our rivals from their very cradles by a painful discipline seek after manliness, at Athens we live as we please, and yet are ready to encounter every danger.

We cultivate refinement without extravagance and knowledge without effeminacy ; wealth we employ more for use than for show, and place the real disgrace of poverty not in owning to the fact but in declining the struggle against it. Our public men have, besides politics, their private affairs to attend to, and our ordinary citizens, though occupied with the pursuits of industry, are still fair judges of public matters. In our enterprises we present the singular spectacle of daring and deliberation, each carried to its highest point, and both united in the same persons, although usually decision is the fruit of ignorance, hesitation of reflection. But the palm of courage will surely be adjudged most justly to those who best know the difference between hardship and pleasure yet are never tempted to shrink from danger. In generosity we are equally singular, acquiring our friends by conferring, not by receiving, favours. Yet, of course, the doer of the favour is the firmer friend of the two, in order by continued kindness to keep the recipient in his debt ; while the debtor feels less keenly from the very consciousness that the return he makes will be a payment, not a free gift. And it is only the Athenians who, fearless of consequences, confer their benefits not from calculations of expediency, but in the confidence of liberality.

In short, I say that as a city we are the school of Hellas ; while I doubt if the world can produce a man who, where he has only himself to depend upon, is equal to so many emergencies, and graced by so happy a versatility as the Athenian. And that this is no mere boast thrown out for the occasion, but plain matter of fact, the power of the State acquired by these habits proves. For Athens alone of her contemporaries is found when tested to be greater than her reputation, and gives no occasion to her assailants to blush at the antagonist by whom they have been worsted, or to her subjects to question her title by merit to rule. Rather the admiration of the present and succeeding ages will be ours, since we have not left our power without witness, but have shown it by mighty proofs ; and, far from needing a Homer for our panegyrist, we have forced every sea and land to be the highway of our daring, and everywhere, whether for evil or for good, have left imperishable monuments behind us.

Such is the Athens for which these men, in the assertion of their resolve not to lose her, nobly fought and died ; and well may every one of their survivors be ready to suffer in her cause. The Athens that I have celebrated is only what the heroism of these and their like have made her, men whose fame, unlike that of most Hellenes,

will be found to be only commensurate with their deserts. If a test of worth be wanted it is to be found in their closing scene. None of these allowed either wealth, with its prospect of future enjoyment, to unnerve his spirit, or poverty, with its hope of a day of freedom and riches, to tempt him to shrink from danger. Thus choosing to die resisting rather than to live submitting, they fled only from dishonour, but met danger face to face, and after one brief moment, while at the summit of their fortune, escaped, not from their fear, but from their glory.

So died these men as became Athenians. You, their survivors, must determine to have as unfaltering a resolution in the field. Not contented with ideas derived only from words of the advantages which are bound up with the defence of your country, realise the power of Athens, and feed your eyes upon her from day to day, till love of her fills your hearts; and then, when all her greatness shall break upon you, reflect that it was by courage, sense of duty, and a keen feeling of honour in action, that men were enabled to win all this, and that no personal failure in an enterprise could make them consent to deprive their country of their valour; but they laid it at her feet as the most glorious contribution that they could offer.

For this offering of their lives, made in common by them all, they each individually received that renown which never grows old, and for a sepulchre, not so much that in which their bones have been deposited, but that noblest of shrines wherein their glory is laid up to be eternally remembered. For heroes have the whole Earth for their tomb; and in lands far from their own there is enshrined in every breast a record unwritten with no tablet to preserve it except that of the heart. These take as your model, and, judging happiness to be the fruit of freedom and freedom of valour, never decline the dangers of war. For it is not the miserable that would most justly be unsparing of their lives; these have nothing to hope for: it is rather they to whom continued life may bring reverses as yet unknown, and to whom a fall, if it came, would be most tremendous in its consequences. And surely, to a man of spirit, the degradation of cowardice must be immeasurably more grievous than the unfelt death which strikes him in the midst of his strength and patriotism!

Comfort, therefore, not condolence, is what I have to offer to the parents of the dead who may be here. Numberless are the chances to which the life of man is subject; but fortunate indeed are they who draw for their lot a death so glorious as that which has caused your mourning, and to whom life has been so exactly measured as to terminate in the happiness in which it has been passed. Those of you who have passed your prime must congratulate yourselves with the thought that the best part of your life was fortunate, and that the brief span that remains will be cheered by the fame of the departed. For it is only the love of honour that never grows old; and honour it is, not gain, that rejoices the heart of age and helplessness.

Turning to the sons or brothers of the dead, I see an arduous struggle before you. When a man is gone all are wont to praise him, and should your merit be ever so transcendent you will still find it difficult, not merely to overtake, but even to approach their renown. The living have envy to contend with, while those who are no longer in our path are honoured with a goodwill into which rivalry does not enter. If I must say anything on feminine excellence to those of you who will now be in widowhood, it will be all comprised in this brief exhortation. Great will be your glory in not falling short of your natural character; and greatest will be hers who is least talked of among the men, whether for good or for bad.

My task is now finished. I have performed it to the best of my ability. If deeds be in question, those who are here interred have received part of their honours already, and, for the rest, their children will be brought up till manhood at the public expense. The State thus offers a valuable prize, as the garland of victory in this race of valour, for both those who have fallen and their survivors. Where the rewards for merit are greatest, there are found the best citizens.

And now that you have brought to a close your lamentations for your relatives, you may depart.

Pericles

One Who Never Turned His Back

AT the midnight, in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where (by death, fools think, imprisoned)
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me ?

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken !

What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly ?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel,
Being—who ?

*One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.*

No ; at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time

Greet the unseen with a cheer !

Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be :

“ Strive and thrive ! ” cry “ Speed, fight on, fare ever,
There as here ! ”

*The last word of the last poem in
the last book of Robert Browning*

The Marvellous Englishman

EVEN a long human life is so brief and fugitive that it seems little short of a miracle that it can leave traces behind which endure through centuries.

The millions die and sink into oblivion and their deeds die with them. A few thousands so far conquer death as to leave their names to be a burden to the memories of school-children, but convey little else to posterity. But some few master-minds remain, and among them Shakespeare ranks with Leonardo and Michael Angelo. He was hardly laid in his grave when he rose from it again. Of all the great names of this Earth none is more certain of immortality than that of Shakespeare. An English poet of this century has written :

Revolving years have flitted on,
Corroding Time has done its worst,
Pilgrim and worshipper have gone
From Avon's shrine to shrines of dust ;
But Shakespeare lives unrivalled still
And unapproached by mortal mind,
The giant of Parnassus Hill,
The pride, the monarch, of mankind.

The monarch of mankind ! They are proud words those, but they do not altogether over-estimate the truth. He is by no means the only king in the intellectual world, but his power is unlimited by time or space. From the moment his life's history ceases his far greater history begins. We find its first records in Great Britain, and consequently in North America ; then it spread among the German-speaking peoples and the whole Teutonic race, on through the Scandinavian countries to the Finns and the Slavonic races. We find his influence in France, Spain, and Italy ; and now, in the nineteenth century, it may be traced over the whole civilised world.

His writings are translated into every tongue, and all the languages of the Earth do him honour.

Not only have his works influenced the minds of readers in every country, but they have moulded the spiritual lives of thinkers, writers, and poets ; no mortal man, from the time of the Renaissance to our own day, has caused such upheavals and revivals in the literatures of different nations. Intellectual revolutions have emanated from his outspoken boldness and his eternal youth, and have been quelled again by his sanity, his moderation, and his eternal wisdom.

It would be far easier to enumerate the great men who have known him and owed him nothing than to reckon up the names of those who are far more indebted to him than they can say. All the real intellectual life of England since his day has been stamped by his genius, all her creative spirits have imbibed their life's nourishment from his works. Modern German intellectual life is based, through

Lessing, upon him. Goethe and Schiller are unimaginable without him. His influence is felt in France through Voltaire, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Vigny. Ludovic Vitet and Alfred de Musset were from the very first inspired by him. Not only the drama in Russia and Poland felt his influence, but the inmost spiritual life of the Slavonic story-tellers and brooders is fashioned after the pattern of his imperishable creations.

Too long has it been the custom to say we know nothing about Shakespeare ; or an octavo page would contain all our knowledge of him. Even Swinburne has written of the intangibility of his personality in his works. Such assertions have been carried so far that a wretched group of *dilettanti* has been bold enough, in Europe and America, to deny William Shakespeare the right to his own life-work.

It is the author's opinion that, given the possession of 45 important works by any man, it is entirely our own fault if we know nothing whatever about him. The poet has incorporated his whole individuality in these writings, and there, if we can read aright, we shall find him.

The William Shakespeare who was born at Stratford-on-Avon in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who lived and wrote in London in her reign and that of James, who ascended into heaven in his comedies and descended into hell in his tragedies, and died at the age of 52 in his native town, rises a wonderful personality in grand and distinct outlines, with all the vivid colouring of life from the pages of his books, before the eyes of all who read them with an open, receptive mind, with sanity of judgment and simple susceptibility to the power of genius.

George Brandes, Danish author

Like Another Fall of Man

WHAT shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature ?
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost mightst have coined me into gold
 Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use !
 May it be possible that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger ? 'Tis so strange
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?
 Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned ?
 Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family ?
 Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious ?
 Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,

Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit ?
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem :
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot.
 I will weep for thee,
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man. *Henry V on discovering
 the treachery of a friend*

This Was a Man

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all :
 All the conspirators save only he
 Did that they did in envy of great Caesar ;
 He only, in a general honest thought
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world, *This was a man !*
Mark Antony on Brutus

Lear's Last Words to Cordelia

COME, let's away to prison :
 We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage :
 When thou dost ask me blessing I'll kneel down
 And ask of thee forgiveness : so we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses and who wins ; who's in, who's out ;
 And take upon's the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies : and we'll wear out,
 In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon. *Shakespeare*

Such Stuff as Dreams are Made On

PROSPERO. Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air ;
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. *From Shakespeare's Tempest*

Shakespeare's Horses

Two immortal scenes Shakespeare gives us with horses—that night in the French camp when the Dauphin in the night longs to be on his steed, and that day in the prison where his old groom brings news to King Richard that Bolingbroke, who has usurped his throne, rode on Richard's horse to his crowning.

Night in the French Camp

CONSTABLE OF FRANCE. I have the best armour of the world.
Would it were day !

DUKE OF ORLEANS. You have an excellent armour, but let my horse have his due.

CONSTABLE. It is the best horse of Europe.

DAUPHIN. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armour ? I will not change my horse with any that treads on four pasterns. When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk : he trots the air ; the earth sings when he touches it ; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes. It is a beast for Perseus : he is pure air and fire ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse ; and all other jades you may call beasts.

CONSTABLE OF FRANCE. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

DAUPHIN. It is the prince of palfreys ; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage. The man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea : turn the sands into eloquent tongues and my horse is argument for them all : tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on. Would I were able to load him with his desert ! Will it never be day ?

King Richard in His Prison

KING. What art thou ? and how comest thou hither, man,
Where no man never comes but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live ?

GROOM. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards York, -
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O ! how it yearned my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation day
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dressed.

KING. *Rode he on Barbary ?* Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him ?

GROOM. So proudly as if he disdained the ground.

KING. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !
That jade hath ate bread from my royal hand ;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him,
Would he not stumble ? Would he not fall down
(Since pride must have a fall), and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?
Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee ?

Time's Glory

TIME's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers ;
To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammered steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel.

Shakespeare

The Willow Cabin at the Gate

A fragment from the pleading of Viola with the hard-hearted Olivia, who rejects the advances of Viola's master

VIOLA. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense ;
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA. Why, what would you ?

VIOLA. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out *Olivia !* O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth
But you should pity me ! *Twelfth Night*

Earthly Power is Then Like God's

THE quality of mercy is not strained,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself,
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice.

Shakespeare's Portia

The Death of Lady Macbeth

MACBETH. Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
 The cry is still *They come* : our castle's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie
 Till famine and the ague eat them up :
 Were they not forced with those that should be ours
 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
 And beat them backward home. What is that noise ?

SEYTON. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

MACBETH. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
 The time has been my senses would have cooled
 To hear a night-shriek. I have supped full with horrors ;
 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry ?

SEYTON. The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH. She should have died hereafter ;
 There would have been a time for such a word.
 Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

Shakespeare

Shakespeare—By His Friend

Written by Ben Jonson, "to the memory of my beloved Master, William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us," this is one of the most precious possessions of our literature, the most intimate appreciation of Shakespeare the world has.

Draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.
Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right ;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin : Soul of the age !
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our stage !
My Shakespeare rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little farther, to make thee a room :
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,
I mean with great but disproportioned muses :
For if I thought my judgment were of years
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names : but call forth thund'ring Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time !
And all the muses still were in their prime

THE BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS

When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all ; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion : and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the muse's anvil ; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn ;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filèd lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James !
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs, day but for thy volume's light. *Ben Jonson*

A Fellow of Infinite Jest

ALAS, poor Yorick ! I knew him, Horatio : a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is ! Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now to mock your own grinning ? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come.

Shakespeare's Hamlet, picking up a skull

The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám

The five hundred stanzas of old Omar Khayyám, written in Persian eight centuries ago, have been made into an imperishable part of English literature by Edward FitzGerald. They are the outpourings of the mind of one of the most remarkable Eastern thinkers of Antiquity, the philosophy of those who would "eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." There is in these verses no faith, no hope that Life affords us a greater gift than the enjoyment of these fleeting years.

The Rubáiyát (which means a collection of four-line verses) stands as the classic expression of a blank, despairing mind, but the music of these lines has won for them universal fame. Their beauty is probably chiefly due to Edward FitzGerald, who translated and revised this poem again and again, so that editions vary greatly. This is taken from the first edition.

A WAKE ! for morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight :
And lo ! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a noose of light.

Dreaming when Dawn's left hand was in the sky
I heard a voice within the tavern cry,
"Awake my little ones, and fill the cup
Before Life's liquor in its cup be dry."

And, as the cock crew, those who stood before
The tavern shouted—"Open then the door !

You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
The winter garment of repentance fling :

The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and lo ! the bird is on the wing.

With me along some strip of herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,

Where name of slave and sultan is forgot—
And pity Sultan Mahmud on his throne.

Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse—and thou

Beside me singing in the wilderness—
And wilderness is Paradise enow.

"How sweet is mortal sovranty"—think some ;
Others—"How blest the Paradise to come !"

Ah, take the cash in hand and waive the rest ;
Oh, the brave music of a distant drum !

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers ; and anon,

Like snow upon the desert's dusty face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

And those who husbanded the golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like rain,

Alike to no such aureate earth are turned
As, buried once, men want dug up again.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai
Whose doorways are alternate night and day,

How sultan after sultan with his pomp
Abode his hour or two, and went his way.

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep ;

And Bahrá'm, that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, and he lies fast asleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled ;

That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropped in its lap from some once lovely head.

And this delightful herb whose tender green
Fledges the river's lip on which we lean :

Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen !

Ah, my belovèd, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regrets and future fears :

Tomorrow ? Why, tomorrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.

Lo ! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their vintage pressed,

Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the room
They left, and summer dresses in new bloom,

Ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth
Descend, ourselves to make a couch—for whom ?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend ;

Dust into dust, and under dust, to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans end !

Why, all the saints and sages who discussed
Of the two worlds so learnedly, are thrust

Like foolish prophets forth ; their words to scorn
Are scattered, and their mouths are stopped, with dust.

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the wise
To talk ; one thing is certain, that Life flies ;

One thing is certain, and the rest is lies ;
The flower that once has blown for ever dies.



A DUTCH HOUSE—BY PIETER DE HOOCH



THE GOLD WEIGHER—BY REMBRANDT



THE READER—BY GÉRARD DOU



REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER



1 PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN—BY REMBRANDT

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument

About it and about : but evermore
Came out by the same door as in I went.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand laboured it to grow :

And this was all the Harvest that I reaped :
“ I came like water, and like wind I go.”

Into this Universe, and why not knowing,
Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing ;

And out of it, as wind along the waste,
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried whence ?
Id, without asking, whither hurried hence !

Another and another cup to drown
The memory of this impertinence !

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,

And many knots unravelled by the road ;
But not the knot of human Death and Fate.

There was a door to which I found no key :
There was a veil past which I could not see :

Some little talk awhile of me and thee
There seemed—and then no more of thee and me.

Then to the rolling Heaven itself I cried,
Asking, “ What lamp had Destiny to guide

Her little children stumbling in the dark ? ”
And—“ A blind understanding ! ” Heaven replied.

Then to this earthen bowl did I adjourn
My lip the secret well of Life to learn :

And Lip to Lip it murmured—“ While you live
Drink !—for once dead you never shall return.”

Ah, fill the cup : what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our feet :

Unborn tomorrow and dead yesterday,
Why fret about them if today be sweet !

One moment in annihilation's waste,
One moment of the Well of Life to taste :

The stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the dawn of nothing—Oh, make haste !

But leave the wise to wrangle, and with me
The quarrel of the Universe let be :

And, in some corner of the hubbub couched,
Make game of that which makes as much of thee.

For in and out, above, about, below,
Tis nothing but a magic shadow-show,

 Played in a Box whose candle is the Sun,
Round which we phantom figures come and go.

Tis all a chequer-board of nights and days
Where Destiny with men for pieces plays :

 Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.

The ball no question makes of ayes and noes,
But right or left as strikes the player goes ;

 And He that tossed thee down into the field,
He knows about it all—He knows—**HE** knows !

The Moving Finger writes ; and, having writ,
Moves on : nor all thy piety nor wit

 Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

And that inverted bowl we call the sky,
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die,

 Lift not thy hands to *it* for help—for it
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

With earth's first clay they did the last man knead,
And then of the last harvest sowed the seed :

 Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

Oh, thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the road I was to wander in,

 Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my fall to sin ?

Oh, thou who man of baser earth didst make
And who with Eden didst devise the snake ;

 For all the sin wherewith the face of man
Is blackened, man's forgiveness give—and take !

Listen again. One evening at the close
Of Ramazán, ere the better Moon arose,

 In that old potter's shop I stood alone
With the clay population round in rows.

And, strange to tell, among the earthen lot
Some could articulate, while others not :

 And suddenly one more impatient cried :
“ Who is the Potter, pray, and who the pot ? ”

Then said another—“ Surely not in vain
My substance from the common earth was ta'en,

 That He who subtly wrought me into shape
Should stamp me back to common earth again.”

Another said—" Why, ne'er a peevish boy,
Would break the bowl from which he drank in joy ;

Shall He that made the Vessel in pure love
And fancy, in an after rage destroy ! "

None answered this ; but after silence spake
A vessel of a more ungainly make :

" They sneer at me for leaning all awry ;
What ! did the hand then of the Potter shake ? "

Then said another with a long-drawn sigh,
" My clay with long oblivion is gone dry :

But fill me with the old familiar juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by ! "

So while the vessels one by one were speaking,
One spied the little crescent all were seeking,

And then they jogged each other, " Brother, Brother !
Hark to the porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking ! "

Ah, with the grape my fading life provide,
And wash my body whence the life has died,

And in a windingsheet of vine-leaf wrapped,
So bury me by some sweet garden-side.

Indeed the idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in men's eye much wrong :

Have drowned my honour in a shallow cup,
And sold my reputation for a song.

And much as wine has played the infidel,
And robbed me of my robe of honour—well,

I often wonder what the vintners buy
One half so precious as the goods they sell.

Alas, that spring should vanish with the rose !
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close !

The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows !

Ah Love ! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,

Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire !

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heaven is rising once again :

How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same garden after me—in vain !

And when thyself with shining foot shall pass
Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,

And in thy joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty glass !

Swiftly Walk O'er the Western Wave

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
 Spirit of Night !
 Out of the misty eastern cave
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear :
 Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought !
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day ;
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand :
 Come, long-sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee ;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me ?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee,
 Shall I nestle near thy side ?
 Wouldst thou me ? And I replied,
 No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon ;
 Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night ;
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon ! *Shelley*

Let No Man Abide

LET no man abide by the decisions
 Of myriads of ignorant men.
From a sacred book of India

A Man and His Friend

IT had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together, in few words, than in that speech : *Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god.* For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast ; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation.

But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little : *A great city is a great desert* ; because in a great town friends are scattered so that there is not that fellowship for the most part which is in less neighbourhoods. But we may go farther and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body ; and it is not much otherwise in the mind. No recipe openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it.

The parable of Pythagoras is dark but true : *Eat not the heart.* Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. This communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friends but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend but he grieveth the less.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel which a man receiveth from his friends. Certain it is that, whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another. He tosseth his thoughts more easily. He marshalleth them more orderly. He seeth how they look when

they are turned into words. Finally he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation.

Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel. They indeed are best, but even without that a man learneth of himself and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open and falleth within vulgar observation—which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas *Day light is ever the best*, and certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. There is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend.

Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend.

It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many, especially of the greater sort, do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune. For, as St. James saith, they are as men that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape.

As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one, or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on, or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four-and-twenty letters, and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But, when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel but it shall be by pieces—asking counsel in one business of one man and in another business of another man—it is well, better than if he asked none at all; but he runneth two dangers—one that he shall not be faithfully counselled; the other that he shall have counsel given hurtful and unsafe, though with good meaning and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy, as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the care of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body, and therefore may cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware by furthering any present business how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. Therefore rest not upon scattered counsels.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid, and bearing

a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do for himself. Then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say that *A friend is another himself*, for a friend is far more than himself.

How many things are there which a man cannot with any force or comeliness say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them. A man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth which are blushing in a man's own.

So, again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms; whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless. I have given a rule where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend he may quit the stage.

Francis Bacon

A Thing of Beauty

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases : it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching ; yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils,
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read ;
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

The most famous passage from Endymion, by Keats

The War Against High Heaven

Here, in one of the most powerful efforts of Milton's imperial mind, the poet stirs the imagination with a matchless picture of the lower world, with Satan rallying his hosts to the war against High Heaven.

HE, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness, nor appeared
 Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
 Of glory obscured : as when the sun new-risen
 Looks through the horizontal misty air
 Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the Moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
 Above them all the Archangel : but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
 For ever now to have their lot in pain—
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
 For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory withered ; as, when Heaven's fire
 Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
 With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
 To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
 With all his peers. Attention held them mute.
 Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth : at last
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way :

“ O myriads of immortal Spirits ! O Powers
 Matchless, but with the Almighty ! (and that strife
 Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change,
 Hateful to utter). But what power of mind,
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have feared
 How such united force of gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse ?

For who can yet believe, though after loss,
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,
 Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat ?
 For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
 If counsels different, or danger shunned
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
 Monarch in Heaven till then as one secure
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent, or custom, and his regal state
 Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
 So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New war provoked : our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not ; that he no less
 At length from us may find who overcomes
 By force hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new worlds ; whereof so rife
 There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven.
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption—thither, or elsewhere ;
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired ;
 For who can think submission ? War, then, war
 Open or understood, must be resolved.”

He spake ; and, to confirm his words, out-flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim ; the sudden blaze
 Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
 Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

From Book One of Paradise Lost

Now Came Still Evening On

As evening falls over the Garden of Eden, Adam begs Eve to rest and sleep. It is one of Milton's most exquisite scenes.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,

They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
She all night long her amorous descant sung :
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve : “ Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eyelids . . . Night bids us rest.”

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned :

“ With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change ; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train ;
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these ? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ? ”

To whom our general ancestor replied :

“ These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night, -
Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none,
That Heaven would want spectators. God wants praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep :
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often, from the steep

Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator ! Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower. *From Book Four*

*Praise Him, Ye Winds, that from Four
Quarters Blow*

*Morning dawns on Paradise, and Adam and Eve, in
perfect harmony, are thrilled with adoration of their Maker*

LET us to our fresh enjoyments rise,
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choicest bosomed swells.
So all was cleared, and to the field they haste.
Lowly they bowed, adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid :

" These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair : Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable ! who sittest above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels (for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing), ye in Heaven ;
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climbest
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fallest.
Moon, that now meetest the orient Sun, now fliest,
With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;
And ye five other wandering Fires, that move

In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise who out of Darkness called up Light.
Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,
That, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Hail, universal Lord ! Be bounteous still
To give us only good. . . .

So prayed they, innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm.

From Book Five of Paradise Lost

Lord of All Being, Throned Afar

L ORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star :
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !
Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day :
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine !
Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy loving altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame !

Oliver Wendell Holmes

When the Night is Falling

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
 And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
 I hear far voices out of darkness calling
 My feet to paths unknown ;

Be near me when all else is from me drifting :
 Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
 And kindly faces, to my own uplifting
 The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, my Father ! let thy Spirit
 Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;
 No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
 Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if (my good and ill unreckoned,
 And both forgiven through thy abounding grace)
 I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
 Unto my fitting place.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
 I fain would learn the new and holy song,
 And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
 The life for which I long. *John Greenleaf Whittier*

Glad to Live and Ready to Die

*These two epitaphs on a father's grave are translated
 from the same passage in the literature of old Greece*

O TRAVELLER, as you go by, do not blame my monument ; I
 have not, even when dead, anything worthy of lamentations.
 I have left children's children, and have enjoyed one wife of the
 same old age with myself. I have given marriages to three children,
 of whom many times I have borne the children in my lap ; nor
 have I lamented the disease or death of one of them, who have poured
 libations on me unharmed, and have sent me to the country of the
 pious to sleep a sweet sleep.

THINK not, whoe'er thou art, my fate severe ;
 Nor o'er my marble stop to shed a tear !
 One tender partner shared my happy state,
 And all that life imposes, but its weight.
 Three lovely girls in nuptial ties I bound,
 And children's children smiled my board around,
 And, often pillowed on their grandsire's breast,
 Their darling offspring sunk to sweetest rest.
 Disease and death were strangers to my door,
 Nor from my arms one blooming infant tore.
 All, all survived, my dying eyes to close,
 And hymn my spirit to a blest repose.

This Dust

I HAVE of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, for-gone all custom of exercises ; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame the Earth seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy the Air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man ! How noble in reason ! How infinite in faculty ! In form, in moving, how express and admirable ! In action how like an angel ! In apprehension how like a god ! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? Man delights not me—no, nor woman neither. *Shakespeare's Hamlet*

Shakespeare's Last Speech

The lines he read as a boy in Golding's translation of Ovid

YE ayres and windes, ye elves of hilles, or brooks, or woods alone,
Of standing lakes and of the night, approche ye everyone
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at
the thing)

I have compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calme seas rough, and make the rough seas
playne,

And cover all the skie with clouds and chase them thence againe.
By charmes I raise and lay the windes and burst the viper's jaw,
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
Whole woods and forests I remove ; I make the mountains shake,
And even the Earth itselfe to grone and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome Moone,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soone.
Our Sorcerie dimmes the morning faire, and darkes the Sun at noone.

Ovid

The speech he put into Prospero's mouth in his last play

YE elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back ; you by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have dedimmed
The noontide Sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war : to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt : the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake ; and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar. Graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped and let 'em forth
By my so potent art.

Shakespeare

in knowing that the elements bring her no more suffering. severity cannot reach her grave ; her fever is quieted, her restlessness soothed, her deep, hollow cough is hushed for ever ; we hear it in the night nor listen for it in the morning ; we have the conflict of the strangely strong spirit and the fragile frame as—relentless conflict, once seen never to be forgotten. A calm reigns round us, in the midst of which we seek resignation.

My father and my sister Anne are far from well. As for God has hitherto most graciously sustained me. So far I have adequate to bear my own burden and even to offer a little help to others. I am not ill ; I can get through daily duties and do something towards keeping hope and energy alive in our mourning hold. My father says to me almost hourly, "Charlotte, you bear up, I shall sink if you fail me" ; these words, you can perceive, are a stimulus to nature. The sight, too, of my sister and her very still but deep sorrow wakens in me such fear for her that I dare not falter. Somebody must cheer the rest.

So I will not now ask why Emily was torn from us in the fullness of our attachment, rooted up in the prime of her own days, in the promise of her powers ; why her existence now lies like a fallen green corn trodden down, like a tree in full bearing struck at the root : I will only say, sweet is rest after labour and calm after the pest, and repeat again and again that Emily knows that now.

Yours sincerely, C. Brown

Safe Home

SAFE home, safe home in port ;
Strained cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck ;
But oh, the joy, upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er !

The prize, the prize secure !
The wrestler nearly fell ;
Bore all he could endure
And bore not always well ;
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor's garland on.

The exile is at home ;
O nights and days of tears !
O longings not to roam !
O sins and doubts and fears !
What matters now ? O joyful day !
The King hath wiped all tears away !

*Written a thousand years ago by Joseph
hymnographer ; translated by J. M. L.*

At Even Ere the Sun was Set

AT even ere the sun was set,
 The sick, O Lord, around thee lay ;
 O in what divers pains they met !
 O with what joy they went away !
 Once more tis eventide, and we,
 Oppressed with various ills, draw near.
 What if thy form we cannot see ?
 We know and feel that thou art here.
 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;
 For some are sick and some are sad ;
 And some have never loved thee well,
 And some have lost the love they had.
 And some have found the world is vain,
 Yet from the world they break not free ;
 And some have friends who give them pain,
 Yet have not sought a friend in thee.
 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
 For none are wholly free from sin ;
 And they who fain would serve thee best
 Are conscious most of wrong within.
 O Saviour Christ, thou, too, art man ;
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would hide.
 Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
 No word from thee can fruitless fall ;
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,
 And in thy mercy heal us all. *Canon Twells*

Sweet is Rest after Labour

*Charlotte Brontë, writing on Christmas Day in
 1848, tells a friend of the death of her sister Emily*

MY DEAR SIR,
 I will write to you more at length when my heart can find a little rest ; now I can only thank you very briefly for your letter, which seemed to me eloquent in its sincerity.

Emily is nowhere here now ; her wasted mortal remains are taken out of the house. We have laid her cherished head under the church aisle beside my mother's, my two sisters' (dead long ago), and my poor hapless brother's. But a small remnant of the race is left—so my poor father thinks.

Well, the loss is ours, not hers, and some sad comfort I take, as I hear the wind blow and feel the cutting keenness of the frost,

